





THE LYRIC PSALTER

*The
Modern Reader's
Book of Psalms*

Edited by

HARRY H. MAYER



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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM L. MAYER (1906-1933)
A LOYAL SON
WHO READ THE MANUSCRIPT OF THIS WORK
IN ITS EARLY STAGES AND CONTRIBUTED HELPFUL
SUGGESTIONS AND GRATIFYING ENCOURAGEMENT
AND
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND DOCTOR L. MAYER (1841-1904)
A KINDLY FATHER
WHO INDUCTED MANY INTO THE STUDY OF THE PSALMS
IN THE ORIGINAL TONGUE AND TRANSMITTED TO HIS PUPILS
HIS OWN DEEP AND CONSIDERED AFFECTION
FOR THESE SACRED LYRICS



FOREWORD

The poems of this book have all been specifically written for inclusion in this publication. They might rightly be classified as essentially a pioneer work. Woven around the psalms of the Bible they should carry a message old as the story of man, new as tomorrow's sunrise and covering the entire circumference of living.

The method of procedure followed by the contributing poets was left to their own discretion. When the poet's version of his assigned part had been accepted, it was criticized and such changes or re-writes as sometimes seemed to be called for were agreed on.

From first to last it was borne in mind that in his three somewhat similar projects, on a small scale, John Milton, though perhaps second only to Shakespeare in our language, was unable to cope successfully with the problem either in his liturgic or his non-liturgic versions, for the reason that he was bound by the hard tradition of his Puritan creed to aim for literalness at the expense of literacy.

Not only with regard to procedure were the poets of the present volume untrammelled. They were allowed complete freedom with regard also to the substance and thought of their interpretations.

When, in some cases, several versions of the same psalm have been accepted, this has been done not for a comparison of skill between their authors but for a comparison of responses to the same stimulus. The added psychological interest should not detract in any way from the literary or religious interest.

THE LYRIC PSALTER thus adheres to a plan which, while permitting great diversity in details, strives for fidelity

to these songs of the Bible in their universal spiritual aspects, and this volume in its entirety thus presents a poetic continuity in the distinctive and full sense in which this is true of the sacred originals themselves considered collectively.

The editor is truly grateful to his Consulting and Advisory Committees. Their names were helpful in approaching any authors to whom the editor was a stranger. Their willingness to co-operate with advice, if it had been felt to be necessary, is deeply appreciated. They are Canon G. H. Box, Putton, England; Professor Philo M. Buck, University of Wisconsin; S. Parkes Cadman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Stanley A. Cook, Cambridge University; Edward Howard Griggs, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, Washington, D. C.; Burris A. Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.; John Howard Melish, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University; Professor J. M. P. Smith, University of Chicago; William L. Stidger, Boston, Mass.; Professor Charles C. Torrey, Yale University.

H. H. M.

May, 1940.

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BOOK ONE

Psalm 1

WHOM GOD APPROVES

HARRY H. MAYER

Happy the man who will not stray
Where godless counsel points the way,
Who tarries not where sinners meet,
Nor shares the scoffers' churlish seat,
But in the Lord's Law takes delight
And ponders it by day and night.

Like some fair tree that towers high
Where waterbrooks are flowing by
And brings forth fruit year after year,
Its leafage green and never sere,
Thus shall he thrive and storms shall knock
In vain against his castle's lock.

Not so shall sinners fare, they find
They are as chaff before the wind,
Wherefore their course portends disgrace
When dawns the judgment day apace.
For God is God, right must prevail
And sin of its own evil fail.

* * * *

Psalm 2
(*A Free Translation Expanded*)
WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE?

HELENE MAGARET

(Ye kings of earth, be wise and hear
The Lord's voice.

Learn to wait on Him and with fear
To rejoice.

Learn to bow down and kiss the Son,¹

Lest your days on earth be done,

Lest ye break beneath His rod.

Blest are they that trust in God.)

Stilled for a while is David's singing,
Instead of the harp the sound of brass,
Instead of the lamp a thousand lanterns
Sway in the night-wind over the grass,
Sending a gleam of gold and silver
Where ankleted dancers pass.

The heathen have emptied their wine-red goblets,
And toasted a sunken moon at dawn,
And now that the sacred sun has risen,
The golden lantern lights are gone;
They shout against God in drunken anger,
And stand with weapons drawn.

The kings take council against the Lord,
And against His anointed praying
On the hill despised by the godless horde,
And they summon the people, saying:

¹ So the King James bible. Modern translators prefer the Revised Version marginal
"worship in purity."

“Let us defy the Lord’s thunder,
And rising up today
Let us break His bands asunder
And cast His cords away!”

Scarlet and gold the banners wave,
And weapons proudly flout
Horror of battle, fear of the grave,
While echoing thousands shout:

“Let us defy the Lord’s thunder,
And rising up today
Let us break His bands asunder
And cast His cords away!”

But no human thought can measure
The vastness of the Lord’s displeasure;
For the skies shall then be riven,
God shall laugh at them from Heaven,
Blind them with His burning vision,
Vex them with His just derision!

“I set My king on Zion hill,
And counselled him with this decree:
‘I am Thy God, Thou art My Son.
This day have I begotten Thee.

“‘Ask of Me and it shall be granted;
The heathen people shall be Thine,
And all the earth in Thy possession,
Where circling sun and planets shine.

“ ‘And if men follow after evil,
Or bow not unto Me, their God,
In righteous anger Thou shalt break them
With an iron rod.

“ ‘In righteous anger Thou shalt dash them,
Bone and body, heart and soul,
Shatter them to myriad pieces
Like a potter’s shattered bowl.’ ”

(Therefore, ye kings of earth, be wise and hear
The Lord’s voice.
Learn to wait on Him and with fear
To rejoice.

Learn to bow down and kiss the Son,¹
Lest your days on earth be done,
Lest ye break beneath His rod.
Blest are they that trust in God.)

¹ So the King James bible. Most recent translators prefer the Revised Version marginal reading: Worship in purity.

* * * *

Psalm 3
(*Translated Freely*)

AGAINST A THOUSAND FOES

L. A. G. STRONG

What multitudes
O Lord, arise against me, and revile
My soul’s deep grief,

Crying, Behold, he calls his God in vain!
He has no benison, no balm for pain,
No sweet relief.

I cried to Thee,
O Lord, across the darkness of the night,
And from my bed
Besought Thee; and Thy mercy heard me still;
Jehovah stooping from His holy hill
Lifted my head.

Now will I rise
With singing heart against a thousand foes,
For Thou shalt smite
The mouths and break the teeth that cry me shame.
Thou art my hope, my help is in Thy name,
Thou art my might.

* * * *

Psalm 4

IN PEACE WILL I LAY ME DOWN
AND SLEEP

EUNICE TIETJENS

At the time of my calling answer me,
God of my vindication!
When I was compassed narrowly
A wide space hadst Thou made for me.
Graciously answer my prayer.

O sons of man, who follow after
Emptiness, and who have set your love
On falsehood and the fruit thereof,
How long will you shame me thus?
But, mark you, God distinguishes His own!
He hears me when I cry to Him.

Tremble therefore, and do not sin.
At night upon your beds give thought to Him
And hold your peace.
Trust in God
And give good sacrifice.
Men talk together and they say,
"Would we might see a better day!"
Lift up, O God, Thy light upon us.
At the time of the harvest, when wine abounds
And corn, then men are glad of heart.
But gladder am I in thee,
God of eternity.
In peace will I lay me down and sleep,
For in my loneliness God will keep
A cover of safety over me.

* * * *

Psalm 5

A PRAYER AT MORN

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Unto my words give ear,
O Lord, and heed my cry;
Regard my voice and hear,

My King and God on high!
With morning in the air
Will I uplift my prayer.

For Thou hast no delight
In them of evil hand;
The foolish in Thy sight
Shall not abide nor stand.
Abhorrent unto Thee
Is all iniquity.

And as for me, O Lord
Of mercy, which is Thine,
In worshipful accord
Will I approach Thy shrine;
Because of them that hate
Make Thou my pathway straight!

For faith dwells not in those
That flattering tongues assume;
The mouths which they disclose
Are like an open tomb;
Lord, let them, each and all,
Through their own counsels fall.

But those that put their trust
In Thee, let them rejoice;
To Thee, the great and just,
Let them lift up their voice,
Giving Thee glad acclaim,
Exulting in Thy name.

For Thou, O Lord, wilt bless
The righteous man with grace;
With all Thy tenderness
Wilt Thou that one embrace,
And be to him revealed
His bulwark and his shield.

* * * *

Psalm 6

THE CRY OF A CHASTENED SOUL

RIDGELY TORRENCE

Lord of vengeance, shield me from Your lightnings,
And out of fiery vengeance hurl no flame.
Pity me, I am weak in all my frame,
And heal me, who am faint and frail, oh hear.

For all my bones that lie so deep in shame
Are stricken, and my soul is stricken low.
My soul, O Lord, how long shall it be so?
Oh save me, that Your mercy be made clear.

For who remembers You of all who died?
Out of what grave are You now glorified?

I cry till I am weary with the sound,
My bed swims all night long in deeps of tears.
Grief gnaws my eye, it ages as with years
Because my foes have darkened all the ground.

Begone from me, O evil workers all,
The Lord has heard my weeping and my call.
My prayer is now received and they shall hear,
My foes, and they shall turn and be made small,
For He has heard me, how my soul is bruised.
They shall be dumb with shame and blind with fear
And, in an instant, utterly confused.

* * * *

Psalm 7

(Based on the Prayer Book Version)

DESTROYED BY THEIR OWN WEAPONS

RICHARD CHURCH

O Lord my God, in Thee do I put my trust;
Save me from the persecution of my foes
Lest they tear my soul like a lion in their lust,
Rend it in pieces, while no deliverer knows.

O Lord my God, if I have done this thing,
And if there be iniquity in my hands;
If in return for peace, evil I bring
To the man who as a friend before me stands,

Then let him seize and hold me for a slave,
And trample down my life upon the earth,
And let no man befriend me then, to save
My honor from the dust in that day of dearth.

Arise, O Lord, in Thine anger, Thyself uplift
Against mine enemies because of their rage.
Keep watch above me, for they seek to shift
The Judgment written on Thy fateful page.

So shall the peoples round Thee congregate.
Therefore return, for them ascend Thy throne,
And judge me by my deeds, proclaim my fate,
And by my righteousness let me be known.

Oh let the wickedness of the wicked cease,
But try the just man's faith, confirm his strength.
So mine shall come from Thee, Who givest peace
And savest the upright of the heart at length.

For God is good to the righteous, but His wrath
Is poured upon the evil day by day.
And if the wicked turn not from his path,
God whets a sword for him, and arrows to slay.

Behold the men prone to iniquity,
Eager to foster mischief and deceit,
They dug a pit and in it they shall lie
Caught in the trap they made for other feet.

There shall their mischief on their heads come down,
They shall be crushed beneath their deeds of shame,
And I shall praise the Lord for His wisdom shown,
And in singing manifest His name.

* * * *

Psalm 8

THE GLORY OF THE SKY AND THE
GLORY WHICH IS MAN

HARRY H. MAYER

Eternal One, our Ancient of the Days,
How shines Your Name in all whereon we gaze.
Far, far, across the firmament's far height
Your fame is writ, in syllables of light.

And graved on brow of babe and suckling, Lord,
Is bodied forth the grandeur of Your word
That thus gainsayers may be put to rout,
Their proud blaspheming clamor canceled out.

I sing Your wondrous majesty and might,
Your handiwork of sky and cloud and air,
The moon, the clustered stars so softly bright,
How may a mortal unto such compare?

Yet when You fashioned man You made him less
By little than a god, made him possess
Dominion over all on Earth, all herds
And flocks, beasts roaming wild, and fish and birds.

Eternal One, our Ancient of the Days,
How shines Your Name, past all our skill to praise—
We bow in wonder, worship while we gaze.

* * * *

Psalm 8
(*Paraphrased and Expanded*)

O LORD HOW EXCELLENT THY NAME

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

O Lord, how excellent
in all the earth Thy Name;
and, star to star, exultant sent
far through the echoing firmament
in shouts of soundless flame.

And yet an infant's cry
hath more of Thy divinity,
and more than all the splendors of the skies
confounds Thine enemies.

Star beyond star, Thy heavens plunge away,
gulf beyond gulf, past the last hope of sight:
our narrow view is cancelled with the day,
and Thy long vistas open on the night.

An old moon founders on the plain's dun rim,
the changing planets swim in the deep sky,
athwart the lambent zenith curves the dim
white glory of the myriad galaxy.

And beyond these, beyond the ultimate coasts
where the still tides of stellar silence sweep,
a million universes—faint as ghosts
haunting the fringes of the cosmic sleep.

Then what is man, I cry,
that Thou shouldst have regard of him?

For thou hast made him but a little less
than thine Angelic Hierarchies:
in love, less than thy Seraphim,
in knowledge, than thy Cherubim:
yet crowned, for all his lowly birth,
with knowledge and with love,
and by these lifted high above
his origins of earth.

Lord of the World is he, as Thou of Heaven—
for Thou into his hands hast given
dominion over all that Thou hast wrought:
his will subdues to his own use
fowl of the air, fish of the flood, flesh of the field—
while to the impassioned hunger of his thought
the profound earth, the sea
and the sidereal night at last shall yield
their soul of mystery.

Against the heavens' span
how small a thing is man!
how swift the earth-drawn meteor dives to death!
Yet when he saith: I will! I love! I think!
the universe doth like a dream
dissolve and into nothing shrink,
and all vast time become a stream
whereat his spirit stoops to drink.

O Lord, how excellent
in all the earth Thy Name!

* * * *

Psalm 9
(*An Alphabetical Psalm*)

JUSTICE VISITED UPON THE NATIONS

LORD DUNSANY

I will thank Thee, O Lord, with my heart, I will tell Thy
deeds, O Most High,
I will sing praise to Thy name, and be glad and exult
in Thee,
Because my foes turn back and fall at Thy drawing nigh;
For Thou hast maintained my right, from Thy throne
judging me.

Thou hast rebuked the heathen, destroying the wicked host.
O thou enemy, the waste places are for ever gone
And the cities thou didst uproot their very memorial is lost.
But the Lord shall abide for ever, for judgment He stablished
His throne.

And He shall judge the world with justice unto all nations,
A refuge in times of trouble and unto all the oppressed
And Thy people shall trust in Thee that hast heard their
supplications.
Sing praises to Him in Zion, be all His doing confessed.

He shall remember His when He takes retribution for
slaughter;
Have mercy on me, O Lord, Who the humble remembereth,
That I may declare Thy praise in the gates of Zion's
daughter
O Thou Who hast lifted me from the very gates of death.

In the pit that the heathen have made they are sunk, in their
own net taken,
By His judgment the Lord is known, but the wicked's
work is his snare,
To Sheol the wicked return but the poor shall not be for-
saken
And not for ever the hope of the meek shall vanish in air.

Arise O Lord, let not man prevail, judge the heathen then
Put them in fear, O Lord, that they be brought to con-
trition
And know of themselves in all nations that they are only men.
This unto Muth-labben, a psalm for the chief musician.

* * * *

Psalm 10

THE LORD WILL NOT FORGET

LORD DUNSANY

Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord, in our tribulation?
The wicked man in his pride hath persecuted the poor.
Let such be caught in the snares of their own imagination,
For they boast their heart's desire, and bless whom Thou
dost abhor.

He has not God in his thoughts, through pride, and he seeks
not after.

His ways are always grievous, Thy judgments are out of
his sight.

And as for his enemies, he looketh towards them with
laughter.

"I shall not be moved," he has said; "I shall come to no
evil plight."

Full of cursing and fraud is his mouth, with his tongue mischief is working,

Darkly he waiteth hid where the innocent will come by.
Seated in secret haunts of the villages he is lurking,
And privily on the poor is set his murderous eye.

As a lion dark in his den for the poor man he waiteth;
So he catcheth the poor when he draweth him into his net.
He croucheth and humbleth himself to ensnare whom he hateth;

“God hath forgotten,” he saith. But the Lord will not forget.

Why does he spurn God? He has said, “Thou wilt not require it.”

Yet Thou hast seen, and wilt punish. The poor man trusteth in Thee.

When the wicked lifteth his arm against the fatherless, smite it.

Seek out his wickedness until it shall cease to be.

The heathen shall pass, and the Lord be known for ever and ever.

Thou hast heard the prayer of the humble, to whom Thine ear shall attend.

Thou shalt judge the fatherless, the subjected Thou shalt deliver:

And all the oppressions of Earth shall come at last to an end.

* * * *

Psalm 11
(*Adapted*)

GERMANY 1938

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

In the Lord put I
My trust . . .

but again, again, the clamor, the outcry,
In the street the voices shouting, "*Jude verrecke!* Away with
them!"
And in my soul, the muttered, despairing Amen.

The winter's wrath draws nigh;
Into their south the swallows fly,
And so would I,

Whom worse than winter now
Assails with arrows shot like snow
With ruthless bow.

To innocence under ban
That neither wrong did nor right can
Against the wicked man

This evil day strides on.
Out of this ruined world and wan
Let us be gone!

But whither, whither? They mocked
Who bid us fly. The Earth is rocked
And all doors locked.

Unshaken is the temple, and stainless the radiance,
The dear day, of the kingdom of heaven.
In that pure court He with compassionate countenance
Assays the hearts of men.

Inflexible is the judgment and flawless the vengeance,
The poised doom of the balance held even:
Snares to the schemer, and on the unrelenting repentance
Never to lighten again.

And in the Lord put I
My trust . . . and in vain, in vain, the clamor, the outcry.
His eyes behold, His eyelids try, the thing that is just,
And in that light stand I.

* * * *

Psalm 12
(Based on the Prayer Book Version)
**THE CLATTER OF GODLESS TONGUES
IN A GODLESS AGE**

RICHARD CHURCH

Help, Lord, for those who love Thee fail,
Thy faithful ones fall from the ranks,
And leave the liars to their tale,
False gratitude, and treacherous thanks.

Lord, may those flattering lips be lashed,
The boastful mouths stripped of their pride,
Those tongues that murmur unabashed,
"Who is this God? WE shall abide!"

“Because the poor have been oppressed,
And in their patience sigh alone,
I will protect them in My breast,”
The Lord decreed, “these are My own.”

And what He saith is purified
Like silver sevenfold assayed.
The Word of Truth shall be obeyed
Though by this evil Age defied
When wicked men strut unafraid
And rogues are honored far and wide.

* * * *

Psalm 13
(Based on the Septuagint Version. In Irish Interlinear
Rhyme Metric)

LEST I SLEEP THE SLEEP OF DEATH

DOUGLAS HYDE

O Lord how long must I bide without trace of Thee!
O Lord how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me!

My task and my dole, they grow, and they fill my day,
I ask of my soul, “My foe, must he still bear sway.”

Lord right me, I cry, and keep Thou my failing breath,
Put light in my eyes that I sleep not the sleep of death.

And let not mine enemies say they have played with me,
Or laugh or be gay because they have made me flee.

Thou art my comfort alone and my trust today,
My heart unto Thee has flown, and must, for aye.

The Lord shall raise me and never neglect my cry,
So shall I praise Him forever—the Lord most High.

* * * *

Psalm 14

WISDOM FROM THEIR HEART IS FLED

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

The fool that ponders with a mind
Bare as the barren clod
Knoweth not that his eyes are blind
And saith: "There is no God."

In ways corrupt the people throng
And evil deeds are done,
Nor is there any man doth long
For goodness, no not one.

The Lord looked downward from the skies
Upon the human horde
To see if haply one were wise
And seeking for the Lord;

But all are wandered from the path;
In evil ways they run,
Nor any soul a longing hath
For goodness, no not one.

Their throat is noisesome as the pit,
Their tongues are full of guile,
The poison of the asp doth sit
Beneath their traitor's smile.

Out of their mouths abuse and hate
Are poured in bitter flood,
They haste with swift and urgent feet
To shed a brother's blood.

Ruin and misery they bring
And kindness they despise,
Never the fear of God doth spring
Before their loveless eyes.

Sure, wisdom from their heart is fled
Who dare to work such shame:
They eat my people as 'twere bread
And call not on God's name.

But sudden fear was through them thrust,
A fear without a name:
The voice of God who guards the just
Out of the silence came.

Yea, ye shall tremble in the dust
Who mocked the poor that trod,
Courageous in his simple trust,
The humble path to God.

Ah, who shall call salvation down
Out of the holy hill
And raise again the fallen crown
Of Israel, captive still?

When God shall burst the galling chain
And snap the leathern thong
Then Jacob shall rejoice again
And Israel break to song.

* * * *

Psalm 15
(*Translated Freely*)

DWELLING WITH GOD

LORD GORELL

Lord, who within Thy peace shall have his dwelling,
Uplifted ever and made one with Thee?
Even he who walks in virtue uncorrupted,
His heart the home of Truth's simplicity:

Who guards his tongue from evil, and his neighbor
Deceives not, no, nor slanders; whose reward
In his own eyes can nothing be but lowly;
Who holds in honor those that fear the Lord:

Who, having once made promise to another,
Though it should turn to hindrance, keeps to all;
Who scorns to wring a profit out in harshness—
Whoso thus lives from God shall never fall.

* * * *

Psalm 16

(Based on a Slightly Revised Massoretic Reading)

MY CHIEF GOOD

EUNICE TIETJENS

Protect me, O God, for I am hid in Thee!

I said unto God,

“Lo, Thou art my God!

Chief good art Thou unto me.

None higher could there be.”

As for these idols, held holy in the land,

Objects of veneration, sought on every hand

By those who pleasure them,

I will not pour drink-offerings of blood

To them, nor take their name upon my lips.

Many shall be the sorrows of that man

Who hastens after them to his eclipse.

God is mine inheritance. God is my cup.

In Him I am lifted up.

The lines of my life have fallen in pleasant places;

The heritage that is mine is precious indeed.

I praise God Who will counsel me in my need.

Moreover by night my thoughts instruct me.

Continually do I set God in my presence.

With Him at my right hand

Unmoved shall I stand.

Therefore my heart is glad

And I rejoice in glory.

As for my flesh

It shall dwell in safety,

For never wilt Thou give my soul
Up to perdition,
And never shall Thy faithful one
Endure corruption.
The path of life wilt Thou show to me.
Yea, in Thy presence joys like rain descend;
In Thy right hand are pleasures without end.

* * * *

Psalm 17

A CHALLENGE TO POMPOUS WORLDLINGS

OLGA ERBSLOH MULLER

Hear me, O Lord, Who in Thy holy sight
Have striven faithfully to do the right.
My chastened lips no taint of falsehood bear:
O God of justice hearken to my prayer!
Thou knowest all my heart.
In secret hour hast Thou seen
And proven me.
Before Thy sight my lips are clean.

Doing the works of man with steadfast will
I kept from evil and eschewed it still.
Guard me and keep my footsteps in Thy way
Lest stumbling from Thine upright path I stray.
Be Thou my judge, O Lord,
And let Thine eyes behold
The equity
Of which I am controlled.

I call on Thee for Thou wilt hear my cry;
Thy wondrous loving kindness is so nigh.
Thou wilt uphold and keep with Thy right hand
Thine own that trust in Thee. They shall withstand
All evil. Hearken Lord!
Oh hide me underneath Thy wing
Safe from the foe
Rising against me, ravening!

I am surrounded and in sore distress,
Compass'd about with men of wickedness.
They vaunt themselves and in their flesh are proud,
They look to cast me down, their voice is loud.
Like lions do they roar!
Or like young lions hunting prey
They lie in wait.
Deliver me! Arise to their dismay!

Keep me, O Lord, and with Thy sword of might
Save Thou my soul from them that menace right.
They have their part in earthly pomp and pleasure,
Are bold with many sons and full of treasure.
So be it for their part.
Ever shall I who seek Thy grace
Be satisfied
Awaking to behold Thy face.

* * * *

Psalm 18

(A Paraphrase and Expansion)

THE HEATHEN ARE MADE MINE

HELENE MAGARET

"Victory!" shouted David's men,
And hills returned the cry.
"Victory!" came the shout again.
Jonathan's bones shall lie
A thousand years by the bones of Saul,
Where mountains meet the plain,
And a thousand years the worms shall crawl
Where the giants of Gath were slain.

David's hand was sick of the sword,
Weary of hilt and blade,
And he longed to walk beside his Lord,
Alone in the mountain shade.
Olive trees lowered their laden boughs
To screen a lonely place,
Where David, far from the gay carouse,
Might sing of Heaven's grace.

His fingers slipped across the strings
Of his harp, and half in prayer,
Half in praise, his song had wings
To drift upon the air:

"O Lord, Thou art just!
My buckler and tower!
Humbly I trust
In Thy infinite power.

My horn of salvation,
My fortress, my Lord
Has preserved from temptation
My strength and my sword.

“Surrounded by sorrow
Of Death, and in fear
That the heathen tomorrow
Would brandish the spear,
Sheol closed round me,
And in my alarm
I called, and God found me
And lifted His arm.

“Then all the earth trembled,
The valleys were stirred,
The hills were assembled
To bend at His word.
His nostrils shed smoke,
His mouth scattered fire,
The commands that He spoke
Were crimson with ire.

“The heavens were bowed,
And mountains could feel
The weight of night's shroud
Shattered under His heel.
On a cherub He rode,
Wind harried His race.
He made dark His abode
In a desolate place.

“Then He sent from above,
And He drew me from water.
He saved me with love
From the enemy’s slaughter.
He rewards me forever
Because I have trod
In His paths, and have never
Departed from God.

“With the pure He acts purely,
To the merciful giveth
His mercy, for surely
The way that man liveth
Determines God’s kindness,
And they who do wrong
Shall find in their blindness
His anger is strong.

“Yea, the Lord is my God,
And will scatter the light
Of His candle abroad
To banish my night. . . .”

David paused to watch the sky
Grow gray above the plain.
More still than prayer the evening air
Let fall a silent rain.
Again he took his harp and sang,
Again the hills and far fields rang,
And God Himself half-seemed to stand
With David’s head beneath his hand.

“O God, Thou art my shield,
Thou art the rock. Through Thee
I made the heathen yield,

“For Thou hast girded me
With triple strength and might
To bear a victory.

“Thou mad’st my feet as light
As the wild and dappled deer,
Fleet-footed in his flight.

“Thou hast rescued me from fear,
And taught my hands to break
The steel bow and the spear.

“Thou hast helped me overtake
The enemy and wound
The heathen for Thy sake.

“I saw them tear the ground,
And run in fright, and cry.
I heard the hills resound,
But God would not reply.

“Small as dust I beat them,
And cast them out as swine.
God helped me to defeat them.

“The heathen are made mine,
Obeisant when I speak
To bear me bread and wine.

“The Lord shall live forever!
Blessed be the God
Who teacheth me to sever
The pagans, lift the rod
Of vengeance in His name!
And thankfully I sing
To Him who overcame
The sinful. Holy King,
I pray Thee hear and heed
My humble praise of Thee
Who blessest David’s seed
Eternally!”

The harp-strings now were dim and still,
Still was David’s hand.
Darkness wandered down the hill
And slept upon the land.
And far away, near Heaven’s wall,
Soft and thin the air
Vibrated with the lift and fall
And echo of a prayer:

“I pray Thee hear and heed
My humble praise of Thee
Who blessest David’s seed
Eternally!”

* * * *

Psalm 19

THEIR MESSAGE SINGS THROUGH ALL
THE EARTH

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

The heavens on high declare God's praise;
He hath built the starry ways;
Night bears witness unto night
And day to day hands on the light.
There is neither speech nor word,
Never are their voices heard,
Yet from land to land is hurled
Their wisdom over all the world.
There hath He raised a golden house
For the Sun, who like a spouse
Cometh forth with shining face,
A giant glad to run his race
From end to end of heaven's wide beat,
Searching all things with his heat.

God's law, the undefiled law,
Tenderly the soul doth draw
And His testimony sure
Bringeth wisdom to the poor.
The precepts of the Lord are right,
Stirring man to heart's delight:
His commandment, pure and wise,
Giveth light unto the eyes.
Clean His fear and never faileth;
In His judgments truth prevaieth;
Richer they than gold and money,
Sweeter than the comb's sweet honey:

There for me is wisdom stored
And in their keeping great reward.

Who can tell how oft he sin?
Cleanse me, Lord, from fault within;
Guard me from the sin of pride
Lest my careless footsteps slide;
So shall I be undefiled
And offenceless as a child.
May each word by me exprest
And the thoughts within my breast
Ever rise into Thy sight
As an offering clean and bright,
Lord, Who art my rock and tower
And my soul's redeeming power.

* * * *

Psalm 19

**GOD REVEALED IN NATURE AND
IN THE SOUL**

JOHN OXENHAM

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
Thy handiwork the starry skies;
Throughout all Time and Space they chant
Their silent litanies.

Day unto day, and night by night,
Their soundless voices still proclaim,
In one vast universal tongue,
The wonder of Thy name.

Strong and rejoicing there the sun
Draws back the curtains of the night,
And sallies forth to bless the world
With Thy good gift of light.

Then, with pale majesty, the moon
Takes up the tale, and all the stars
Repeat the message of Thy love—
“He sees! He knows! He cares!”

The Law of the Lord is perfect,
For it takes the souls of men,
And chisels and shapes and fashions them,
And gives them to Him again.

*It is Wisdom to the wisest,
It makes the simple wise,
It makes men see the ways of God
With clear unclouded eyes.*

Oh, sweeter than sweetest honey,
And rarer than much fine gold,
Is that great, unchanging Law of God
In its riches manifold.

*It is Wisdom to the wisest,
It makes the simple wise,
It leads men up, through life and death,
To the love that never dies.*

The keeping of God's Law is in itself
A great reward.
Help us, O Lord—
For what man truly understands himself?—
Help us to keep Thy Law!

Cleanse us from every secret fault,
From wilful and presumptuous sin!
Then shall we stand before Thee undismayed,
Upright and confident and free,
Free men of God's most glorious Liberty.

*O that my every thought this day
May be acceptable to Thee!
Then shall I go upon my way
Without offence and joyfully.*

* * * *

Psalm 20

WHEN THE WAR CLOUDS ARE RIFTED

CLINTON SCOLLARD

In the day of thy trouble
May Yahweh attend thee,
The God of the children
Of Jacob defend thee:
Send aid from the altars
His people rely on,
And strengthen thy soul
With the help out of Zion,

Remembering how
From thine hand there arises
The suppliant homage
Of burnt sacrifices.

In the name of our God
Shall our banners be lifted,
And the victory be His
When the war-clouds are rifted:
In chariots some trust
And in high-mettled horses,
But we will remember
God's ultimate forces.
Unbowed we have stood
While the foemen were falling;
O Lord, save the king,
And give ear to our calling.

* * * *

Psalm 21
(Interpreted and Expanded)
THE KING SHALL REJOICE

THOMAS MOULT

In Thy salvation, Lord,
And in Thy strength, a king
Found, once, his joy: Thy Word
That gave his spirit wing
Still down the years comes quickening.

Thy purifying fire
Cleansed that king's heart of old :
None of his heart's desire
Didst Thou, O Lord, withhold,
Thy symbol was his crown of gold.

His heart's desire was life
Triumphant, endless-long ;
Therefore, through the fierce strife
Unscathèd, ever strong,
He passed with praise and grateful song.

So shall it be this day
With us who seek to give
No quarter in the fray
To evil, nor would live
As but life's faithless fugitive.

Thine hand shall blot out hate ;
Thy voice shall blast the fruit
That, checked not, soon or late,
Ripens from evil's root,—
Let other voices all be mute !

But when Thine arrows cease,
And the strong Word from Thee
Breathes over hearts at peace,
Then, kings full-voiced, shall we
Acclaim Thy most high sovereignty.

* * * *

Psalm 22

AS FRAGMENTS CHIPPED FROM
EARTHEN POTS

THEDA KENYON

My God, why hast Thou thus forsaken me?
When the first sounds of dawn awaken me
As now, when night has overtaken me,
The universe is shattered with my cry:
But Thou art holy still; and who am I
That my lament should search Thee out? On high
The Patriarchs bend down before Thee, where
Thou sittest throned in Worship, veiled with Prayer.
Once, Thou didst heed our fathers in despair,
Delivering all those who cried to Thee—
But as for me—

I am an outcast, doomed to agony!
All they who pass by gloat upon my shame:
“Let God deliver him who cries His Name!”
This dust Thou madest flesh wilt Thou disclaim?
Oh, go not from me, for mine hour is near;
I am deserted; only Thou canst hear;
The roar of wild beasts floods my heart with fear.
The wicked close in on me and conspire;
Their bellowing drains my strength and my desire;
I am as wax that has beheld the fire.
I am as fragments chipped from earthen pots
Ground back to earth. Mine enemies cast lots
Upon my seamless robe; the death-dust rots
About me. They set on me, tooth and horn—
They pierce my hands and feet; my flesh is torn;
Save me, my God, from lion and unicorn!

I will declare Thy Name, Thy praises tell
 Before the multitude; let your songs swell
 With holy fear, ye seed of Israel!
 For God hath not despised the low degree
 Of poverty, nor turned His Face from me:
 But when the helpless called, God heard his plea!
 I shall perform my vows with zealous pride;
 The poor shall eat, and shall be satisfied:
 And they who fear God shall be multiplied,
 From pole to distant pole—fresh tongues adore
 Thy Name, fresh nations fling themselves before
 The Lord, Who is their King and Governor.
 Then from the dust shall soar the highest praise;
 The Heavens echo, and the planets blaze
 The anthem of new peoples Thou shalt raise!



Psalm 23

GOD SHEPHERDING ME

HARRY H. MAYER

God shepherds me, I have
 no need of aught beside;
 He leads me in green pasture-lands
 and where still waters bide.

He calms my troubled thoughts
 when I am faint and sore,
 and guides my step, for His name's sake,
 in straight paths evermore.

I tread the darkened glen
yet falter not nor fear;
Your rod and staff they comfort me
since You Lord still are near.

You spread a feast for me
despite hard-pressing foes,
You will anoint my head with oil,
my cup's abundance flows.

Indeed, goodness and love
will still watch over me,
and in God's house shall be mine home,
now and eternally.

* * * *

Psalm 23

(The Twenty-third Psalm Is A Negro Preacher's Text)

DE LAWD'S MAH SHEPHE'D

MARY SINTON LEITCH

"De Lawd's mah Shephe'd." Fr'en's, dese wo'ds begins de
sweetes' psalm
An' purties', an' de one I lubs de bes'.
"I shall not want. He lead me by still watahs cool an' cyalm:
In his green fiel's I lays me down to res'."
Oh, David play his ha'p an' sing: he soun' it sof' an' low;—
"De Lawd done lead mah feets aright; mah soul He done
resto'."

King David 'membah how he use ter shiel' de lambs f'om
hahm
An' watch dem lak a lovin' shephe'd do;
How dere little laigs done tremble, an' he keep dem safe an'
wahm;
So he sing 'bout how de Lawd's a Shephe'd too.
I think he play dis song, mah fr'en's, when night come
stealin' down,
An' his heaht wuz sad, an' haid wuz so', f'om wearin' ob a
crown.

I reckon it wuz lonesome fer a little shephe'd lad
On de medders, an' de moonlight tuk his breath,
An' so de ole king roominate, an' sing 'bout how he's glad
Dat he ain' feahed ob dahkness or ob Death.
He say he hev de comfo't ob de Lawd's own staff an' rod.
In de valley ob Death's shadder ole King David walk wid
Gawd.

"In de presence ob mah en'mies, Lawd, Thou dos' prepah
fer me
A table. Thou dos' 'noint mah haid wid ile.
Mah cup run over," David sing; "Thy mercy's full an'
free"
See, bruddahs, how de Lawd done treat His chile!
De king rej'ice case Gawd is good: he give Him plenty
praise,
An' joobilate, "I dwells wid Him thoø ebberlas'in' days!"

An' now mah bruddahs, is I wrong; mah sistahs, is I right,
When I says dis psalm will wash yo' sperrit clean?
It's you kin hev a flowin' cup; it's you de Lawd invite
Ter lay yo'se'fs whar fiel's is cool an' green.

Death's shadder's gwine ter fall on me: it's gwine ter fall
on you,
But Gawd say fr'en'ly, "Chillens, take Mah han' lak David
do!"

Oh, won' yo' lean upon de Lawd? His rod an' staff is strong.
Mah fr'en's, I begs—I supplecates—terday
Dat when yo' heahs is weary ob yo' ebil an' yo' wrong,
You'll shet yo' eyes an' heah dis David play.
When all yo' soul is black as night wid sorrer an' wid sin
Des say, "De Lawd's mah Shephe'd," an' de sun will shine
ag'in.

* * * *

Psalm 24

WHO MAY ASCEND TO THE HILL OF THE LORD

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

(A choir sings or chants)

The Earth is the Lord's
And the fullness thereof,
Where all men shall dwell
In the light of His love.

For He on the seas
Has established its base;
On the face of the floods
He has given it place.

(A voice asks)

Now who may ascend
To the hill of the Lord?

In that sanctified spot
Who may hearken His word?

(The choir answers)

The man of clean life,
Who is steadfast of soul,
Who loves not vain things
But is blameless and whole.

It is he shall be blessed,
Bowing down to the rod;
It is he shall receive
The salvation of God.

(A voice)

Then open, ye doors,
And lift up, O ye gates!
The King of all glory
In splendor awaits.

(A second voice)

And who is this monarch
Whose glories outring?

(Choir)

The Lord strong and mighty
Whose praises we sing,
The Lord strong in battle,
None other is King.

(A voice)

Now who is this monarch
Whose glories outring?

(Choir)

The Lord Whose high praises
With gladness we sing,
The Lord God of hosts,
It is He Who is King!

* * * *

Psalm 25

(An Alphabetical Psalm; Based on the Vulgate Version)

MINE EYES ARE SET UNTO THE LORD

SHANE LESLIE

To Thee, O Lord, lift I my soul
In Thee I place my trust and goal:
Oh let me not confused fall
Nor enemies to triumph call.

In shamefulness they shall not grope
All they that set in Thee their hope.
Confounded be who lacking cause
Transgress against the righteous laws.

Lead me to Truth and make me learn:
By Thee let me salvation earn.
Show me, O Lord, Thy ways to tread:
Teach me the paths unto Thy stead.

With tender mercies me enfold,
Recall Thy tenderness of old.

Remember not my youthful sin
But of Thy goodness bring me in.

The Lord will ever gracious stay
And teach the sinner in the way.
In judgment shall He guide the meek,
The lowly by His paths shall seek.

His paths in mercy lays the Lord
To all who keep His pledged word.
Be thou, O Lord, compassionate
Unto my sin for it is great.

Who fears the Lord, shall never lose
The proper way for man to choose:
His soul shall gently dwell at hand,
His seed inherit in the land.

'Mongst them His secret shall be grown:
To them His covenant be shown.
Mine eyes unto the Lord are set:
My feet He shall pluck from the net.

Have mercy on me desolate
For deep in misery I wait.
The sorrows of my heart grow large
Oh bring me clear from sorrow's marge.

Look on my sorrow and my pain
And wipe away my sinful stain:
Reflect the number of my foes,
How tyrannous the hate that flows.

Oh keep my soul: deliver me
Nor let be shamed who trusted Thee.
Let perfect righteousness await
Me hoping on Thee in the gate.
Deliver Israel, O God:
Against his troubles set Thy rod.

* * * *

Psalm 26

THE PRECINCTS OF THY HOUSE HAVE
I LOVED WELL

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

O Lord, to Thee for justice do I cry.
I walk in purity
Unwavering. Oh test my mind and heart,
Search every inward part.
Thy kindness is a light before my face,
I walk Thy ways of grace,
Nor with the faithless sit, nor enter in
Where frauds in secret spin;
The company of evil men I hate
Nor have with sinners sate.
I washed my hands in innocence and wound
And wound Thine altar round,
The count of all Thy wonders to rehearse
With gladsome voice and verse.
The precincts of Thy house have I loved well
And where, within, doth dwell
Thy glory, Lord. Oh set not Thou my life
With men of blood and strife

Who carry in their hearts a mischief planned
And bribes in their right hand.
O Lord my God, I walk in purity;
Be merciful to me.
I set my foot upon the level ground
And bless Thy name where hymns of praise resound.

* * * *

Psalm 27

MY LIGHT AND MY STRENGTH

EUNICE TIETJENS

God is light to me, and God is safety.
Shall I then be afraid?
In God I stand as in a fortress-tower.
How can I be afraid?
If wicked men draw near to slander me
Stumble they shall and fall. They shall not hinder me.
A host encamped against me cannot make me
Tremble, and a war-wind cannot shake me.

One thing I ask of God, one thing I seek,
To gaze forever on His loveliness,
To feel His holiness
Standing at dawn within His temple gate.
For God will shelter me in His pavilion;
The secret places of His tent shall hide me
When foes deride me.
God will set me firm upon a rock,
Above all enemies my head upholding.

Sacrifice of joy I will bring to Him,
Yea, in His tent will I sing to Him.

Hear, O God, my voice raised to Thee!
In mercy, O my God, answer me!
Concerning Thee my heart has spoken,
"Seek, oh seek my face."

And I will seek Thy face
In every hour, in every place.
Hide not Thy face from me,
Turn not Thy servant in anger from Thee!
Forsake me not,
Abandon me not,
God of my safety, Who hast been my help!
Though my father forsake me,
Though my mother forsake me,
Yet God will be my help.

Teach me, O God, Thy way,
By level paths make straight the way for me.
The wicked rise. Their passions stay for me.
False witnesses breathe violence and slander.
Deliver me not to their anger!

God Who art light to me,
These living eyes shall see
Thy goodness unto me.
Hope, yea hope in God,
The heart bold, the pulses strong,
The hope in God.

* * * *

Psalm 27

AFTER READING PSALM TWENTY-SEVEN

W. H. AUDEN

Lord, in the day of inundation
Be our Light and our Salvation;
When landmarks loosen and floods fall,
Shine Thy sun upon us all.

Our flesh is silly and afraid, but pity
The shaken senses of our city;
The evil and the armed draw near,
Be sensible to our great fear.

We, although we hurt each other,
Would rather cherish one another;
Give out Thy secret, teach us how
Thy public may grow loving now.

Lord, be patient and forgiving
With all Thy invalids now living;
Convince Thy hopeless cases why
They have no right or need to die.

Ignorant and hungry millions
Desire to dwell in Thy pavilions;
Give the enfeebled and unfed
Knowledge, will and daily bread.

Implicit in our lost condition
Is a vast longing for position;
Be our five-point desert star,
Show Thy migrants where they are.

Tour through our hearts and make our faces
Thy gay resorts and summer places;
Develop us to house Thy mirth
That Thy will be done on earth.

* * * *

Psalm 28

(A Free Interpretation)

ONE PRAYS AS THE MOUTHPIECE OF A NATION

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Unto Almighty Love I cry:

Think not scornfully of me
(As I often think of my neighbors)
For if God hear me not
My heart will go down to the Pit—
From pride down swiftly to hate.

Beyond my words filled with self
Discern the heart's voice:
Let these hands, though torn with divisions,
Still reach up to God!

Snatch me not away, as in wars I have snatched away others!

Let me not die of the proud self-righteous desires
So treacherous that even as I pray they involve me again!
It is they, it is not the poor bodies and brains of men
That betray their fellows and God, the Lover of all!

Break down their branches, therefore,
Root out those proud desires, O boundless goodness, O God,
Let them vanish beyond recall.

Praised be the Lord, for already our hearts are dancing:
Our strength and our shield are the goodness unbounded by
man:
God save the peoples anointed with brotherly Love,
Feed them with plenty and peace and with visions of God!

* * * *

Psalm 29

THE THUNDER OF GOD'S VOICE

HARRY H. MAYER

Bring unto the Lord,
Ye children of light,
Bring unto the Lord
The glory and might!
Bring unto the Lord
His befitting acclaim,
In beauty of holiness
Worship His name.

The voice of the Lord
Resounds on the sea,
The voice of the Lord
Reverberates free;

The voice of the Lord
Crashes out of the cloud,
The voice of the Lord
In the thunderbolt loud.

The voice of the Lord
Lays the cedar-trees low,
The cedar-trees which
Upon Lebanon grow,
Till Lebanon skips
Like a calf with affright
And Sirion leaps
As the heavens flash bright.

The voice of the Lord
Makes the wilderness shake,
The desert of Kadesh
To whirl and to quake;
Makes hinds cast their young,
Strips the forest trees bare,
And all in His temple
Say, "Glory is there."

The Lord sat enthroned
When the flood was of yore,
The Lord will be seen
On His throne evermore;
The Lord make the strength
Of His people increase;
The Lord grant His people
The blessing of peace.

* * * *

Psalm 30

(Translated Freely)

THOU HAST TURNED MY MOURNING
INTO DANCING

HAROLD T. PULSIFER

I will praise You, O Lord, You have lifted me up,
I have drunk no defeat though foes pressed the cup.

I was broken, O Lord, I cried on Your name
And healing came swift as the leap of a flame.

O Lord, when my soul felt the Shadow's grey breath,
You saved me alive from the dark hand of death.

Ye saints of the Lord, sing thanksgiving, and praise
His holy memorial all the long days.

Though brief is His anger, His favors endure,
We may weep for a night, but joy dawneth sure.

One time in my pride like a mountain I rose,
There was nothing on earth my strength to oppose.

But I know now the Lord had lifted me high,
No power was mine save the light of His eye.

I wept and I cried to the Lord in my shame,
I trusted at last in the might of His name.

Thus I cried to the Lord, have mercy on me;
O Lord, be my Helper and set my soul free.

My mourning to dancing Your mercy has turned,
I robed me in gladness, my sack-cloth I spurned.

I will sing Your high praises whatever portend
That my glory may serve You thus, world without end.

* * * *

Psalm 31

(Paraphrased)

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

WILSON MACDONALD

I have been crushed by circumstance
In this great Drama of Romance:
Lean low and hear, O great Defender,
O strong Retreat from all Change and Chance.

My foes have caught me in their snares:
Come down the ladder of my prayers
And lift me from the prisoning nets,
The iron that bars and the thorn that tears.

I will commit my soul, O Lord,
Into Thy hand to be restored.
Thou hast redeemed me, O Beloved,
O Fountain of the releasing Word.

My soul is now consumed with hate
For lying vanities, yet I wait
For Thee whose hate is Love's Redeemer,
The iron that moulds to a nobler state.

About my soul drift walls of gloom,
My foes are calling for my doom:
Yet in Thy Love the walls are widened:
My feet now walk in an ample room.

My ears are sighing like the pine:
Mine eye is Grief's consuming shrine.
Iniquities have sapped my spirit,
Yet Thy forgiveness is like strong wine.

Reproached by foe, acquaintance, friend,
A broken vessel they cannot mend,
A dead man out of mind, forgotten,
Defenseless—yet will Thine arm defend.

Lo, where my persecutors stand,
And foemen press on every hand,
I blow my Faith's triumphant bugle:
"My times, O Lord are in Thine own hand."

Shine on me like the morning sun.
Let Faith's traducers be undone.
Wrap evil in the graveyard's linen,
O God of Mercy, O Holy One!

Thy goodness is a strong Retreat
Wherein to hide from man's deceit.
Thy arms are like a cool pavilion
To which I fly from the dust and heat.

Praise be to Thee, Releasing Lord.
To know Thee is enough reward.
Thy love was shown in a strong city:
Thou madest mine enemy sheathe his sword.

Mine hours, O God, were full of doubt,
Yet Thou encompassed me about.
The Lord preserveth all His faithful;
He giveth to them the victor's shout.

Be of good cheer, He shall restore
Thy heart and spirit evermore.
He walks with thee from curtain to curtain
And goes with thee through the Final Door.

* * * *

Psalm 32

(A Variation on the Theme)

AS IN THE ROCK THE HIDDEN WATERS

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I

This second innocence dearer than that unpriced
Birth-beauty tangled in Time's wheel to fray,
This light lack-lovelier, Eden-weed imparadised,
Joy loosed, grace found, was but a word to say;

Was but a word, was but to stammer out—Ah, Lord!
But I was parched and dumb, Thy hand lay
On me rigid as drought, while night and morning warred
Which hour should toss my last sighing away.

Thy word waited on mine. Mercy to need troth-plight
Was hidden in Thy silence as in the rock
The hidden waters were, but my extremity must smite
It out. Ah, lovely and inexhaustible
Leaps grace released to man, shining those waves flock
To the remission of sin, as I can tell.

II

Let trouble then but alarum the true-hearted to prayer.
Though floods rise and the dark waters assail,
The hymns of the delivered shall sound above them, a care
Shall foil peril, a providence countervail.
In the perplexity of paths a counsel shall be there
(Rear not, folly, against it, nor sense quail
Backward), nor shall they stumble upon their journey who
 wear
Harness of humility as the soul's mail.

Aye, but the pangs, the tribulations that load man's lot—
Too heavy freightage for his cockleshell days!
This few and evil is sin's measure: eternity's not,
Nor they who trust thither, so to be reckoned, but by the
 affirmations of just men, the praise
Of poets, the joyful witness of the elect.

* * * *

Psalm 33

(Translated Freely)

VALOR LIES STRICKEN ON THE FIELD
AT LENGTH

LAURA BENÉT

Rejoice, ye upright men, and praise your Maker,
And unto Him with harp and psaltery
Sing a new song for His deeds are loving
And done in righteousness and equity.

His single word upreared the vault of heaven,
In syllables of song He counted stars,
The tossing waters of the sea He gathers,
Bidding them cease from their chaotic wars.

Ill counsel of the undiscerning heathen
Is blown to the four winds at His command,
Flimsy devices of a restless people
Dissolve in dust before His lifted hand.

From the seat of His judgment in high heaven,
Pity surrounds the vagrant sons of men,
Blessed was the nation whom their God had chosen,
Thrice blessed if generations turn again!

No king is saved by multitudes and armies,
Dictators perish in their iron strength,—
Horses are vain hope in the hour of peril,
Valor lies stricken on the field at length.

But unto those that wait upon His mercy,
Their souls to succor in the day of death,
In time of want their bodies to deliver,
The Lord descendeth with a healing breath.

While He stands as our shield and our salvation,
Our hearts shall trust the God that sets them free.
Lord, shower Thy mercy as sweet rain upon us
Since hope like the grass springs up to Thee!

* * * *

Psalm 34

(An Acrostic Variation on the Theme)

CONFIDENT AMONG GRAVES AND FIRM
IN DECREPITUDE

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

- A. And thus said the old man, razored and sabbath-shod,
Standing among the green graves and the watchful
yews,
“’Tisn’t only on Sundays that I praise God;
- B. “But in the sheepfold or on the downs I muse
His mercies over. Aye, and my heart has brewed
So full of them I have preached Him to my ewes.
- C. “Closely they’ve gathered, creatures mild of mood,
Stepping softly, raising up their brows,
As though my words were light to them and they under-
stood.

- D. "Dearly then I remember how I with vows,
Prayers, groanings, and entreaties have sent
My soul after Him through the trouble He allows
- E. "Even his weakest to traverse, till He has bent
His look of morning on me again, and I,
As they, have stood enlightened and confident.
- G. "Grace for groanings, comfort answering cry,
Rain upon drought, such were the dealings betwixt
Me, poor Shepherd Wat, and the Most High.
- H. "His heaven stoops, I say, His angels have fixed
Their stations round about us, and he who with fear
Dwells before God, dwells fearless and unperplexed.
- I. "In, then! Oh, in with you to His fold, draw near
And taste of Him, for blessed are they whose food
Is to accept God's giving; they shall ne'er
- L. "Lack, lag, or grow lean; though lions should
For all their tyrant strength go unsatisfied,
They who seek him shall want naught else that is good.
- M. "Mark my words, children, they are true and tried.
They have stood many winters, and my gravestone
Yet shall speak out what my life has testified.
- N. *"Ninety years and odd, but none
 Empty of God's grace, had he
 Who now to his best days has gone.*

- O. *"Of all mankind in charity,
Remembering who has Fathered man,
He spoke, and yet with honesty.*
- Y. "Yonder to waste piece-meal, but from the onslaught
Of corruption rear me to heaven whole and renewed,
But in that day shall the wicked be smitten to naught."
- Z. Zealous in look and voice, trembling and hoary-hued,
So preached old Shepherd Wat, befriended of God,
Standing confident among graves and firm in decrep-
itude.

* * * *

Psalm 35

TO MEET MY PURSUERS

ANNE MACDONALD

With those who strive against me, plead
My cause O Lord, and intercede!
But when they muster for the fight,
Be my Defender, God of Might!
With shield and buckler take Thy stand
Against the oppressor, spear in hand.
God my Salvation, I shall say
Of those who plot my soul to slay,
May they be put to shame and flight
Who seek my hurt and may their plight
Be like to chaff blown by the wind;
The Angel of the Lord behind

Them press, by darksome slippery way.
They for my soul a net did lay.
Let that same pit they digged for me,
Their own destruction prove to be.
In their own hidden nets and snares
Let them be trapped at unawares.
Then will my heart with thankful voice
Praise God and in his strength rejoice,
Who, poor and needy though I be,
From my fierce foes hath rescued me.
Ills such as these I could have borne,
But now, as one bereft, I mourn,
Because my more than brother now
Has broken friendship's sacred vow,
My soul has wounded grievously,
Evil for good awarded me.
When he was sick I did not spare
To spend myself in fasts and prayer,
His every grief I made mine own;
He with false witnesses has gone.
They joy in my adversity,
Abusing me, deriding me,
These abject ones, and bold pretenders,
Joined in a troop for wicked slanders.
How long O Lord, wilt Thou permit
The mocker and the hypocrite
Tales which deceitful mouths devise
"This we did see, with our own eyes!"
How long O Lord wilt Thou forbear
To break Thy silence and to spare
Those who defy Thy holy laws
And persecute me without cause?

How long until Thy strong right arm
Will snatch my soul from sudden harm?
Rouse Thee O Lord, and in my cause
Awake Thy judgment and Thy laws.
Be those who my destruction sought
To shame and to dishonor brought.
For such as did not turn aside,
Who say God's Name be magnified,
And walk in righteousness, I pray
"Bless them with joy continually!"
Then I, in the great congregation
Shall speak aloud of my Salvation,
Shall lift my voice in joyous song
And praise Thy Name the whole day long.

* * * *

Psalm 35

(A Variation on the Theme)

TAKE ME FOR YOUR OCCASION AND
MUTE MACHINE

LOUIS MACNEICE

(1933)

There are against me many and I can only
Resort to my God Who is felt but never known;
There are against me many who profess friendship
But who once I am defeated and alone
Gather against me to castrate my life.
May they themselves die out, like dead leaves blown.

Their bland faces have gambled on my weakness
But I will show them that I, weakling or simpleton,
Can marshal an uncalculated army
And harry them along the road they meant me to have gone
And hustle them, scared so that they cannot see,
Into the annihilation they planned for me.

For which triumph I shall not preen myself
But credit it to the Being That bulks behind my being
Dammed by the waterlocks of thinking and seeing
But always pressing more and more cumbrously
Ready to burst and drown our shrinking streams
And reassert the intuited truth of dreams.

O guessed-at God, heard in the desert or seen
Only as a line of light is seen beneath the door,
I ask that You, as being beyond and other than me,
Should take me for Your occasion and mute machine;
Fling Yourself open upon me, batter me sore,
Soak me in the violet light of our lost identity.

On that day, clenched with and drenched in You,
After the glaring days of drought and doubt,
My enemies will crumble, the water breaking through,
The dry souls of my friends will flower out,
And You, God, no longer a word but a world,
By being there shall prove our words were true.

* * * *

Psalm 36

(Based on a Slightly Revised Massoretic Reading)

THE DIVINE SOURCE OF LIFE
AND GOODNESS

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Sin makes the wicked happy in his heart,
Sin gives him eyes that see no God to fear,
Flattering his grievous laughter when he said:
“None knows my guilt nor hates it, far or near.”

He sharpens crafty tongue for new deceits;
He blunts his fingers against doing good;
He wakes and plots iniquities in bed;
He has his hill and house and hardihood.

But, Lord, Thy faithfulness is high as heaven,
Thy love as wide as clouds from west to east,
Thy truth a mountain, Thy judgments like the mine—
And Thy great kindness saves both man and beast.

How precious is Thy loving-kindness, God!
Man's utter home's the shadow of Thy wings.
They fill them at Thy house with corn and wine,
They drink the shining waters of Thy springs.

For with Thee only are the fountains found,
And through Thy light alone do we see light:
Preserve Thy love to those who know Thee, God,
Thy righteousness to those who do the right!

Let not the proud man set his foot on me,
Let not the wicked drive me forth and far. . . .
Fallen and trodden as they once had trod,
They shall not lift themselves from where they are.

* * * *

Psalm 37

(An Alphabetical Acrostic)

SURE OF GOD AND SURE OF GOOD

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

- A. Abide the time, said he. Though they who vex
The world and you should wax
Like grass in summer,
To them a scything hour will come.
- B. Be sure of God, be sure of good. They shall
Not fail you in this ill.
The spirit plighted
To think on these lacks not delight.
- C. Chart, counsel, clue, for the dark journey? If
Truth lights you, that's enough;
There is a lantern
That will not waver till it can
- D. Drown in the noonday of Heaven's countenance;
Till then, with patience
Endure the flourish,
The brag of evil in its hour.

- E. Endure, nor fret yourself. Withhold the heart.
Wrath only breeds its hurt.
Wrong's cloudy tenure
Will like a cloud roll back, and then
- F. Fair and unstained the promised fields shall stretch
For you, and though you search
Over those acres
The shadow will have vanished away.
- G. Granted this hour, how confident Captain Ill
Flouts captive Good in thrall!
The heavenly mocker
Views him, and sees time's laughing-stock.
- H. How sharp the sword they whet, how heavy the spear
Leveled against the poor!
Not vainly whetted,
The points to their own hearts are set.
- I. Innocence, lacking arms, stores, craft, allies,
Lacking all but enemies . . .
And wrong, vain-glorious,
Broken in rout. It is the Lord
- K. Kept Israel then, and keeps. He slumbers not,
He wards him in his thought;
And through the scarcity
Feeds him, and through the onslaught bears.

- L. Look well, said He. This thriving wickedness
Shall wither like the grass,
Be trash for burning
Consume in smoke, and not return.
- M. Many their bargaining vows ; and none repaid.
The virtuous man unbid
Opened his treasure ;
Who now has more, who now has less?
- N. Nor shall the dear, the duteous path mislead
The feet of those who tread.
Stumbling on sorrow,
Though they should fall, they perish not.
- O. Old are these eyes, long have they looked and wide,
Yet never saw the good
Wholly forsaken,
Nor mercy's children desolate.
- P. Put evil out of mind, follow your Saint,
Your true, your permanent.
The Lord of wisdom
Keeps those who cherish what is His.
- R. Remembrance sweetens them for onward years :
Wickedness has no heirs,
But walks, a frustrate
Ghost, through the freeholds of the just.

- S. Student of heaven, the good man testifies
To God in all his ways,
Guardian obedience
Tutors him, and his footsteps leads.
- T. Teased with a wakeful envy, thicketed
In plots, malice lies hid:
The Lord is faithful,
And brings His servant forth unscathed.
- V. Viaticum is yours; you have the way,
The truth, the light; man's eye
Shall see the amending
Judgment, and evil at an end.
- W. When I returned where once the wicked man
Towered like a tree full-grown,
In vain I sought him.
The Lord had passed, and there was nought.
- Y. Yonder, said he, is good, and yonder, ill.
Choose then, for bliss or bale,
With which to sojourn;
Nor fear, for He, Maker and Judge,
- Z. Zenith of might and mercy, ever stoops
To encompass man, and wraps
In mediation
All those who seek Him in their need.

* * * *

Psalm 38

THESE ARE MY WOUNDS

RICHARD CHURCH

Lord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,
For Thy sharp arrows wound me sore;
Thy just displeasure waxeth hot,
And my sad heart can bear no more.

Thine anger wears my flesh away,
And in my bones I feel my sin.
Yea, mine iniquities today
Deprive my soul of strength within.

These are my wounds; they will not heal,
Corrupted by my foolishness.
Bowed down upon the earth I feel
Their poisons daylong on me press.

In every limb lurks foul disease;
Loathesome my flesh in every part;
And I have groaned because of these
Disquietnesses in my heart.

What wonder Lord, that my desire
Is known to Thee, Thou hearest me groan.
My heart has lost its strength and fire,
And from my eyes the light is gone.

They who are dear to me, my friend,
Lover, and kinsman stand afar;
And they who seek my life to end
Lay snares of words in slanderous war.

But I am as a man whose ear
Is deaf, a man whose mouth is dumb,
And what they say I cannot hear,
Nor from my lips reproaches come.

In Thee alone I hope, O Lord,
And Thou, O God, wilt hear my cry,
Nor triumph to my foes afford,
Who would rejoice if I should die.

'Tis they who magnify my fault
Though I already am aware,
Since my own sorrow bids me halt
And for repentance to prepare.

But these mine enemies are strong,
And they who hate me grow apace;
Evil for good, a mighty throng,
While I pursue the path of grace.

O God, forsake me not; O Lord,
Be Thou not far away from me;
Haste with Thy help, and in Thy Word
Let me my true salvation see.

* * * *

Psalm 39

MY YEARS ARE BUT A HANDBREADTH

CLINTON SCOLLARD

I said I will regard my ways,
And sin not with my tongue;
Will keep a curb upon my mouth
When songs of shame are sung.
In silence did I hold my peace,
My soul was sorrow-stirred;
Then as my heart grew hot within
I mused and spake Thy word:

Cause me to know what is my end,
The measure of my days,
That I may see how frail I am
And walk within Thy ways.
For truly Thou hast made the years
But as a handbreadth be;
Mine age is naught before Thine eyes;
Man is but vanity.

All they that walk upon the earth,
Walk in a show that's vain;
They heap their hoarded riches up
And reck not who shall gain.
And what shall I await, O Lord,
Whose hope is all in Thee?
Oh, make me not a mock of fools,
Instead deliver me.

I opened not my mouth,—was dumb,
Since it was Thou that spoke;

I faint beneath Thy chastening hand,
Remove, remove Thy stroke!
Thou dost correct with Thy rebuke;
Man's beauty vanisheth;
It is consumed as by the moth
And wastes away till death.

Hear Thou my prayer, O gracious Lord,
Give ear unto my cry;
Thy peace preserve not at my tears
For but a stranger I,
A stranger and a sojourner
Like those now gone before.
Oh spare me that I gain my strength
Ere yet I be no more.

* * * *

Psalm 40

(A Meditation on this Psalm)

MAKE NO TARRYING O MY GOD

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I with long patience
My patient Maker sued,
Till He with acquiescence
Turned to my woe;
And fetched me from the clutch
Of clay, and wiped the smutch
Of sorrow, and renewed
His rock beneath my feet that I toward Him might go.

He taught my silence
So fine a song and new
As shall with beauty's violence
Mankind persuade
To own Him endlessly
Blessed, and blessed he
Who counts all worlds untrue
Save Heaven's world upon original virtue stayed.

Yet how declare it—
Thy timeless care that man
Should dear Thy grace inherit?
—Though we, alas!
Prompt any boon but this.
Bargaining sacrifice
I gave, but still Thy plan
For me looked elsewhere, until at length I was

Kindled in spirit.
Then said I, Lo, I come!
Henceforth be it my merit
That in Thy scroll
I'm writ a word to tell
Thy praise, a syllable
To intimate Thy sum. . . .
Ah, take not back again this mercy from my soul!

For troubles whelm me;
My sins with such tough hold
Bow down my head and shame me
I dare not give

A glance at Thee. I lie
Recounting endlessly
My failings head's-hair-fold.
Thou must make haste to me if Thou wouldst have me live.

Foil the dark enemy
Who huddles me in night,
Condemn those who condemn me.
Bid Thy saints sing
Better Thy steadfast praise
Seeing Thy mercy blaze
Upon my need. Life's light
Art Thou, troth's truth, heart's hope. . . . Make no long
tarrying!

* * * *

Psalm 41

(Translated Freely)

BUILDINGSTONES OF SPIRITUAL STRENGTH

LAURA BENÉT

No man, regarding tenderly
Despised and piteous poor
But, cast upon adversity
Finds his own harbor sure;
A God shall feed my vital force,
Lead me to honor's hill,
Nor shall I swerve from duty's course
Because of man's ill will.

Fevered and wasting though I lie,
Protective Power unseen,
Filling my sick room, turns my eye
To where cool mountains lean.
But when I cry out: "Save me Lord,
Against Thee have I sinned,"
Enemies doubt my pledged word
And in mine ears have dinned

"You can but die!" Incessantly
They throng to visit me,
Each muffled in iniquity
As parasitic tree.
The trusted friend has slyly fled
In whose hand lay my heart,
Who feasted on my wine and bread
Now plays a traitor's part.

Master, in Thine own time at length
Build this wrecked house again
With stones of spiritual strength;
Send peace to banish pain;
In Thy compassion grant this boon.
Foes' petty triumphs fade
Before integrity's bright noon
Shining and undismayed.

Great Mightiness, before Thy face
Stand I, a humble one
Garmented in Thy steadfast grace
From sun to final sun.

Amen.

BOOK TWO

Psalm 42

WHEREFORE MY SOUL SO FULL
OF HEAVINESS

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Like as the hart desireth running brooks
So thirsts my soul for the reviving looks
Of God, the living God. When shall I stand,
Blessèd once more, upon my God's right hand?
Long day and night my tears have been my meat
And every day mine enemies repeat:
"Ah, where is now thy God?" But I recall
These things, still pouring out my soul in thrall;
How that I marched with all the happy throng
Into the House of God with praise and song
To hold high holyday before the Lord
With hearts and voices and the well-tuned chord.

Wherefore, my soul, so full of heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress?
Let us arise and trust in God's good grace,
Who yet shall thank the mercy of His face.

O God, my heart is heavy with its pain,
Therefore do I remember Thee again
From Jordan's land and from the little hill.
Deep calls to deep from all Thy cataracts still
And all Thy waves and storms beat round my head.
But yet the Lord in day's warm light hath shed
His lovingkindness on me, and by night
I make my prayer and song of God our Might.

To God, my Strength, now surely will I say :
“Why, Lord, hast Thou forgot me?” Why alway
Go I thus heavy and oppressed? My bones
Are cleft as with a sword, while in harsh tones
Foes taunt me thus : “Ah, where is now thy God?”
Lo, Lord, I wait the comfort of Thy nod.

Wherefore, my soul, so full of heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress?
Let us arise and trust in God’s good grace,
Who yet shall know the mercy of His face.

* * * *

Psalm 42

YEARNING FOR GOD

HENRY VAN DYKE

The hart doth pant for water-brooks
Amid the desert sands;
So longs my soul for Thee, O God,
In strange and barren lands.

No comfort in my lonely mind,
No solace for my tears,
Till unto God the way I find
From out the arid years.

Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
Remember those good days,
When multitudes with thee did go
To fill God’s Home with praise.

How foolish are the foes that say,
"Where is thy God, poor heart?"
He ever lives, He still is near,
His mercy to impart.

Rise up, my soul, and hope in Him,
Thy spring of health is He;
And thou and all who seek His grace
His loving face shall see.

* * * *

Psalm 43

WHEREFORE HAST THOU CAST ME
THUS AWAY

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

O Lord, I cry for Justice. Plead my case
Against the men of this ungodly race;
Thou Who hast ever been my strength and stay,
Oh wherefore hast Thou cast me thus away?

See, I go mourning while my foes oppress me.
O Lord, send forth Thy light and it shall bless me:
Send forth Thy truth; Thy light and truth shall guide me
Even to Thy holy hill and stand beside me

Among Thy tents. Then, Lord, I shall not falter,
But, bold in faith, stand forth before Thine altar,
My harp and voice in praises to employ
For Thee, the God of my exceeding joy.

Wherefore, my soul, so full of heaviness
And utterly consumed with sharp distress?
Let us arise and trust in God's good grace,
Who yet shall know the mercy of His face.

* * * *

Psalm 44

NOT BY OUR OWN SWORD

LOUIS GOLDING

Thou hast uprooted the godless
And planted deep our roots.
The heathen thirst and are hungry,
Thou hast blessed us with fruits.

Nay, we got not the land in possession
By our own sword;
Neither our sword nor our right arm,
But Thine, O Lord.

Thou soughtest us out. Thy right hand
Smote. Thy countenance shone.
Thou art my King, O God. Command
Triumphs for Jacob, thy son.

Through Thee will we push down the foe,
In Thy name tread him in the dust.
I will not trust in my own bow,
In my own sword will I not trust.

For Thou hast saved us from his host,
And Thou hast put his spite to shame.
All the day long in God we boast,
And cry Hosannah to His Name.

But lo! Thou hast thrown us
Aside. Thou hast put us
 To shame.
No more Thou goest
Forth with our armies
 As a flame.
From them that hate us
Now Thou makest us
 Retreat.
They spoil us, they plunder us,
As sheep given over to them
 For meat.

Among the heathen
Hast Thou now scattered us,
Thou sellest Thy people
 As a thing of no worth.
To them that encompass us
Are we become now
 A scorn and a mirth.

All the day long now
Doth my dishonor
 Stand in this place.
As with a mantle
I am clothed on

With the shame of my face,
Whilst he, the enemy,
Beholds my contumely
And cries out my disgrace.

Yet did we not forget Thee, Lord,
And Thou hast scourged us with Thy wrath;
Nor were we traitors to Thy word,
Nor did our steps turn from Thy path.
Yet hast Thou made our green fields bare
As the wild waste where jackals fare,
And cloaked us with the garb of death.

If we have forgotten
Our God, His Name,
Or stretched out our hands
To another than Him,
How shall we keep
It from God Who knoweth
The heart's last secret
Though it hide deep?
Yea, for Thy sake
All the day long
The heathen take
And slay us as sheep.
Wake, O Lord, wake!
Why dost Thou sleep?

Arise, and cast us not
Forth from Thy side.
Dost Thou forget
Our grief and pain?

Why dost Thou hide
Thy face again?

Our belly cleaveth
Unto the earth.
Our spirit grieveth
Even to the grave.
Arise for our help,
For the sake of Thy mercy,
Arise and save!

* * * *

Psalm 45

(Translated Freely)

A ROYAL MARRIAGE ODE

LOUIS GOLDING

My heart is full of song this day
As a bird singing on his spray.
The goodly theme whereof I sing
It is the marriage of a king,
Whereof my ready music flows
As a wind does or a stream does.

Thou who art fairer than all men else,
Thou on whose mouth all beauty dwells,
Thou art the most loved of the Lord.
Ride forth, O prince, in majesty.
In majesty, upon thy thigh,
Gird on, O mighty prince, thy sword.

Because thou art truthful and upright,
Thine arm shall terribly prevail
Over the foes of Israel.
Deep to their hearts thine arrows bite,
Therefore they fall from thee and fail.
Unto all time thy throne is God,
Righteousness is thy kingdom's rod,
Who hatest wrong and lovest right.
Therefore doth God anoint thee now
With an oil of gladness on thy brow,
More than all kings that are or were.
Therefore thy garments sweetly smelt
Of aloes and cassia and myrrh.
Therefore such joyful music is
Heard in thine ivory palaces.

Give ear, O daughter,
Who art come hither
To be his spouse:
Forget, forget
Thy father's kindred
And all his house.

So shall the King
Greatly desire
Thy beauty to woo him;
For he is thy Lord,
Do homage unto him.

The daughter of Tyre
With gifts shall greet thee.
Yea, for thy favors,
The rich shall entreat thee.

See, the king's daughter is glorious to behold.
See, all her clothing is inwrought with gold.
In raiment of embroidery is she brought to the king.
The virgins her companions behind her following.
With gladness and rejoicing at this high estate
The bright procession enters the king's palace-gate.

And thou, O king, give ear to me,
Even unto my prophecy.
More than thy fathers shall thy sons
Inherit great dominions
Through all generations,
Yea, even to the end of days,
The whole world shall sing thy praise.

* * * *

Psalm 46

THE LORD OF HOSTS OUR REFUGE

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

God is our refuge and our force.
He is a sure and well-proved source
Of help when troubles rain.
Therefore will not we fear,
Though earth be moved from here;
Though every ocean roar,
Lashed by a hurricane,
With wrath unheard before;
Though Lebanon be drowned
In seas no man may sound.

Where tabernacles glorify
The holy place of the Most High,
There is a hallowed river
Flowing through sacred sod,
The streams whereof shall ever
Make glad the city of God.
Immovable is she;
For God inhabits her.
Right early He shall be
Her strong deliverer.

The heathen raged; kingdoms were moved.
He uttered His voice,—the earth was proved,
The Lord of hosts is on our side;
The God of Jacob is our guide.

Behold the wonders of the Lord!
He stretches out His mighty sword
And sweeps war from the earth entire.
He snaps the bow of yew,
Shivers the spear in two,
And burns the chariot in the fire.

Be still and know that I am God.
The heathen bow where I have trod;
My glory flames from every clod.

The Lord of hosts is on our side;
The God of Jacob is our guide.

* * * *

Psalm 47

ON SURE FOUNDATION

HARRY H. MAYER

Let all the peoples clap their hands for joy
And lift their voices in triumphant song
Exulting in the Lord Whose glory rules
Through all the world with awesome majesty.

The heathen's boasted strength He overthrew,
And to the sons of Jacob graciously
He gave the promised land for heritage
And it was as a jewel unto them.

Where Zion's hill looks down the Lord marched in
With battlecry and deep-toned trumpet-clang,
Sing praises to the Lord, sing praises, sing,
Sing praises to our heaven-transcending King.

Sing all the world, sing homage unto Him,
Let heart and mind conjoin to sing God's praise;
He shapes the nations to His purposed ends,
On sure foundation rests His holy throne.

Princes of nations shall united stand
And all be as people of Abraham's God alike,
For the Realms of all the earth are alike the Lord's,
Exalted greatly over all is He.

* * * *

Psalm 48

ZION, CITY OF THE LORD

LOUIS GOLDING

Great is the Lord, great is He,
Greatly to be praised
In the City, the Holy City,
On the hills upraised.

Lovely is it, set up on high,
The world rejoices in it,
On the high hill, the North hill,
The great Lord dwells within it.

In her palaces He dwells,
A tall tower set with citadels.

For lo the kings, the enemies,
Were gathered up against her wall,
They saw it and they marveled sore,
They knew their strength might not prevail
And a great fear did them befall,
As of a woman in travail,
And they passed by and were no more.

For Thou hast smitten the great ships
That fare to Tarshish, with the whips
Of Thy east wind. Yea, we behold
In our own time the miracle
Our fathers and forefathers told,
In the city of the Lord of Hosts,
Wherein for all time He shall dwell.

Yea, in the courts of Thy temple
We have thought on Thy kindness, O God,
As Thy name is in the ends of the nations
Thy praises are spread abroad,
And Thy right hand that heavy lies
Upon the prostrate enemies.

Let a glad cry on
The top of Mount Zion
Be raised,
Let Judah's cities
Come forth and sing ditties
That Thy judgments
Be praised.
Walk about Zion,
Go round about Zion,
Count ye the towers
With me!

Come forth and shout a
Paeon, for the outer
Rampart is free!
Come forth, come forth
Consider her palaces
Lovely to see!
This is the tale of it
That ye shall say
To all generations;
Such is our Lord,
Our Lord Who will guide us,
Who will go beside us
For ever and aye!

* * * *

Psalm 49

**HIS HONOR SHALL NOT DESCEND
AFTER HIM**

MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

Hearken ye, all ye people, ye dwellers in the world,
Low in estate or mighty, paupers or men of gold:
My mouth shall utter wisdom, on knowledge shall I brood,
To proverbs shall I listen, to mysteries tune my harp.
Nor fear I evil days, the traps of my supplanters,
Who trust in wealth and boast their riches manifold.
No man can for his brother give ransom or redemption
(For souls redeemed are costly, and must be left untouched),
That he should live forever, nor ever sink in dust.
For sees he not that wise men perish, and fools and brutes
as well,
And all alike must leave their riches when they go?
Yet still they muse within them, "My house shall never die,"
And to their spreading lands bequeath their transient names.
But man man-honored lives not, but dies like any beast—
Their ways are folly though their sons approve their sayings.
Like sheep they crowd the pit, death pastures on their
beauty,
And when the morning comes the living are their lords.
But me, God shall redeem from death, and shall receive me.
Tremble thou not to see the rich man's glory burgeon,
For he shall die possessed of naught, not even glory.
Only alive he blessed his soul, and men admired him,
Even as they will thee, if you dost wax and prosper;
But like his sires he dies, all cast from light forever.
Man that is great in honor, but hath not understanding,
He in his life and death is like the brutes that perish.

* * * *

Psalm 50

OFFER HIM UNSPOTTED HEARTS

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

What is this earth shaking, and this light breaking
Out of Mount Zion?
It is the Lord speaking and the Lord seeking,
Coming like a mountain lion.
Coming with the fire and with the cloud,
Coming with the power and with the wrath,
Calling down the heavens and calling up the earth
 To be there with the crowd
When the Lord comes marching down the Judgment-path.

“Call Me My chosen whose truth is proven.
They shall be by Me
When I give sentence and the call to repentance
For the offerings you deny Me:
Not wheaten bread and not the blood,
Nothing out of barn or out of byre;
If it were a sacrifice that I require,
 Every bird in the wood,
Every beast upon the hill would come at My desire.

“Had I been enhungered would I have lingered
Till you should feed Me?
Shall the Everlasting go pined and fasting
Till the altar be made ready?
Do I look for broth and for meat?
Do I bow for hire and for fee?
No! Bring your old trust and your troubles to be,
 And cast them at My feet,
If you would bring a sacrifice to honor Me.

“Where are the backsliders and the false guiders
Who wear sheep’s clothing,
Who swear by My covenant and cast off My government,
Trampling My law with loathing?
Slinking with the whoremonger and pandar,
Plotting with the cozeners and thief,
Spinning malice with their lips, making it their chief
Delight to spread slander,
And to pull their mothers’ children down to shame and
grief.

“But the worst trespass was to think that I was
Careless and abetting.
Now I will arraign you and tell you plainly
That the Judgment lies waiting.
Whetted is the spear and the sword,
Ready is the fire and the brand,
Nothing now shall aid you or turn away my hand
But to call upon the Lord,
And offer Him unspotted hearts and justice in the land.”

* * * *

Psalm 51

A HEART MADE CLEAN

RIDGELY TORRENCE

God of the sea-like mercy, send its deeps
Over my crimes and wash me from my guilt.
For now I see, through pain that never sleeps,
The towering image of my sin rebuilt
Before me in a vision never ended.

I know that I have sinned and against Whom,
That it is You alone I have offended,
You from Whose lips the righteous judgments flame,
Whether forgiving or pronouncing doom.

Whereas with me, my life was sown in shame,
In guilt begotten and conceived in sin.

But You Who draw from light to light within,
Open my inner sight to dawning heaven,
Scour me with hyssop branches, make me clean,
Wash me, make me as snow, and whiter even.

Let me hear sounds of joy and wakening mirth,
Let the bones flower which have been ground to earth.
Veil, veil Your face, shut out my sins unseen.

Wipe out my guilt, O God, yield me once more
A heart made clean, a spirit never shaken.
In the bright stillness where Your presence burns,
O Holy Spirit, keep me unforsaken.

What once I knew of freedom, oh restore,
Restrain my spirit as my strength returns,
Let me tell others such as I Your ways,
Whose mercy alone saves them from breath to breath,
So they may turn and find You before death.

God of my freedom, lift the bloody stain
From out of my soul so that my tongue may sing,
Let my lips open to declare Your praise;
For the old sacrifice would be in vain
Nor the burnt offering would You have me bring.

Only a broken spirit You receive
And a heart bruised and broken, taught to grieve,
Not these will You despise, O God, not these.

Let blessings rest on Zion, let the same
Buttress Jerusalem with a mighty wall.
Then shall the ancient offerings once more please,
Burnt and whole offerings on Your altar fall
And the young bullocks on the altar flame.

* * * *

Psalm 52

AN OLIVE TREE IN GOD'S GARDEN

RICHARD CHURCH

O mighty man why dost thou boast
Thy deeds of mischief?
Know that what endureth most
Is God's goodness.

Thy tongue, sharp as a razor, works
Cruelly, subtly;
Thou lovest not good, and evil lurks
In thy mouth, O liar!

Thou lovest a devouring phrase,
Thou tongue deceitful!
But God shall pluck thee from thy ways
And crush thee forever!

The righteous man shall see, and fear,
And cry at thy folly,
"This is he who would not hear
Of God's wisdom,

"But trusted to his own device
Of pride and riches
To buy the world at his own price,
His strength to foster."

But I am like an olive tree
In God's garden:
And I will trust in God's mercy
For ever and ever.

Therefore God's Name will I praise
Through life unceasing,
And loud before His saints will raise
Songs of triumph.

* * * *

Psalm 53

(A Variant of Psalm 14; Paraphrased and Expanded)

THERE THEY FEARED GREATLY WHERE
NO FEAR WAS

JOHN CURNOS

Fool that he was,
He saw not God.
Blind to all

But visible reality,
He denied his Deity.
Their thoughts are profane,
Their deeds detestable,
A corrupt humanity,
Mean, petty, base,
Plunged in vice,
Not one that shows a spark
Of goodness, of nobility.

God's seeing eyes
Sought the earth:
Were all men like this fool,
With not a soul among them
So intelligent as to perceive
His God with the senses
God endowed him
To perceive his God?
Was there none among them
That suffered a qualm,
Doubted his own doubt,
Sought God in despite?

No, there was none,
Not a solitary soul.
They were purblind,
Had forgotten God.
No virtue—vileness
Filled their hearts.
And not one, not one
Lived an upright life,
Not one, not one

Knew the strength of God,
Sought shelter in God,
Not one, not one.

They that sinned,
Were they mere fools?
They that caused others to sin,
Lacked they intelligence?
They were destroying God's people
Utterly, utterly,
With callous indifference.
And never once
Did they think
To call upon God.
Never once did they remember
The might of God.

There was upon them
A gripping fear,
Incomprehensible, nameless.
It gnawed-gnawed
At their hearts
Like a secret grief,
Put them to flight,
These foes of mine
Armed against me.
They fled in ignominy
Because God let fall
His contempt upon them.

Oh that my people
Were to return
To their senses!

Oh that they were
To return to God!
Become again
God's prisoners
Of their own willing.
Then—
There were cause enough
For my people to rejoice
Cause enough for Israel to exult!

* * * *

Psalm 53

(Verse 1 Paraphrased)

BECAUSE HE WAS A FOOL

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

The heart of the fool was silent;
The heart of the fool was dark;
But out of the silence and darkness
Came at last a voice,
A voice raucous with the laughter of folly,
A voice resonant with the derision of darkness.
It filled the heart of the fool as it shouted,
"There is no God!"

And the fool listened
Because he was a fool.

* * * *

Psalm 54

(A Variation on the Theme)

DEUS IN NOMINE TUO

THEODORE MAYNARD

Save me, O God, from those
Who would devour me whole:
The powers of darkness are my foes
And rage against my soul.

The world, its greed and pride,
My lusts and their allure,—
How shall I curb my blood's fierce tide
Or Satan's strength endure?

No other help have I
Except Thy valiant arm;
Spread as a shield the arching sky
To keep Thy child from harm.

O Thou, Who didst befriend
One often backward pressed,
Guard now, and bring me at the end
To everlasting rest.

* * * *

Psalm 55

OUT OF THE BATTLE'S ROAR

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Hear Thou my prayer, O Lord, and do not hide
Thine ear from this my plea;
Heed my complaining, stand upon my side,
O Lord, and answer me;
For I am laden with my heaviness
And utterly distraught,
Because my foes revile me and oppress,
In toils of evil caught.
They compass me with misery and fling
The arrow and the dart;
Terror of death hath pierced me like a sting
And anguish fills my heart.
Fear lurks about me, terror flies above,
And shudders shake my breast.
O God, that I were wingèd as the dove
That I might flee to rest.
Swifter than whirling wind and flying foam
Would I betake me then,
In the calm wilderness to make my home
Far from the haunts of men.
Confuse their tongues, O Lord, for all the town
Is vexed and held in thrall,
And men in armor like an iron crown
Circle her city-wall.
Evil with face uncovered walks her street
And ruin and disgrace;
Strife fills her homes; oppression and deceit
Stand in her market-place.

Yet he that rose against me, hand and heart,
Was not my foe confessed,
Then had I hid myself, nor felt this smart
Of anguish in my breast:
Nay, he that so did hate me and offend
Was not mine enemy,
But thou my brother, my beloved friend,
Thou who in days gone by
Passed many an hour with me in converse sweet
And at my side hast trod,
Leading the festival with willing feet,
To the high house of God.
Lo, they shall fall and, living, feel the knife
Of Sheol's icy breath,
For in their homes are wickedness and strife
And in their hearts is death.
But I will call on God, and God right soon
Shall save me, for my cry
Evening and morning and at burning noon
Unto His ear shall fly;
And He shall gather me into His fold,
Out of the battle's roar,
For God hath been enthronèd from of old
And changeth nevermore.
Yet hath he feared not God. Hand clasped in hand
He sware in solemn troth
To march an ally with the righteous band
And straight betrayed his oath.
And smiling still with lips as butter smooth
Fierce in his heart he warred;
What though his tongue spake words of oil to soothe,
Each was a naked sword.
Oh cast thy burden now upon the Lord

And He shall be thy stay,
Nor suffer them that trust His holy Word
To stumble by the way.
For God into the Hollow Land each man
Of blood and fraud shall thrust
Ere he hath lived a half his mortal span;
Wherefore in God I trust.

* * * *

Psalm 56

WHAT FLESH CAN DO I WILL NOT FEAR

SHANE LESLIE

Miserere mei Deus

O God, let pity meward be!
Man goeth forth devouring me:
He fighteth 'gainst me every day
And troubleth me upon my way.

Mine enemies come fast to hand
To swallow me throughout the land;
For they are manifold who fight
'Gainst us, O Highest in the height!

Yet though I sometime am afraid
Yet trust I Thee to Whom I prayed.

Praise God I will for His Word's sake
In God my confidence I make:

What flesh can do I will not fear
Though they mistake the words they hear:
All their imagination leads
Them but to plant me evil seeds.
They keep themselves together all
And closely watch for me to fall.
My steps they mark unto my goal
And lie in waiting for my soul.

Let not their wickedness escape,
But Thou shalt take them by the nape
And cast them down where they have trod,
In Thy displeasure, Holy God!

Thou tell'st my flittings through the years.
Into Thy bottle put my tears!
Are these things not within Thy book?
Me never help of Thine forsook.

For Thou, I know, art on my side
And when, as ever, I have cried
On Thee, Thou puttest unto flight
All enemies that 'gainst me fight:
In God's own Word will I be glad
And cease thereby to stay me sad.
In God yea have I put my trust
Nor will I fear what man by lust
Can do to me: to Thee I pay
My vows and thanks on every day.
My soul hast Thou from Death released.
Through Thee my falling feet have ceased

To slip that I may have the might
To walk before Thee in the light.

* * * *

Psalm 57

TILL THESE CALAMITIES HAVE PASSED

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Pity me, O God, pity me!
In Thee is my trust steadfast.
Under the shadow of Thy wings
I will shelter me till at last,
At last these hard calamities
Be gone and overpast.

I will cry unto the most high God,
Unto Him that hath stayed me.
He sendeth from heaven, and saveth from them
That, panting after, upbraid me.
The Lord God sendeth forth from heaven
Mercy and truth to aid me.

I lie down among lions; with sons of men
Who breathe out fire I have warred.
Yea, and their teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue is a sharp sword.
Over the heavens exalt Thyself,
Over earth Thy glory, Lord.

They have spread a net before my steps;
Bowed over is my head.
They digged a pit for me, and themselves
Fell into it instead.
My heart is comforted, O God,
My heart is comforted.

Unto Thee I make thanksgiving, Lord;
I sing and give praise to Thee.
Awake up, my glory! and awake,
Harp and psaltery!
I myself will awake the dawn
With thankful psalmody.

Be praised, O God, among the peoples,
Among the nations adored;
For Thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens,
Unto the clouds Thy Word.
Over the heavens exalt Thyself,
Over earth Thy glory, Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 57

(A Variation on the Theme)

IN THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Evil must be, and pain. There is no way
To drive us inward but these stinging spears.
Without them we should reel through the reeling years,
Orbitless, centerless, the helpless prey

Of circumstance.

But this unbearable day
Of suffering, this agony of tears,
Mine and my brother's, these dark, cruel fears,
Have forced me back to my own strength and stay.
In all this welter of a witless world
My heart homes backward to an early truth,
Glimpsed as a vision, solid as the soul:
Around this universe strong wings are furled.
Sing! Sing in age the songs you dreamed in youth!
Death's but a tiny part of Life's great whole.

* * * *

Psalm 58

(Based on the Prayer Book Version)

GOD JUDGES THE DEEDS OF MAN

RICHARD CHURCH

O you here gathered, speak you righteousness,
And do you judge uprightly, mortal sons?
Not so! For in your hearts is wickedness;
Throughout the earth your deeds are violent ones.

The wicked leave the womb and go astray;
Even from birth they wander, speaking lies;
They are deaf snakes to whom the charmers say
In vain their incantations holy and wise.

So break their teeth within their mouths, O Lord;
Take these young lions of evil, break their teeth;
And let them melt away, like waters poured
Continually on the earth beneath.

Guide Thou the sharpened arrows when their foe
Comes out to fight against them, thrust them forth
Before the enemy who bends his bow;
And melt them like the snail into the earth.

Like to the stillborn child shall they be blind,
Unknown, unknowing of the radiant sun;
Snatched up like thorns within the fire's fierce wind,
So in God's furious wrath shall this be done.

Then shall the righteous man seek vengeance too
Heaping indignity on those cast down,
And cry, "Unto the virtuous man reward is due,
And God's true judgment on the earth is known!"

* * * *

Psalm 59

(Translated Freely)

LIKE HOUNDS UPON THE HARE

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON

O God! mine enemies—
They run, they prepare
For me continual mischief,
For me, despair.

Mad dogs beneath the moon,
Baying out their hate,
They prowl round about the city,
They lie in wait.

Round about the city,
Round my house they go,
Mockers, mummers of the mighty,
My doom foreshow.

No hurt have I done them,
But, how they hurt me,
And, in moonshine or moonshadow,
Will not let be.

Like hounds upon the hare
All the bright day flung,
They hunt me with their lying lips,
And treacherous tongue.

My death is their desire;
Slay them now—or spare,
Or waste them in Thy Wrath—Thy Power
Supreme declare!

Awake, my Lord! and laugh,
Awake, it is day—
How terrible is Thy Laughter
To men alway.

With laughter daunt their pride,
Smite the glittering sword
Their hate has for my dazzlement
And wounding, Lord!

I watch from my window—
Now let them return.
And let them, wandering up and down,
With hunger burn.

The men of blood look up,
They dare not hurt me,
I, who in the misty morning,
Do sing to Thee.

I, who sing Thy Glory,
That Glory have found,
For, Thy Mercy in the morning
Hath hedged me round.

Behold! mine enemies—
With wings they are shod,
Scattering from Thy burning Brightness,
From Jacob's God.

* * * *

Psalm 60

THROUGH GOD WE SHALL DO SPLENDIDLY

JOSEPH GORDON MACLEOD

O power of God, You have thrown us over, You have
spread us in fragments, You have
been angry with us. But
turn again toward us.
Power that has caused the earth to quake,
that has broken it up,
now that it shivers of itself
close its chasms.

Things hard to believe You have shown us:
wine of bewilderment You have made us drink:
but Your word like a flag You have presented to us,
sure of its truth now we unfurl it.

This is our prayer:—
Those You have loved, deliver!
with Your hand, save!
Remember how we used to cry.

God in His holiness has promised,
“I will triumph,

I will divide up Shechem
and parcel out the valley of Succoth.
Gilead is mine, and Manasseh mine,
Ephraim too is the steel of my head
and Judah my staff of office.

But Moab is a bowl for my feet,
To Edom my shoe goes flying,
all Philistia to me shall yell its homage.”

Who now will bring me into that impregnable city,
to Edom who will lead me?
Can it not be You, O power of God That has thrown us over,
O power of God That came not out with our expedition?

Help us out of our trouble,
for man cannot help us.

But through God we shall do splendidly,
He, He shall tread our enemies down.

* * * *

Psalm 61

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

With a heart overwhelmed by my need,
From the end of the earth will I cry;
O my God, Thou wilt hearken and lead
To the Rock that is higher than I.
For Thou art my fortified tower.
When my foeman exultantly sings,
I will trust in Thy might and Thy power
And the sheltering fold of Thy wings.

Thou hast heard my petitions and prayers,
And accepted my faltering praise.
Thou wilt favor the king and his heirs,
And wilt lengthen the span of his days.

Do Thou make him for ever rejoice.
Shed Thy mercy and truth from above.
So the deeds that I do, as my voice,
Shall weave garlands of song for Thy love.

* * * *

Psalm 61

(Paraphrased and Adapted)

INHERITOR OF THE KINGDOM

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

But sorrow is so far a land from Thee
That I from these antipodes of care
Sight Thee no longer and must aim my plea
Towards Thee as towards some different hemisphere.
Ah! Lead me to some mountain whence I may
Again behold Thy beams of promise spread,
And know myself beneath Thy tent at stay
And under Thy wings of morning comforted.

I am vowed Thine, Thou hast sealed me in Thy bond
Inheritor of Thy kingdom, thence by right
Divine Thy Prince. Prepare for me beyond
All length of days Thy mercy and Thy might.
So while those days endure, as a tuned cord
Strung on time's harp, I will resound my Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 62

(Paraphrased and Imitated)

ONLY TO LIE QUIET

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

What rest, wayfaring spirit, what hope of rest?
Only to lie quiet in the Lord's breast.
What only rock and redemption can there be,
What tower that will not fall from under me?

No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!

They have ill-wished me, they would have me fall,
But they shall tumble like old Jericho's wall.
My face they praise and my back they scandalize,
Their only wish is to put me down with lies.

No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!

What rest, wayfaring spirit, what hope of rest?
Only to lie quiet in the Lord's breast.
What only rock and redemption can there be,
What tower that will not fall from under me?

No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!

God is my rock, I have seen His promise spread.
He put health in my limbs and a glory round my head.
Trust in Him, children, today and tomorrow,
Tell Him all your joy and all your sorrow.

No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!

What are the children of this world made of?
Only a lying breath for fools to be afraid of.
In their own esteem they pull the balance down
But in Judgment's scales they are only thistledown.

No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!

I heard my Lord say once and I heard Him say twice,
That He alone had the power of paradise.
And I said to the Lord, You are master of mercy too,
And each poor servant of Yours shall get his due.

(No other, hallelujah!—no other at all!)

* * * *

Psalm 63

(Translated Freely)

MY SPIRIT HANGS UPON THEE

LORD GORELL

O God, Thou art the God of my Creation;
Early I seek thee: as a barren land
Wherein no water is, I faint with longing;
Body and soul, for Thee a-thirst I stand.

Thus have I sought Thee, and Thy power and glory
Would that I might in holiness behold!
Better Thy love than life; my lips shall praise Thee
Whilst Youth is mine and when my strength is old.

At rest, in action have I not remembered
With joyful heart Thy holy name to praise?
For Thou hast been my helper, and my spirit
Hangs upon Thee, upholding all my ways.

Under the shadow of Thy wings, rejoicing,
I have my being: those who seek to slay
My spirit's life, Thy wealth of sunlight losing,
Within the darkness shall be cast away.

I will rejoice in God, the loving Father.
For evermore shall praise be unto all
Who, lifting hands of prayer, cleave to His mercy—
And on the scorers shall His silence fall.

* * * *

Psalm 64

THE SECRET COUNSEL OF THE WICKED
OVERTHROWN

RICHARD CHURCH

Hear my voice, O my God, in my prayer;
From the fear of mine enemy hold me;
From the evil of those men who dare
In their net of iniquity fold me.

For they whet their harsh tongues like a sword,
And their words are barbed arrows and bitter,
Which they shoot at the sons of the Lord
With courage that in virtue were fitter.

They take pride in their evil, and lay
Their plans, most privily plotting,
"Now none may observe us," they say,
And vile thoughts in their hearts lie rotting.

But God's bow shall straightway be strung,
And they suddenly struck with His arrow;
Their own sword shall destroy them, their tongue;
Nor the onlookers' hearts shall they harrow.

But all men shall fear, and declare
Of God's wisdom and deeds in their story,
And the good men be glad and prepare
With the upright of heart to give glory.

* * * *

Psalm 65

(A Variation on the Theme)

NOW DO WE ALL THY BOUNTY SHARE

L. A. G. STRONG

To Thee in Zion hymns are sung,
To Thee in Salem vows are paid.
Pity me, Lord, among
The penitent throng
Of heavy sinners by their guilt betrayed:
No more our sins upbraid.

Happy his mother, blest his race,
Whom Thou shalt summon to Thy side
To share Thy temple's grace,

To make his dwelling place
With Thee, Thy house his joy and pride.
He shall be satisfied.

II

God's might is endless, He shall show us wonders
Of His free power, our hope, our help, our stay :
Master of foaming seas and Lord of thunders,
Whom wave and rooted mountain-top obey :
They are His creatures, none shall say Him nay.
Lord of the rising and the falling hour,
Even as the roaring waters own His power,
The clamor of the people dies away.

Now do we all Thy bounty share,
New joys our hearts embolden :
The wooded hills, the deserts bare,
The folded sheep, the harvest fair
To Thee are all beholden.
And crowded valleys everywhere
With corn and song are golden.

Full are the waves of the river of God
That set the proud corn swinging :
The furrows that the sower has trod,
The leaping blade that breaks the sod
And sets the valley singing,
The berry swelling in the pod,
The clouds their increase bringing.

Hereto were all Thy mercies born,
Our Sun, our Life, our King,
New beauties all our days adorn,

The sky is fair from morn to morn,
Thou blessest everything:
The valleys stand so thick with corn
They laugh and sing.

* * * *

Psalm 66

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

EMMA JOHNSTON

Sing homage, all the earth, to God,
Proclaim the glory of His power,
And say to Him, "How dread Thy deeds!
Thine enemies before thee cower."
Come, see His works, and understand
What He has done: on foot men crossed
The floods He turned into dry land.

So shall our souls be glad in Him
Who rules for ever and Whose eye
Beholds the nations; let not these,
Rebellious, lift their heads on high.
Bless ye our God, ye peoples all,
Who has preserved our souls alive,
Nor suffered us to slide or fall.

Our mettle Thou hast put to proof
Like silver: Thou hast let us be
Made captive, bound with heavy chains;
Hast let the ruthless enemy

Ride over us; caused us to go
Through fire and water, Lord; yet hast
Delivered us from every foe.

Therefore I come into Thy house
With sacrifices. Every vow
My lips poured out in agony
I pay with gladness now.
Sounding aloud Thy praise, I bring
Thee choicest bullocks, rams, and goats
To be my votive offering.

Come, all ye worshippers of God,
And learn how gracious He has been.
I called; He answered me at once;
If I had harbored secret sin,
Unheeded would have been my word;
But blest be God Whose love I know
Protects me, for my prayer was heard.

* * * *

Psalm 67

(Translated Freely)

A PRAYER FOR MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL
BLESSING

HAROLD VINAL

O God, have mercy on us all
And cause Thy face to shine
On us, so may each interval
Mark us as Thine.

In Thee is health the nations need,
A way the heart must know,
A mercy, greater than a creed,
Toward which to grow.

Oh let the peoples praise Thee, Lord,
And all the world be glad;
Their Judge and Leader Thou, Whose Word
The prophets had.

From Thee may increase ever flow,
And love of righteousness;
O Lord, look Thou on high and low—
Be merciful and bless!

* * * *

Psalm 67

(A Meditation on the Theme)

A DECLARATION FOR THE INCREASE OF
SIGHT AMONG THE PEOPLES OF
THE WORLD

PHELPS PUTNAM

Let us declare that we are the men
And that the weight of seeing is among us.
The nations will be sane, using our thoughts,
And our words shall penetrate beyond our guns.
We live upon the edge near the lordly lands,
And the world shall eat the harvest of our minds.

* * * *

Psalm 68

RENEW IN OUR DAY ALL THY TRIUMPHS
OF OLD

HARRY H. MAYER

When the Lord shall bestir Himself foes must give way,
All such as do hate Him must flee in dismay;
As smoke will go whirling before the fierce blast,
And as wax at the flame's angry breath will melt fast,
So shall vanish the triumphs of sin and of wrong,
But right shall be shown to be deathless and strong.

Sing the justness of God, sing to Yahweh on high;
He hath hewed out a path for the clouds of the sky;
Unto orphans a Father is God on His throne,
And Protector of widows and Lord God alone;
It was He brought His homeless folk into its home
And established it there whereas rebels must roam.

When Thou didst of old in the wilderness, Lord,
March on with Thy people, Earth reeled at Thy Word,
The heavens beholding, awe-struck toppled down,
Mount Sinai did quake from its base to its crown.
Then on through the years in the promised domain
There streamed forth refreshing and plentiful rain.

God decreed, and the women cried news of, the War:
Mighty kings fled, their armies were scattered afar
While our matrons and maids were enriched with the spoil.
Did you stay among sheepfolds aloof from our toil
While the wings of the Dove shimmered silver and gold
And the slain cluttered Zalmon like snow in the cold?

A Mount of great grandeur, a high-soaring Mount,
Is Bashan whose peaks are so many to count,
Why look they askance, those tall hills in their pride
At the hill whereon Yahweh elects to abide?
From Sinai with myriads of chariots He came
That Zion be evermore known by His name.

Up the steep marched the Lord and led captives away
And did levy a tribute for rebels to pay;
Ever blest be the Lord Who is ready to share
Our burdens each day and relieve us of care;
The God of our Help guards the exits of death,
We ourselves in the scale are not more than a breath.

God's bludgeon beats down His proud foes far and wide
As they flaunt their perverseness and mock and deride.
Saith the Lord: "From where Bashan uprears her great
height
And from the sea's depth I will fetch and requite,
That thy foot shall be washed in the blood of the slain
And the tongues of thy dogs shall lap up the red stain."

Thy processions, Lord, are resplendent and gay:
First come singers, then harpists, in gallant array,
Around whom fair maidens with timbrels dance by,
While choristers chant the hosanna on high
And with Naphtali's, Judah's and Zebulon's aid
Little Benjamin leads the devout cavalcade.

Lord, show forth Thy strength, let Thy people be bold!
Renew in our day all Thy triumphs of old!

Because of the fame of Thy glorious shrine
Let kings bring Thee gifts and declare Thee divine.
Rebuke the beast-gods of the reeds of the Nile,
The Calves and the Bullocks who rage and revile.

Stamp out the base minions who grasp at reward,
And scatter the nations who joy in the sword.
Let the envoy of Egypt bend low at Thy nod,
Ethiopia stretch out her hand unto God.
Sing unto the Lord, all ye kingdoms of Earth,
Sing praise to the Lord with rejoicing and mirth.

Enveloped in cloud His swift chargers advance
Across the unmeasured primeval expanse,
His voice echoes sharp from the ramparts on high
As the wheels of His thunder roll on through the sky;
On Israel His mantle of glory is spread,
He weighs in the balance the stars overhead.

All praise be to God, in His temple adored,
His people's Defender, Redeemer, and Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 69

A BY-WORD AND A JEST

MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

God save me, for the waters have reached my soul at last.
I sink in a far marsh beneath a drowning flood.

My throat is tired with sobbing, mine eyes are tired with
tears,

I wait my God.

My foes are more than the many hairs upon my head,
Foes whom I wronged not and who claim back goods un-
stolen.

I bare my weakness to my God, Who knows my sin.

Let not my evil shame my fellow-worshippers,

Let mine be all that shame, proudly endured for Thee.

I am become a stranger to them that called me kin;

For Thee alone I live, for vengeance on Thy foes.

My brethren sneer to see me, who weep and fast for Thee,

They mock me that I go in sackcloth garb for Thee,

I am become a by-word, a jest for drunkards' songs.

But all my care, O Lord, is in my prayer to Thee,

That Thou shouldst dry that marsh, and still that drowning
flood,

And rescue me.

Nor let the waters drown me, or shut me in their depths.

Show unto me, O Lord, the wideness of Thy grace,

Hide not, nor yet delay: my anguish bids Thee haste.

Ransom my waiting soul, and save me from my foes.

Thou knowest my whole dishonor, mine enemies Thou seest.

None pities or consoles me, my full heart bursts with shame;

They feed me gall for hunger and vinegar for thirst.

Now let their fullness snare them, their comfort be their
trap;

Now blind their pitiless eyes, palsy their ruthless limbs!

Consume them in Thine anger, pour down Thy wrath upon
them;

Make desolate their lands, their tents a haunted void!

For him whom Thou hast wounded, they smite with sorer
blows.

Leave them, who know not virtue, to wallow in their sin.
Erase them from the book of life immortal; write not
Their evil names.

But me, who am afflicted, exalt, O Lord, on high!
Then will I praise Thy name, and gratefully extol Thee—
Which more shall please my Lord than slaughtered ox or
bull.
The sight will glad the humble, the meek that search for God,
Who hearkeneth to the poor, nor scorneth slaves in chains.
Let earth and heaven praise Him, the sea and all its life,
For God will rescue Zion, yea, build a home for Judah
Where to the end of time God's servants' sons shall dwell!

* * * *

Psalm 70

DOWNTROD TO POVERTY

SHANE LESLIE

Deus in adjutorium

Haste Thee, O God, deliver me thus placed:
Haste Thee, O Lord, to help in Thy good haste.
Confound with shame all those who seek my soul
And backward turn them from their wicked goal.

Into confusion put them in Thy Name,
All them that wish me evil cast to shame.
And shameful be the swift reward they bear,
Who scoff and cry against me, "Look, see there!"

But let Thy followers in Thee be glad
And joyfulness reach all, who sought Thee sad.
Let all who joyed in Thy Salvation raised
Cry always with delight, "The Lord be praised!"

In misery I lie: I am down-trod
To poverty, but haste to me, my God.
Thou art my Helper: Thou didst me redeem:
O Lord, no longer let Thy tarrying seem.

* * * *

Psalm 71

(A Meditation on This Psalm)

ALL OUR CRIES ARE INCOHERENCIES

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"What childlike cries
That aged man sends trembling to the skies,

In panic pride
Teasing the Eternal Love to espouse his side,

And crush the strong
Successful neighbors who have done him wrong!"

—Thus once said I;
Brushing the old man's natural outburst by;

Thinking to be
Safe in my wisdom as the Sadducee,

And far above
These mortal notions of the Immortal Love.

But in a dream
In a great Presence I slowly came to seem,

Afar somewhere
Outside this planetary light and air,

Where, without word,
Compassion for my arrogance I heard,

And without light,
A lovelier brightness closed my mortal sight.

"How strange, beside
The boundless Love," a silent voice replied,

"Are these would-be
"Rankings and grades among humanity!

"For all our cries,
"All, all alike, are incoherencies;

"And love's reply
"Each to the deepest depth will satisfy."

* * * *

Psalm 72

(Interpreted)

DAVID'S LAST PRAYER

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON

A psalm for my son, Solomon—

*He who rides on the king's mule, mine own,
For him is the golden trumpet blown,
For him my people pipe and the earth trembles—
For the prince who bids fair for my throne.*

O God, give the king's son Thy judgments,
That Thy people and Thy mourners be blessed,
That the plunderer with the plundered be at rest,
That the poor may honor Thee in their triumph,
Nor spurn, in turn, the oppressed.

The stars shine over the king's house,
And a Shadow waits now at my door,
Small strength have I to sing—to implore
Thy glory and blessing about us,
But I plead for my prince once more.

Oh may his chanceries give peace—
The mountain give peace, and the little hill,
And as long as the sun doth strength distil,
As long as the changing moon endureth,
My son shall do Thy will.

He shall witness equity burgeon forth,
He shall company the eagle and his name
Far countries and far centuries acclaim,

While the showers that freshen the thirsty grass and
trees
Become symbols of his fame.

The great of Tarshish shall come down,
And they of the Isles bring precious things,
Sheba and Seba, offerings.
From the ends of the earth wise men be drawn,
Before him kneel the satrap-kings.

His thankful people shall desire
For him long life—in him will be their good—
He shall not dishonor them, nor spill their blood
In strife, but day by day be praised, be called
Redeemer, and their livelihood.

A king, and a prince of princes,
I glory in thee, my young Solomon,
Oh fair may thy City be to look upon,
And the unfruitful mountain-top, scant-sown,
Thrive, and wave like Lebanon.

The stars are over the king's bed,
The dark Shadow strides in at my door,
The mourners crouch on the floor,
But thy glory and blessing surround us,
I plead, my prince, no more.

Amen and Amen.

This, the sum of my prayer, and the end is:
The whole world be filled with God's glory.
O my God! 'Thou That doest such wondrous things—
To me, to me, Thy mercies.

BOOK THREE

Psalm 73
(*Translated Freely*)

NONE SO SURE A FRIEND AS GOD

LAURA BENÉT

O Israel, God is good to you
Whose hearts are unafraid!
But, as for me, on paths I knew
I slipped and well nigh strayed!
Envy's slow poison filled my soul
When I saw deadly greed
Swell ever fatly, without dole
To those in sorest need.

Their pride, a chain of heavy gold,
Encircles men about;
And, as a garment doth enfold,
Corruption makes them stout.
Replete with fruit of their desire
Their eyes are coldly bland,
While poverty's consuming fire
Licks our once fertile land.

Hither and yon, poor folk laid low
Sup dregs of a drained cup,
Bewailing: "Does God surely know
How we are swallowed up?"
In innocence I wring my hands
To still my heart's dull pain,
As days ebb out in shifting sands
And hourly plagues remain.

O Lord, it is too hard a load
For one small soul to bear,
Tormenting as a prickling goad
Till I grasp comfort where
Within Thy sanctuary's grace,
I understand their end—
The rich, who, set in dangerous place,
Must rapidly descend!

As from a dream we swiftly wake—
So, rudely wakened, they
Shall feel their toppling houses shake
And all their plans betray.
Out of my ignorance I cried
On Thee as babe or beast—
Nevertheless Thy love will guide
To an abundant feast.

Whom else could Heaven itself provide?
What friend more true to me?
What earthly love as God's, will guide
My step eternally?
Still shall Thy tender mercy, Lord,
When flesh is weighed with care,
And courage fails in deed and word,
Withhold me from despair.

Man perishes without his God,
Lopped off as a dead limb,
How glorious for me, a clod,
To draw near unto Him!

* * * *

Psalm 74

(Based on the Prayer-book Version)

WITH HAMMER AND HATCHETS THEY
HACK IN PIECES

RICHARD CHURCH

O God, why hast Thou for ever cast us away;
Why art Thou angered with Thy people, Thy flock,
We whom Thou hast purchased, to be our stay?
Remember Zion, O Thou Who art our Rock.

Lift up Thy feet unto the perpetual wrongs
Wrought in Thy sanctuary by Thy foes,
Who amid Thy congregation raise their songs
And set their ensigns for a sign that blows.

One time a man was famous when he raised
His axes to the trees with artful skill,
But now the carvings by which Thy name was praised
Are broken by Thy foes who hate Thee still.

Into Thy sanctuary they have cast fire;
Thy dwelling-place defiled, and cast it down,
Saying, "Let us extirpate them all in our desire,"
And now Thy assemblages are no more known.

There is no more any prophet; we see no signs, .
No portent of Thy power, no sound of Thy song,
And there is none amongst us who divines
How long these things shall be. O Lord, how long?

O God, how long shall the adversary reproach?
Shall Thy foe for ever blaspheme Thy name?
Why forbiddest Thou Thy hand to touch?
Oh pluck it from Thy breast and point the blame!

For Thou, O Lord, art my God and King of old,
Working salvation in the midst of the earth.
By Thy strength Thou didst the seas unfold;
Thou brokest the heads of dragons of great girth.

Thou brokest the head-of leviathan in pieces
To feed the jackals wandering in the waste;
Thou hast cleaved the fountain; and the flood ceases
When Thou driest up the rivers in their haste.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine;
Thou hast prepared the glory of the sun.
Thou hast set the earth and sealed it with Thy sign
And made the summer and the winter courses run.

Thy foe hath reproached, O Lord! Remember this!
The foolish people have blasphemed Thy name!
Deliver us now, whom like a dove Thou didst kiss;
Give not Thy congregation up to shame.

Respect Thy covenant, for the dens of the world
Are full of habitations of the cruel.
Oh, let not the oppressed come with their pride furred;
Let the needy bring Thy fires of glory fuel.

Therefore arise, O God, plead Thine own cause,
Remember how the fool reproaches Thee.
Hear still the voice of those who scorn Thy laws,
For their clamorousness increaseth continually.

* * * *

Psalm 75

(Translated Freely)

IN GOD'S HAND A CUP IS LIFTED

EARL DANIELS

God, accept our offered prayer
Of gratitude that Thou art near:
This it is Thy Works declare:

"Age after age
In every shock of change,
I shall abide,
Eternally the same.

"Though earth be shaken,
Men grow pale with fear,
I shall maintain
Each circling year.

"My judgments chide
Fools in their pride;
The sinner brought low
In dishonor shall know

The sound of My Voice.
Trusting Time
Trusting Place
They refuse My free Grace,
Who am Ruler and Judge:
I exalt, and abase.
The wicked shall hear,
Trembling in fear."

See
In God's Hand
A cup is lifted high:

Wine beads with wrath
The gleaming beaker's brim.

God pours the wine
For those turned from Him,
Wicked men throughout the earth,
Who drink,
And drink,
And drink again,
Mindful of a former ease
While they taste the bitter lees.

God, we praise Thee,
For we know
Thou dost bring the wicked low,
And lift the righteous high;
None escapes,
None escapes,
None escapes,
Thy Judgment's eye!

* * * *

Psalm 76

IN JUDAH GOD IS KNOWN

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON

*Sing, sons of Asaph, proud guild of singers,
Sing your joyful songs to harp and lyre,
Oh sing a pleasant song of thanksgiving,
For the goodness of our God's desire!*

Comes He not to Judah,
Where His holy houses stand?
Knows He not the plains and fountains
Of Israel's pleasant land?
Came He not down and scattered
The strong arrow of the bow,
The bright shield and weapon shattered
And the armies laid low?
(Blow! trumpets of triumph, blow!)

O God, Thou art more glorious
Than hunter or prey,
Over steep and craggy mountains;
More excellent than they.
The stout-hearted Thou hast spoiled,
They wake not from their sleep,
Nor the mightiest men of battle
Their wits may keep;
And at Thy word, O God of Jacob,
The proud and prancing steeds
In their grievous grace lie slumbering,
The swift chariots there beside them,
Overtilted, encumbering
The crimson weeds.

Who may stand when Thou art angry,
Or who defy Thy will?
When from heaven fell Thy judgment,
Then, Thy quiet ones made merry,
The provoking world grew still.
(Blow! trumpets of triumph, blow!)

Ah, surely the wrath of men shall praise Thee;
With patience Thou shalt restrain
The remainder of their anger and bring them
To Thee again.

Oh bind your souls to Him,
Vow to be His, conceding that you vow
He is your God and King—fair presents bring—
Your only Fear, before Him bow.
Has he not cut off the stately princes,
Their misdeeds and shameful mirth?
O sing of His triumph, sons of Asaph,
And the petulant kings of the earth.

* * * *

Psalm 77

MEMORIES THAT CONSOLE

RICHARD CHURCH

I raised my voice to God, unto the Lord
I cried, and He received my prayer.
Yes, in my days of grief I sought the Lord,
Stretched out my hand and sought Him where
My soul refused the comfort of His word.
Though I remembered Him I was afraid,
Complained of Him, my spirit quite dismayed.

In vain I longed for sleep, all night I woke,
And I was troubled, stricken dumb
With memory of the vanished years, the stroke
Of time, and days no more to come.
Remembering my secret prayer at night
I question my own heart, and roam
Within my spirit, searching for the light.

Has the Lord for ever cast me forth,
Spoiling the gifts He gave before?
And is His mercy gone, His promise worth
Nothing for evermore?
Has He forgotten to be gracious now,
His mercy veiled, and anger on His brow?

"This is my own infirmity," I said,
I will recall Thy gifts of old,
The mighty works that Thy right hand hath made,
Thy wonders in the past unrolled.
And I will meditate upon these things
Until I sing of them as the bird sings.

Thy way, O God, is in the holy place,
And there is none like unto Thee.
Thy strength is shown before Thy people's face,
And manifold Thy wonders be.
Thou hast raised Thine arm and saved
Thy chosen people long enslaved.

The waters of the Earth beheld Thee, Lord,
The waters saw Thee and they were distressed,
The ocean deeps were troubled at Thy word.
And the great cloud with thunder in his breast
Struck by Thine arrows, all his waters poured.
Thy voice was heard in Heaven, Thine eye flashed forth
In lightning on the trembling Earth.

O God, Thy way was in the sea,
And trackless was Thy way thereon;
Thy people followed after Thee
Guided by Moses and by Aaron.

* * * *

Psalm 78

LEST THEY FORGET

WILSON MACDONALD

Dark ancient sayings waken on my tongue:
Hearken, my people, we shall never keep
These from our children: these our fathers sung
Across these listening acres where they sleep.

Hath not the Lord commanded we make known
The testament of Jacob and the law,
Given to Israel from a loftier throne
That man may hold His works and strength in awe;

That children yet unborn should light this flame,
And waken it in never-dying fires,
Lest they forget the beauty of His name
Even as did their hard, rebellious sires?

The bowmen of the Ephraimites turned back
In the white heat of battle; they forgot
The fire that led them when the night was black
And that white cloud by day remembered not.

They broke the law of Him Who led of old
Their fathers through the heaped dividing seas,
Who freed the blood of granite, white and cold,
Until great rivers sang beneath the trees.

They scorned the date and olive and asked meat
To warm their veins and satiate their lust.
They wailed across their golden fields of wheat
And sinned against their covenant and trust.

"He smote the rock," they cried, "and water flowed;
But can He on these savage acres spread
The linen of His table: He bestowed
Water, but can He give us flesh and bread?"

Thus unbelieving Israel waked His wrath
For all His proofs of power had been in vain.
In vain the south wind sang on Jacob's path;
In vain had manna fallen like a rain.

They fed on flesh that poured on them as dust,
And feathered fowl as many as the sand.
They ate, and they were filled, nor from their lust
Were any souls estranged in all the land.

So, while their mouths were lusted yet with meat,
The wrath of God came on their chosen men,
And cut them as a reaper beardeth wheat;
Yet they believed Him not, and sinned again.

He let them have their vanity of days,
Their years of trouble; yet, until His sword
Fell on them, they continued in their ways
Forgetful their salvation was the Lord.

Then came remembrance, like a mocking light,
To hearts that failed His covenant and truth.
They lied and flattered Him to gain respite
Within that boundless ocean of His ruth.

And He forgave, and turned His wrath away,
Remembering they were flesh—a passing wind
That cometh not again; yet on them lay
No sorrow for His grief that they had sinned.

And they remembered not His saving hand
Nor all His signs in Egypt, when there fell
Out of a blinded sky at His command
Destruction on the foes of Israel.

The flies devoured, the frogs destroyed their foes;
The locusts and the caterpillars came;
The vines were bowed with hail, the sycamores froze,
And flocks were gathered with a scythe of flame.

He turned the silver rivers into blood,
And set an evil angel on each path;
And when His noble anger was in flood
He smote all Egypt's first-born in His wrath.

But His own people guided were as sheep;
And they were brought to safety by His hand.
They saw their foes beneath the sea, in sleep,
Nor feared until they reached the promised land.

But here a slow luxuriance soiled their hearts;
They grew unfaithful unto God and man;
They set up graven idols in their marts
And mocked the Lord and His appointed plan.

So God was wroth with Israel, and forsook
The tent of Shiloh, which His hand had placed
There as a tabernacle, and He took
Strength from His priest and left His soul disgraced.

He gave His errant people to the sword:
Their maidens were not wed, and fire consumed
The young men of the nation, and the Lord
Wakened above those scorers who were doomed;

Wakened as one aroused by strength of wine;
Whereon he turned from Ephraim and cried:
"Joseph, the faithless, is no longer Mine,"
And chose the tribe of Judah as His bride;

Chose Zion for His dwelling, and He called,
Out of the sheepfold, David, famed for song;
And there He built a sanctuary, marble-walled—
A palace built eternal, high and strong.

And David left the ewes and guided well,
With that quiet, skilled wonder of his hands,
Both Jacob and the hosts of Israel,
And wisely fed them from the fruited lands.

* * * *

Psalm 79

(A Choral Antiphony)

THEY HAVE TURNED JERUSALEM
TO STONES

SHANE LESLIE

(Reader or soloist)

The heathen take Thine heritage,
O God: Thy temple in their rage
They have defiled to ash and bones
And turned Jerusalem to stones.

They give the servants of Thy care
As meat to fowls upon the air:
Flesh of Thine holy ones they hand
To every beast that prowls the land.

(Chorus—spoken or sung)

Their blood was shed on every side
Their bodies there was none to hide.

We are become an open shame
Upon our enemies: our name
Is made derision to the same.

(Reader or soloist)

O Lord how long shall last Thine ire:
And shall Thy jealousy like fire
Burn on for evermore: oh pour
Thine indignation from Thy store
Upon the heathen knowing not Thy claim
And all who call not on Thy Name.

For Jacob have they all devoured
And sweetness of his dwelling soured.
Remember not our ancient sin,
O Lord, but let us mercy win:
Nor let Thy mercy reach us late
For misery is our grievous fate.
Help for the glory of Thy Name,
From Whom Salvation usward came.
Unto our sins be merciful!
And for Thy Name's sake pitiful!

Interlude

Now wherefore do the heathen say
Where is their God? Thy power display.
And make Thy servants' blood, that bright
Is shed, find vengeance in our sight!

(Chorus—spoken or sung)

Oh let the prisoner's bitter sigh
Into Thy presence come on high.
Greatly preserve the doomed to die.

And let the heathen's scorn which they
Have cast upon Thee in their day
Into their bosom sevenfold stay!

From us who are Thy pasture's sheep
Mayst Thou our thanks for ever reap:
Thy praise let generations keep!

* * * *

Psalm 80

LAMENT

EMMA JOHNSTON

Shepherd of Israel, still Thine
The flock that lacks Thy care!
Enthroned on cherubim, oh shine
On us, and hear our prayer.
Lord God of hosts, in this dark hour
Reveal Thy face, restore our power!

For bread and drink Thou giv'st us tears,
So that our neighbors see
And laugh at us; we bear the jeers
Of foes, their mockery.
Lord God of hosts, in this dark hour
Reveal Thy face, restore our power!

A vine from Egypt Thou hadst fetched,
Cleared her a place to spread,
Beyond the hills her branches stretched,
Even to Euphrates' bed,
And to the sea she pushed her shoots—
This vine that Thou hadst given roots.

Now passers-by have stripped her bare,
Boars from the forest gnaw
Her goodly boughs, and wild beasts dare
To graze on her. They saw
That thou hadst torn her fences down!
O God of hosts, no longer frown.

Renew the vine that Thy right hand
Did plant, and men did burn;
Deliver us, protect our land;
From Thee we will not turn!
Lord God of hosts, in this dark hour
Reveal Thy face, restore our power!

* * * *

Psalm 81

(A Meditation on This Psalm)

BLOW UP THE TRUMPET

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Here come singing
One and then another,
Joyful and triumphant,
Blowing up the trumpet;

Well from a sickness;
Free from a prison;

Twenty or a hundred, drinking up sunshine
After long rain;
A hundred or a thousand exulting in a downpour
After long drought;

Multitudes thronging
To triumph in the springtime;
To glory in the young ones;

Children, lovely, thrilling, in a festival;

Lovers in their paradise;

Many a poet in creation;

Many a dreamer, self-forgetful,
Laboring for an Eden for the race—

Blowing up the trumpet
In the new moon of joy,
Singing "SING WE MERRILY,"
That old psalm of Israel,
"Sing we merrily to God our strength!"
Making a bold, splendid sound,
"A cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob."

Many a song, tender, plaintive,
Offers to sorrow another harp
When sorrow already has a thousand harps;
But the wise poet of
"SING WE MERRILY"
Remembered the joyful
Lest their joy be silent,
And the trumpet not blazon in the new moon;
But silence profane the Eternal Gladness,
The joyful structure of the stars.

Though "SING WE MERRILY"
With its hand on the plow
That turns sorrow under
With the deep thrust of joy,
Looks back from glory
And lets the song falter,
Placing earthly reproaches
On the bright lips of Godhead,
"O that my people would have harkened!
But Israel would not. . . ."

Yet this song was appointed
In its bright creation
For a solemn feast day,
Anniversary of Israel redeemed from Egypt,
And the easing of shoulders from the burden;

And its four gold stanzas ride abreast
On a thousand lips for a thousand years,
For the blooming of joy
That redeems all sorrow;

Blowing up the trumpet

For the loved and ransomed,
For the deep fulfillments, for the dazzling windows
For the reckless, tender, bold compassions
That bend from their courses the very stars;
Yea, this our joy is a statute of Israel,
And this song is a law of the God of Jacob.

* * * *

Psalm 82
(*A Free Interpretation*)
LET GOD ACCUSE THEM

DUDLEY FITTS

Deus stetit in synagoga deorum

Let God challenge the world's gods in their hall,
The exquisite, the cultured, the subtle theorists,
Preachers of reversion, propagandists of despair.
Let God examine their platforms, weigh
The campaign slogans: hot air for hunger, blaze
Of brass for the beaten, the privilege of fists
Clenched or flat-palm-raised, mechanical,
To shore up the stricken streets while the bands blare.

Let God accuse them: *Is this your judgment, Judges?*
Guides, your guidance? Is it this airy lure,
Tongue-sleight, craft of slippery phrase on phrase?
How long must men endure
The insolence of your clan-consented grudges?

They can not even hear, their correct faces
Give no sign. And these are the great ones
Our dream of impotence puffed into power!
Their fine bones crack like ours, their blood is blood,
In the shudder of rifles they'll tumble and sprawl
As easily dead as we. Rise, clear hour!
This blow cancels them, gives us back to God.

* * * *

Psalm 83

(A Free Interpretation)

HATRED HAS RISEN AGAIN

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

O God, O Lover of man!
Hold not back from speaking, our Lover, refrain not:
The enemy of God's people the race of man—
The enemy of mankind, God's well-beloved,
Murmurs and lifts up its head.

*Come, let us root man out,
Hatred is murmuring,
I will fire the hearts of men
To wound one another.
Edomites, where is your pride and your hate for the people
of Israel?
Israel, bomb the Philistines, and starve out Moab and Tyre!
Pass round the old propaganda to rouse the hosts of Assyria!*

Do now unto Hate, O Love, what Hate would do to thy
peoples:
Hate that divides and scatters and wounds the races of men!
Scatter the forces of Hate:
Let them perish like dung:
Like stubble before the wind, like dead leaves in the forest
fire,
Perish the princes of Hate:—Conquest, Revenge and Glory!

Then shall the earth know God, Loving above all hatred,
Power Invincible, and sweet as the peace of Heaven.

* * * *

Psalm 84

YEARNING FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD

GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The temples where Thou art!
How beautiful these courts appear,
Desire of all my heart!
Both soul and body feel
A wistful urge to sing
At Thine own altar, and to kneel
Before my God and King.
The bird has found her nest,
A place to lay her young,
Content that she has come to rest
Where God's high praise is sung.

Oh, happy traveler he
Who takes his pilgrimage
Upheld and fortified by Thee
Through each successive stage.
For him the desert vale
With springing comfort flows,
And gentle showers never fail
To bless him as he goes.
His courage and his strength
Increase along the way,
Till God reveals Himself at length
In Zion's perfect day.

O Lord of Hosts, attend,
O God of Jacob, hear,
Look down, Thou great Protector-Friend,
And bid Thine own draw near.

One day of sacred praise
 Within these courts of Thine,
Is better than a thousand days
 Outside the walls divine.
Far rather would I then
 Sit humbly at Thy gate,
Than dwell in tents of worldly men
 In high and proud estate.

O God, our Sun to shine,
 Our Shield in storm and stress,
All honor and delight are Thine
 To glorify and bless.
All goodly joys are his
 Whose life shall worthy be,
O Lord of Hosts, how happy is
 The man who trusts in Thee!

* * * *

Psalm 85

(Adapted)

THE GRAINS OF TRUTH SHALL BLOSSOM

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Of old, O Lord, Thy light of loving-kindness
Led Jacob's children from the bonds they bore;
Vast was Thy love, whose mantle hid their blindness,
Bidding Thy tides of wrath to seethe no more.

Deliver us now from bondage of forgetting,
From deserts of unthankful heart and brain.
Wilt Thou in anger blaze without a setting,
Or flood our memories like rejoicing rain?

Show us Thy mercy, grant us Thy salvation—
Clear through the waiting branches rings the bird
Clear bells of peace to us, Thy chosen nation,
Piercing the darkness where our feet have erred.

The dark of fear is shadow of Thy glory
And reverence walks in fringes of great light;
Kindness and Truth shall meet when dews are hoary,
Justice and Peace shall kiss, as breaks the night.

Out of the ground the grains of Truth shall blossom
And Right look down from windows of the sky;
Our land shall flaunt Thy roses in her bosom
And dance in ways Thou lightest from on high.

* * * *

Psalm 86

SHOW ME A TOKEN FOR GOOD

HARRY H. MAYER

Lord, bow Thine ear to the voice of my cry,
Great is my need, sore afflicted am I;
Let me not perish, Thy saint live in me,
Succor Thy servant relying on Thee.

Trusting God's mercy and claiming God's care,
Daylong I call nor shall ever despair;
Lord, do Thou hearken and turn my sad plea
Into a song of rejoicing in Thee.

Mindful of human infirmity, Thou
Washest the brand from the penitent's brow;
Lord, Thy compassion, so wide and so free,
Comforts my soul as I pray unto Thee.

Like to the Lord among gods there is none,
Past all compare the great things He has done;
Therefore all nations shall kneel at His throne
And worship God, Who has made them, alone.

Teach me Thy will, Lord: let ardor of youth
Flame in my whole-hearted love of Thy Truth.
Thanks be to God for He snatched me from Death,
Pierced though I was by the Shadow's gray breath.

Ruffians assail me and reckon not of God;
Slow moves His anger, His hand spares the rod.
Lord, disentangle the web they have spun,
Succor Thy servant, Thy handmaiden's son.

Lord, do Thou show me a token of good,
Let it be seen and be well understood
To the confusion and shame of my foes
How there is balm in the Lord for my woes.

* * * *

Psalm 87

THE CITY ON THE HILLS

LOUIS GOLDING

He it was, it was the Lord
Who set the City on the hills,
The high hills, the holy hills.
More than all Israel's
Proud towers and citadels
The gates of Zion are adored
By the high, the holy Lord.
Wherefore, Zion, God's city,
Are glorious things said of Thee.

Now behold,
Now also of Babylon
Hath the high Lord declared:
"I will make addition
Of Rahab and Babylon;
Philistia and Tyre, yea,
Even Ethiopia,
These also shall be enscrolled.
Who dwells in Tyre or Babylon,
He also shall be Zion's son."

Yea, each and every one
Shall be to Zion as her son,
Which the Lord of His good grace
Shall set up in that high place.
The Lord Himself shall declare
In His holy register:
"This man was born there!"
Yea, in that city shall

The singers sing their madrigal.
The lute-players all shall play
On their sweet lutes night and day.

All my heart's springs are in thee,
Truly art thou God's city.

* * * *

Psalm 88

VEXED WITH A SEA OF ALL THY STORMS

SHANE LESLIE

To Thee, my God, salvation's Lord,
All day and night my pleas I poured.
Oh, let my prayers before Thee fall:
And turn Thine ear now when I call.

For trouble fills my soul with fear;
To Sheol's brink my life draws near.
I am as one condemned to sit
With those already in the Pit;
And I have been as one whose length
Of days has lost him all his strength,
Left to myself like them whose doom
Is death and lying in the tomb
And whose remembrance leaves the land
And passes ever from Thy hand.

Thou me hast set in lowest grade,
In deeps of darkness Thou hast laid.
Hard bows Thine indignation me
And Thou hast vexed me with a sea

Of all Thy storms: acquaintance mine
Thou settest far and for a sign
Of utter horror am I cast.
In prison am I lying fast
That forth I cannot get: my sight
Hath failed for trouble. Lord, Thy might
Have I called daily to mine aid:
My pleading hands to Thee displayed.

Oh, see the dead Thy wondrous ways
Or shall they rise unto Thy praise?
And shall Thy love show underground:
Thy faith from out Abaddon sound?
And shall the wonder of Thy works
Be known where utter darkness lurks?
Thy righteousness there who shall find
Where everything must pass from mind?

To Thee, O Lord, long have I cried
And early Thou my prayer hast spied.
Why hateful is my soul to Thee:
Why hidest Thou Thy face from me?
In misery I am and like to die;
From even youth to old age nigh
Thy terrors have I ever borne,
My mind with all Thy trouble worn.

Thy keen displeasure covers me;
I am undone by fear of Thee.
Like water once they came around
And compassed me on every ground.
My loves and friends hast Thou made fly
And hid my neighbors from mine eye.

* * * *

Psalm 89

HAPPY THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW THE
FESTAL TRUMPET-CALL

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

My heart shall sing forever
Jehovah's kindly ways;
Through endless generations
Shall flit my flame of praise;
From lip to lip of mortals
Fame of His faith shall blaze.

Hast Thou not promised Mercy
Unfailing as the stars,
And Truth, a sun in heaven
That bursts all envious bars;
And pledged Thy soldier David
Thy sovereign balm for scars?

Hast Thou not told Thy chosen
His seed shall flower and flower,
His throne endure as oak-trees
Above the moth-like hour?
O Lord, the very heavens
Shall sing Thy wondrous power.

By saints in shining legions
Thy Truth shall be adored;
For who is he on cloud-tops
Or on celestial sward
Will run to loving-kindness
As swiftly as the Lord?

In councils of the holy
The Lord is greatly feared,
The Lord of Hosts Angelic,
Whose banners are upreared
And blazon Truth about Him,
Eternally revered.

By Thine harmonious wisdom
The tumults of the deep
Are lulled as if by music;
Thine arm availed to sweep
Thy foes in dust's oblivion,
Where Egypt lies a-heap.

The earth is Thine, pavilions
Of heaven Thou hast unfurled;
Thy strength has based the pillars
That poise the teeming world,
The beauty seen, the hidden
Sleeping like seeds impearled.

The south-wind has Thy mildness,
The north Thine arrowy aim;
The oak-clad dome of Tabor
Shall whisper of Thy fame,
The cedars of white Hermon
Murmur Thy joyful name.

Thine arm has power majestic;
Unfaltering Law and Right,
Thy keen-eyed starry watchmen,
Look from Thy towers of might;
The wings of Truth and Mercy
Enfold Thy face of light.

Blessèd, O Lord, the people
Who know Thy jubilance,
For they shall walk in glory
Shed from Thy countenance;
Their boast shall be: Thy goodness
Has made their blood to dance.

Thine is the strength which gives us
The glory which we sing;
Our horns will brim with favors,
With riches Thou wilt bring;
For Israel's Holy Lover
Is ours, our Shield and King.

Of old I heard Thee whisper
In dreams to Thine elect:
It is the flower of valor
My Valor shall protect;
I choose from all the people
This man of soul erect.

I have discovered David,
My servant, and have kissed
His brows with holy chrism;
I hold him by the wrist;
In vain the sons of darkness
Shall threaten blade and fist.

I will smite down his foemen
Before his very eyes;
Their hate shall come back on them
Like plagues from dusty skies,
While through My truth and mercy
His horns of plenty rise.

I will set in his fingers
The scepter of the seas,
A rod to rule the rivers;
And I will grant his pleas
Who calls Me God and Father,
His Rock, outliving these.

Higher than earthly monarchs,
My first-born, he shall reign,
And I will keep My covenant
Forever pure from stain:
Through days as long as Heaven's
His seed shall wave as grain.

But if his children wander
From paths where I would lead,
And scatter from their memories
My precious words of heed,
Then Wrong shall know his Master
And the proud heart shall bleed.

Yet not My loving-kindness
Nor faithfulness shall fail;
My words are not as falcons
Called back at risc of gale:
Once I have sworn forever
My promise shall prevail.

In words as pure as snowflakes
I swore, I will not lie:
His seed shall match the planets,
His throne My sun on high,
And the still moon, the witness
Of faith not born to die....

Alas, I hide in ruin
My disanointed head;
Betrayed, abhorred, forsaken,
I eat of sorrow's bread;
My crown in dust is tumbled,
And peace is with the dead.

My bulwarks all are broken,
My strongholds all are down,
My purple rent by robbers,
And I beneath Thy frown
Am laughing-stock and byword
For every neighboring clown.

Why hast Thou, Lord, insinewed
The right arm of my foes,
Made fat with food for laughter
The men who see my woes;
Blunted my sword, and left me
Alone till battle's close?

Thou hast put out my glory,
My house about me falls;
My days of youth are shortened,
The black collapsing walls
Loom in Thy blaze of anger.
The thought "How Long?" appals.

Remember, youth's a blossom,
Its fruiting time how brief;
Are lives of men as idle
As the light falling leaf?
What man alive shall die not
And cheat the shadowy Thief?

Where is Thy loving-kindness
I trusted in of old?
The many and the mighty
Sting with their venom cold
The bosom of Thy David,
Who would Thy love enfold.

Remember, Lord, remember
Thy servant in the den
Of beasts who tear and trample
My name, and Thine; and then—
Blest be Thou, Lord, forever,
Amen and yet Amen.

BOOK FOUR

Psalm 90

ESTABLISH WHAT OUR HANDS HAVE
WROUGHT

PADRAIC COLUM

Lord, Thou hast been to us a dwelling-place
In every generation that has been:
A sure and firm abode
For us Thou hast been, Lord!

Thou, Who before the mountains were brought forth,
Or even Thou hadst formed the world and earth,
From Everlasting wert
To Everlasting, God!

And Thou dost turn us to destruction's side,
And sayst, "Progeny of Man, go back!"
For in Thy sight the years
A thousand are not marked.

They are but yesterday when it has gone—
A watch that's in the night! And as for men,
Thou bearest them away
As with a flood, as dreams!

For they are like the grass that groweth up:
It flourisheth in the forenoon and is high,
And by the fall of night
Is cut and withereth.

For we are by Thine anger all consumed,
And by Thy wrath are troubled in our days,
We, whose iniquities
Before Thee Thou hast set.

Also our secret sins are in that light,
Thy countenance: our days are in reproof;
And even our length of years
Is as a tale that's told.

Three score and ten our years are and no more,
And if they be four score because of strength,
That strength is ground into
The more of toil and pain.

And soon 'tis all cut off; we flee away:
Who knoweth the power of Thine anger, Lord?
Even according to
Thy dread, so is Thy wrath!

Then, Lord, teach us to keep account of days,
That we our hearts to wisdom may apply:
Return, O Lord; how long
Until the time is filled?

Content us, Lord, upon some morrow soon,
With mercy for Thy wrath till we rejoice,
And through the latter days
Be lifted up in hearts!

According to the days that Thou hast been
Heavy upon us, make us glad, O Lord;
Equal the years of peace
With those with evil fraught!

Make Thy design apparent to our sight,
And let our children know Thy glory, Lord:
The beauty of the Lord
For aye upon us be!

And Thou establish what our hands have wrought,
And let its virtue be upon us, Lord:
Yea, what our hands have done
Let it remain, remain!

* * * *

Psalm 90

THEY ARE AS DREAMS IN FLIGHT

RIDGELY TORRENCE

In You alone has been our home and star,
Lord; in all ages, risen from birth to birth,
Before the mountains leaped in their upcasting
Or ever You had uttered forth the earth
And, as a dream, the world, You were and are
From everlasting unto everlasting.

You turn man back to dust with his delight,
Saying, "return to earth with other clay;
Return, O sons of men." For in Your sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday,
A day, a dream, a watching in the night.

You cut them off, they are as dreams in flight.
They are like grass which meets the morning's face
With freshness. In the morning it is bright
But in the evening it has perished quite.
It is cut down and withers in its place.

For so Your anger finds and slays us soon
And so Your sweeping wrath cuts off our days.
Our crimes rise up before You as at noon,
Our inmost sins before Your presence blaze.

For all our days are ended in Your wrath,
Our years, our seventy years, a piteous stay,
Our years are like a cobweb wiped away ;
Or ten years more, a breath, a bitter path,
Toiled through in darkness where we grope and sigh,
To the dark ending into which we fly.

The measure of Your anger in its power,
Who knows it? Or the measure for our fear?
Waken us then as our brief days appear,
And bring the understanding heart to flower.

Return, O Lord. How long will you be far?
Relent. Lift up Your servants from this night
Into the morning where Your mercies are
That we may shout with joy all day in light.
Gladden us for the days when we were scorned,
The tearful days that overflowed our cup,
Even so many days. Oh lift us up,
And for as many years as we have mourned.

And may your servants see Your work endure
And by their children let a light be caught
Out of Your splendor. May Your favor fall
Upon us, Lord, Your favor on us all
And make secure the work our hands have wrought,
Our handiwork and our fruits, oh make secure.

* * * *

Psalm 91

A SONG FOR EVIL ENCOUNTERS

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Who dwells in the still place of the Most High
Shall in the shade of the Almighty lie:

I will declare my refuge is the Lord;
He is my fortress, and to Him I fly.

He shall deliver from the fowler's snare,
And from the pestilence that strides the air.

His pinions shall be cover unto thee;
Under his wings, there is protection there.

His truth shall be thy buckler and thy shield;
For thee no terror shall the darkness yield,

Nor the swift arrow from the bow by day,
Nor yet the pest that stalks the midnight field.

For though a thousand perish at thy side,
And even to ten thousand ill betide,

Naught shall befall thee, and thou shalt behold
The doom of those to wickedness allied.

Since Godward all thy heart's desires are bent,—
My refuge He, thy House of Covenant,—

No evil shall assail thee in the Lord,
Neither shall any plague come near thy tent.

His angels shall be guard and they alone,
On all thy paths until thy days be flown,

And they shall bear thee up within their hands
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.

On lion and on serpent shalt thou tread,
And set thy heel upon the dragon's head:

I will exalt the one who heeds my Name
Him will I succor—the Almighty said.

If he appeal, his calling I shall know,
And will befriend in trouble and in woe;

Him will I satisfy with length of years,
And unto him will my salvation show.

* * * *

Psalm 92

THEY WILL FLOURISH IN THE COURTS
OF OUR GOD

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

How good it is, Lord of the depth and height,
To glorify Thy name with praise and prayer,
At dawn Thy loving kindness to declare
And pour Thy faithfulness upon the night.

With warbled music of the ten-stringed lute
And music stricken from the sounding lyre;
For, Lord, Thou hast fulfilled my heart's desire
Through the great works Thy hand doth execute.

Above, below, Thy glorious works I see:
Thy shaping hands about the heaven are curled,
Thy strong imagination holds the world,
Thy thoughts are deeper than the unfathomed sea.

Yet never can the foolish understand,
Seeing the godless flourish as the grass,
That now, even as their hosts in triumph pass,
The hour of their destruction is at hand.

For lo Thine enemies, O Lord most High,
Thy foes, O Everlasting, shall come down:
The evil-doers shall shrivel at Thy frown
And crumbled into dust and ashes lie.

High as the unicorn's shall stand my horn,
Upon my head shall gleam the anointing oils:
Mine eye shall see my foe fast in the toils,
Mine ear shall hear him wail beneath my scorn.

But as the palm her waving fans deploys
And Lebanon's tall cedars spread their boughs,
Even so the righteous, planted in God's house,
In those pure courts shall prosper and rejoice.

Autumn by autumn through the waxing length
Of green old-age full fruitage shall they bear
And by their holy healthfulness declare
The justice of the Lord that is our Strength.

* * * *

Psalm 92

(In the Gaelic Mode of Thought)

WITH CONCERTINA AND WITH WHISTLE

L. A. G. STRONG

Now is high time to sing His mighty praises,
His truth and loving-kindness night and day,
In the sweet music that the fiddle raises,
With concertina and with whistle gay,
On pipe and harp the praise of God to play.

It is Thy work, O God, that makes me sing.
Great is the operation of Thy hand:
Deep are Thy thoughts to fashion everything
With grace the fool will never understand,
Nor these ungodly men that choke our land.

They mark Thee not, O Lord, they boast and laugh
Green in their guilt, and flourish like the grass.
Thy breath shall blow them hence like empty chaff,
When I, untethered from my weight of woe,
Shall stand beside my door and see them go.

I am a mighty bull, with horns of fire,
Whose enemies are terrified and flee.
My head is high, I have my heart's desire;
The righteous spread their branches like a tree,
Their shade, their peace and joy shall cover me.

Like comfortable trees in every season,
Wide trees deep-planted by the churchyard wall,
They shall show forth God's holy truth and reason

With lasting fruit and leaves that never fall.
God is our truth, our strength, our all in all.

* * * *

Psalm 93

THE DIVINE CREATOR, RULER AND
SUSTAINER

LUCIA TRENT

Robed with the girdle of measureless power,
O Lord, in Your glory you reign as our King.
You decreed the world's way from the primitive hour,
You made the whole universe sing.

Your throne is a symbol for wisdom sustaining
Creation ere time had been called into birth,
Since before the first dawning, O Lord, You were
 reigning
Over the heavens and earth.

Mountains of waves may be driven asunder
And floods may trumpet their havoc abroad
To the deafening roar of peals of thunder,
But You, O God, are their Lord.

Above the tumultous storm of the ocean,
And far beyond daggered lightning's gleam,
Over the wrath of Earth's wildest commotion,
God is standing supreme.

Never your sanctity, Lord, will be failing,
Your house will triumph through storm and sun;
Your human children will ever be hailing
You, the Eternal One.

* * * *

Psalm 94

(A Paraphrase and Expansion)

SHALL PROFITS AND POWER BE EVER OUR
MOTIVES?

RALPH S. CUSHMAN

I.

O Lord, art Thou God to Whom vengeance belongeth,
And canst Thou not see the sad plight of our land,
And art Thou indeed the Judge of all nations,
And dost Thou sit still, nor lift Thy great hand?

How long, O Lord, shall wickedness triumph,
How long shall the arrogant hold their proud sway,
How long shall the rich and the ruthless possess us,
And poverty stalk at the noon of the day?

How long, O Lord, shall Thy people lie prostrate,
Nor daring to dream of the glorious birth
Of righteousness, mercy, of peace and fair dealing?
O come, Thou Jehovah, and reign over Earth!

Shall blindness and ignorance hold us forever,
Shall the weak be forever the prey of the strong,
Shall profits and power be ever our motives,
How long, O Jehovah, how long, O how long?

II.

I will have faith
However dreams are shattered!
I will have faith that righteousness can live;
I will have faith when yet my foot is slipping,
And work and pray and give.

I will have faith
When storms shall sweep my ocean,
When wickedness prevails on every side;
I will have faith when my fair ship is beaten,
I will await the turning of the tide!

I will have faith
That God is still in heaven!
I will have faith that He is by my side;
I will have faith, though every star is darkened,
That He and truth abide!

* * * *

Psalm 95

VENITE EXULTEMUS

THEODORE MAYNARD

Sing to the Lord, the rock of our salvation!
Sing to the Lord a song of joy and praise!
Kneel in His presence lowly in thanksgiving!
The lofty psalm upraise!

The land and sea are His, for He has made them,
The valleys of the earth, its rugged hills;
Cornland and vineyards and the olive orchards,
All these His mercy fills.

And we, His people, sheep of His own pasture,
Lambs of His bosom, whom His hand has fed,
Shall we not hearken to our kindly Shepherd
By Whom our feet are led?

Oh harden not your hearts, like those who wandered
The desert forty years to Jordan's strand;
Humble and comforted, O chosen people,
Enter the promised Land!

* * * *

Psalm 95

(Paraphrased)

O COME LET US SING

THOMAS MOULT

To Thee we sing!
Thou art the king
Of kings. In our salvation we are strong.
With thanksgiving
 We kneel before
Thy feet and pour
Our praises forth. The Glory, Lord, is Thine
For evermore.

In Thy strong hand
The great hills stand:
And all the corners of the earth, for us,
Thy pilgrim band,
 Hast thou prepared.
Our heads are bared
In gratefulness: for us Thy bounteous thought
Was ever spared.

Oh, not again
As in the vain
Time of our fathers shall we harden now!
They learnt through pain
 Thy lesson, Lord.
Thy changeless word
Stabbed through their stubborn hearts that day
Like a swift sword.

To Thee we sing!
Thou art the king
Of kings. In our salvation we are strong.
With thanksgiving
We kneel before
Thy feet and pour
Our praises forth. The Glory, Lord, is Thine
For evermore.

* * * *

Psalm 96

FOR HE COMES, HE COMES

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

O sing to the Lord a fresh new song!
Sing loud and long!
Sing to the Lord, all tongues of earth!
Sing to the Lord
With one accord,
And bless His name for the gift of birth.

Sing His salvation from day to day,
Tell the heathen His glory; display
His wonders among all peoples of earth.

For He is over all,
And greatly to be praised.
His glory can appal
Creatures both great and small
Who dare to look on other gods undazed.

The maker of the skies is He—
No idol hewn from rock or tree!

Honor, with majesty, abides
Ever before Him;
Strength in His sanctuary hides,
With beauty, to adore Him.
Oh, give unto the Lord,
Folk of earth's breadth and length—
Unto His name award
Glory and strength.

Oh, come with gifts to the Lord,
And, prone in His courts, proclaim
The glory due unto His name.

Oh, worship the Lord
In the beauty of holiness;
Earth, bow down in your awe and your lowliness.
Tell to the heathen His kingdom's birth,
He shall establish the ends of earth,
Binding with power its length and its girth,
Judging all men with His righteous sword.

Let the heavens rejoice, and the whole green earth
Brim over with mirth.
Let every sea and the fullness thereof,
From the caverns beneath to the spume above,
Roar out in the might
Of its blest delight.

Let every field
With its myriad yield,
Give rapturous voice,
And all the trees of the wood rejoice

To welcome the Lord
With their leaves unfurled.
For He comes, He comes. With His righteous sword,
He shall judge the worth
Of the jubilant Earth.
Yea, in very sooth
Shall He judge the world,
And all of the people with His truth.

* * * *

Psalm 97

JEHOVAH REIGNS

HAROLD LEWIS COOK

Jehovah reigns: oh, let the Earth be glad;
Let all the islands of the sea rejoice.
Dense clouds and darkness hover round about Him;
His throne is just, and righteous is His voice.

Before Him goes a fire; His foes are burning;
His lightning is a flame across the world.
The Earth has seen and trembled, and the mountains
Like wax have melted where His word is hurled.

The heavens declare His justice, and all peoples
Behold His glory. Worship Him, ye gods!
Zion has heard, and Judah's lovely daughters
Laugh that Jehovah has broken ye with rods.

The Lord loves them who hate the way of evil:
They are His saints whom He preserves. His hand
Is raised against the wicked. For the godly
Light is sown like seed upon the land

And gladness for the upright. O ye servants
Of graven images, be put to shame!
Give thanks, ye righteous, to most high Jehovah,
Thanks to His holy and memorial name.

* * * *

Psalm 98

UNANIMITY OF HOMAGE

WITTER BYNNER

Unto the Lord renew your song.
He hath done marvelous things,
For His right hand and His arm are strong
And triumphs are His wings.

His saving power hath been made known
Under the open sun
By means of righteousness alone,
And the heathen are undone.

He hath been merciful and true,
Redeeming Israel—
Yea, well hath He remembered you
And hath been witnessed well.

Unto the Lord, O Earth, resound
The wonder of His ways,
Cry out your joy the whole world round
With anthems in His praise.

Lift up your harps, let every string
Fulfill the single strain;
Exult with harps, O Earth, and sing
A mirthful psalm again.

Lift up your trumpets, let their noise
Proclaim and bugles ring
Annunciation of the joys
Accorded by your King.

Let ocean roar its utter fill
Of rapture, let a din
Gladden the world from hill to hill;
Sing all that dwell therein.

Let brooks and rivers clap their hands,
Let mountains shout in glee,
Conjoin the joyful seas and lands
In unanimity

Of homage to the Lord on high
Who comes to judge and bless,
Beholding with the even eye
Of truth and righteousness.

* * * *

Psalm 99

HOLY IS GOD

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

The Lord God reigneth: let the peoples tremble.
About His throne the cherubim assemble:
In Zion great is the Lord,
High above all the peoples: let them acclaim
And glorify His great and terrible name.
He is holy.

In love of justice doth the king's strength dwell:
Thou establishest equity in Israel,
And Jacob thou dost bless
With truth and righteousness.
Exalt the Lord, our God, ye peoples all,
And down in worship at His footstool fall.
He is holy.

Moses and Aaron among His priests of old,
And Samuel among them that extolled
And called upon His name:
They called, and the answer came.

He spake in the cloudy pillar; and they clave
To His testimonies and to the law He gave.

He is holy.

Thou answeredst them, O God, when they implored;
Thou wast to them a still forgiving Lord,

Yet vengeful nonetheless

Against their wilfulness.

Exalt the Lord, our God, and do His will;

Bow down in worship at His holy hill.

The Lord, our God, is holy.

* * * *

Psalm 100

ENTER YE HIS GATES

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Lift a song to God on high,
All ye lands below the sky,
Serve the Lord with jubilee,
Come ye singing to His knee.

Know that God is Lord alone.
His breath made us. All His own,
We are children of His hand,
Sheep of His green pasture land.

Enter ye His gates with praise
Of the Ancient of the Days,
Crowd His courts in joyful throngs,
Lift to Him thanksgiving songs.

For the Lord is kind to all,
Hearkens to His children's call;
His love lasts eternally,
And His truth while man shall be.

* * * *

Psalm 101

(Translated Freely)

A RULER'S OATH OF OFFICE

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Unto Thee, O Lord my King,
Mercy and justice will I sing:
Oh, give me wisdom and address
In the white ways of holiness.
O Lord, when comest Thou to me?
I walk my house in purity;
No evil thing my hand shall do;
Sins of unfaith will I eschew;
I will cast out the heart of pride,
Nor suffer sinner at my side;
Whoso his neighbor slandereth,
Shall be adjudged deserving death,
And the hard heart and haughty eye
Shall from my wrathful presence fly.

But come, O come, where'er thou art,
To dwell with me, thou faithful heart:
He who his days to virtue vows
Shall stand a servant in my house,

But never man of fraud or sin
Nor liar shall be found therein.
Soon shall I drive with righteous hand
The wicked from this holy land,
Till hurlèd be the ungodly horde
Forth from the City of the Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 101

(Translated Freely)

A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES

L. A. G. STRONG

Now of Thee, O Lord, is all my story,
I sing Thy mercy and Thy loving-kindness.
Keep me from blindness, give me understanding,
Lest at any time I ramble out of Thy path.

When wilt Thou visit me, the way I may
Be walking through my house with a perfect heart?
Keep me apart from treachery, and from all
Contemptuous, vain, and lecherous behavior?

The secret snake-tongued gossip will I destroy,
The proud high-stomached man I will put out,
Calling in the faithful to be my company,
The men of upright life to be my servants.

Out with the liars,
There is no room for such men by my fireside,
Nor in the city, no, nor in this fair country.
I will root out the wicked and destroy them.

* * * *

Psalm 102

THE PRAYER OF A SOLITARY MOURNER

LORD DUNSANY

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee,
Hide not Thy face from me in the day when I am in
trouble,
Incline Thine ear unto me, and answer me speedily,
For my bones are burned as an hearth, and my days are
gone as a bubble.

My heart is withered like grass, I forget my food for my
woes,
Because of the voice of my groaning, my skin is near to
the marrow,
I am like a pelican or an owl, in the lands where nobody
goes;
I watch and am all alone, as upon the house-top a spar-
row.

My foes reproach me all day, wild men against me are
sworn,
I have eaten ashes like bread and mingled my drink with
crying,

For Thou hast lifted me up and Thy wrath hath left me
forlorn,

My days are a lengthening shadow, I am as grass that
is dying.

But Thou O Lord shalt endure, all days shall remember
Thy story,

Thou shalt have mercy on Zion, for Thy servants' sake
shalt defend her,

So the heathen shall fear Thy name, and the kings of the
Earth Thy glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion He shall appear in
His splendor.

The destitute He shall regard at prayer, nor turn from their
praying,

And the people of future days shall offer praise to the
Lord;

This shall be written down and in times far hence be a
saying,

For He hath looked from the height to succor those
that implored,

To succor some in prison and some appointed to death,
To declare His name in Zion and His praise in Jeru-
salem,

When the peoples are gathered together to pray. The
psalmist saith

Thou hast weakened my strength in the ways, my days
Thou hast shortened them;

Take me not from the midst of my days, O God; Thy years
are unending,
Thou hast laid the foundation of earth, and Heaven's
the work of Thy hand.
All these as a garment wax old, as a vesture beyond mending,
But Thou art the same, and the children of Thine shall
inherit the land.

* * * *

Psalm 103

HE REMEMBERETH THAT WE ARE DUST

HELENE MAGARET

Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless His holy Name.
He healeth thy diseases and He pardoneth thy shame.
He crowneth thee with tender mercies and offereth good
things,
Until thy youth renews itself as do the eagle's wings.
Higher than the heavens are and deeper than the seas
Is His mercy in forgiving thy iniquities;
Farther than the unknown place where east rolls into west
Hath He removed the heavy sins that weighed upon thy
breast,
For He knoweth we are dust, and He pitieth our frame.
Bless the Lord, O my soul! Bless His holy Name.

The days of man are grass.
As a flower of the field he groweth,
For over it at dawn

A wind shall pass.
Lo! It is gone.
And the place thereof knoweth
That flower no more.
But God's mercy shall be
At Heaven's door
Year in, year out,
Blessing eternally
The righteous and devout.
He hath prepared His throne,
Rejoice ye and sing,
For He ruleth alone
Over everything.
Praise Him, ye angels! Incline
Unto His voice.
He is eternal, divine.
Pray and rejoice!

* * * *

Psalm 103

(A Free Paraphrase)

BLESS THE LORD O MY SOUL

RICHARD EBERHART

Bless the holy Name of the Lord.
Too much on the insane root have men eaten,
But breed salutes the future with righteousness.
Though cancer destroys you, God reigns supreme.
Bless Him for the light of day,
Bless Him for the darkness of night.

Bless the holy Name of the Lord.
He is the way to wisdom and redemption,
Scales of right and wrong he delicate-balances,
He it is alone who awards us not according to our
 unsure awards.
The wise hear the whirring wings of the spirit.
Bless the Lord for all beautiful things.

As for man, his story is old, his story is new,
Like the grass he comes and goes in his season,
The mighty are leveled in the fullness of time,
But the mercy of the Lord endures for ever,
His kingdom is the all-rule of all life.
Say the loveliest Name, the Lord's Name, say for ever.

* * * *

Psalm 104

A SONG OF THE VISIBLE WORLD

RIDGELY TORRENCE

Praise, O my heart, with praise from depth and height
To him, O God, to You. How very great
The glories are that beat upon my sight
From You, so robed with honor and the weight
Of majesty, Who clothe Yourself with light
As with a garment, veiling You from me.

He stretches out the heavens like a tent
And founds the sky's pavilions upon beams
Under the waters; He has made and sent
The clouds to be His chariots as He streams

Upon the wings of winds; at His desire
The winds as messengers are glorious;
He makes His ministers be flames of fire.

He laid down the foundations of the Earth
Not to be moved forever from their place.
He raised the deep to cover all its girth
As under armor, and the waters stood
Upon the mountains over all its face.
At Your rebuke they turned, they heeded well.
At Your first thunder peal they fled and fell.

You set a bound against them, and a shore
Not to be crossed and there the dry land first
Rose and the mountains rose and there between
Each to its bed You made the valleys sink.
There fall the fountains which You made to pour
Among the hills, and there where it is green
Out of the field come all its beasts to drink,
So even the wild asses quench their thirst.

Beside them all the birds of heaven live
Singing from branches. So Your glory fills
Earth with the fruits of it, even as You give
Rain from Your upper chambers to the hills.

He makes the grass that grows for Him to feed
The cattle, and He makes the herbs abound
For all the beasts of man which serve his need,
So he may bring his food out of the ground,
And bread to make his heart endure his toil,

And so that wine may rise up from the earth,
Lighting the heart of man and in his mirth
Making his face shine brighter than with oil.
The trees of God are filled with dew that float
On Lebanon, the cedars which He made
Where the birds build and nestle in the shade.
As for the stork, her house is in the fir.
In the high mountain refuge the wild goat
Finds pasture, and the coney homes for her,
Safe in the rock where she is not afraid.

He made the moon and gave to her a power
To keep the seasons measured with her light.
All day the sun has knowledge of his hour
For setting. And the darkness becomes night.
Then the wild beasts under the shadows lurk
And the young lions roar after their prey.
They seek from God the meat they may devour.
When the sun rises, they all creep away,
Back to their dens, and crouch from any sight.
Man wakens and goes outward to his work
And to his labor till the end of day.

What life! What splendors in how many shapes
Are in this world, O God, Who made them all!
And with what wisdom made them, great and small!
Even their number on the earth escapes
Dreams or imaginings. The earth is full.
And yonder is the sea, how vast, how wide,
Flowing with living things innumerable,
And the hugest and the hid, sharing the tide,
They that divide the wave, or sleepers curled.

There go the ships! There rolls leviathan
Whom You have formed to frolic in that world.
They wait on You alone, all beasts and man,
To have their food from You, and they are fed.
When Your hand opens they are satisfied;
You give; they gather. When they think You far
A trouble comes upon them and a dread.
You take away their breath; they fade, they fall,
They go again to be the dust they tread.
You breathe upon the dust, they rise and are.

His glory is forever and with dance
He moves among His works and they to Him.
He looks upon the Earth and at His glance
It sways with trembling and above the hills
A smoke ascends where He has touched their rest.
I will sing praises to Him while he fills
My flesh with breath, as long as life shall stream
From Him within me I will sing His light.
May all my thought and all I dare in dream
Be true to Him, acceptable and blest.
He is my tide of joy, my sea, my shore,
And I will glorify Him all my days.
Let any who deny Him vanish quite
From Earth and be no more among its ways
And the blind weavers of the dark no more.
Let all my being bless Him.
Let my soul praise Him.
Praise.

* * * *

Psalm 104

(An Interpretation)

GOD INDWELLING IN NATURE

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

My open eyes behold,
now as of old,
Thy Presence and Thy Glory in the earth;
of all the things Time brings to birth
Thou art the secret Being
made plain to my love's seeing.

Thou art not hidden in Thy cloaks of light,
nor in the curtained firmament
wherein, as in a traveler's tent,
Thou lodgest for a night;
nor in the watery deep wherein Thy Power
foundeth Thy silent chambers for an hour.

The chariot-wheels of Thy desire
spin in the nebular whirls of space,
and like a singing wind from sky to sky
Thy wingèd Feet of Thought go by;
Thou dreamest—and before Thy Face
Thy dreams take shape in starry fire.

And in the midst thereof Thy Hand
fixed firm the iron axle of the globe,
and round its glowing granites threw
—roaring, tempestuous and blue—
the oceans like a blowing robe.

The waters heard the thunder of Thy Will:
they fled away, and the dry land
appeared—the island-summit of one lonely hill;
at Thy rebuke they fled away,
the mountain-summits rose, the valleys lay
steaming beneath them, and the sea kept its bound;
and now, with cheerful sound,
poured from the rocky wells above
the streams and joyous rivers of Thy Love.

Thy Love that nourisheth
all creatures that draw breath,
the beasts of every field and the wild asses;
and every bird that flaps its wings,
and every throat that sings,
morning or evening, in the branchèd tree.
Thy Love whence grow the grasses
of meadow and of lea,
food for all cattle—and, for human need,
each herb that springeth from its seed,
and wine and bread and oil
to gladden and refresh
Man's spirit and his flesh
after his toil.

The cedar-saps of Lebanon
out of Thy Love are drawn;
Thou art the quiet breathing of that wood
where the stork builds her nest;
to Thee the conies of the rock,
to Thee, the wild goats look,
Who dost preserve the high hill's solitude
their refuge and their rest.

The punctual splendors of the sun and moon
have made Thy steadfast purpose known;
now,
night falls upon the forest, and on stealthy feet
its hungry dwellers seek their meat;
the young lions roar: and it is Thou
Who art their hunger; Thou, their prey;
And then 'tis day—
and the young lions in their den
lay them down to sleep again;
while men
rise from their slumbers and go forth,
till evening comes, to labor in the earth.
Labor of Heaven: since no less Thine it is—
Our clouded goals, Thy sunlike destinies;
our failure shall not maim Thy love's success,
Whose Faith outlives our faithlessness,
Whose wisdom in the best we are and do
liveth and laboreth too.

Thy riches fill the earth, and the wide sea
through Thee is mighty—beautiful through Thee
its noiseless denizens of weed and shell and fin;
there go the ships—Thine is the joy of Man,
and Thine the joy of that Leviathan
whom Thou hast made to play therein;
these
wait upon Thee; Thou art their strength, their pride—
and all the hungers of the seas
in Thee are satisfied.

And then Thy Face is turned from us away,
and we are troubled; in the skies above,

and in the earth, and in the seas beneath,
invisible Thy blind Destructions move;
soon fails the little wind of breath,
and where life was is death.
And, seeing this, I say:
This too, this is Thy Love.
And even as I say it, lo, once more
Thy Spirit is abroad upon the earth;
Thy Passion, busy to restore,
breathes over hill and plain and sea and shore,
and the great cycles swing from death to birth.

Unchangeable in change; Thy Love lives on!
Thy Glory is for ever! Now with the voice
of every living thing that feels the sun,
beholding them, Thou shalt rejoice
in all that Thou hast done:
Earth trembles at the rapture of Thy look,
and at Thy touch the shaken Mountains smoke.

O Love, Which art my Universe! I, too,
will sing Thy praises while I have my being:
Faithful art Thou, and honorable and true,
high as the heavens are high, and as the deep seas deep;
Thou Sun of all Time's seeing,
Thou Wind of all the World's delight,
and, when night falls, the starry sleep
and silence of the night.

* * * *

Psalm 105

TOUCH NOT MINE ANOINTED AND DO MY
PROPHETS NO HARM

LORD DUNSANY

Give thanks unto the Lord, make His deeds known among
nations;

Sing unto Him, sing psalms, His wondrous working
adore;

Glory ye in His holy Name; seek Him with glad acclama-
tions;

Seek the Lord and His strength: seek His face evermore.

Remember His marvelous works and the judgments that
He had spoken,

O Abraham's ancient people, and ye of Jacob's seed.

He is the Lord our God, His covenant is unbroken

Which He made with Abraham, and unto Isaac decreed.

Saying when they were few, wanderers, world-rangers,

Going from nation to nation, "Unto ye for your lot

Will I give the land of Canaan." And they were only strang-
ers

In kingdoms of other people. And the Lord said: "Touch
them not."

Moreover He called for a famine, He broke the whole staff
of bread;

He sent Joseph before them, who was sold as a servitor,
Whose feet they hurt with fetters; in chains he rested his
head,

Till the time of his word came, and the Lord tried him
no more,

And the King sent for him then, the ruler of all that nation,
And made him lord of his substance, of prices gave him
command:

Wisdom he bade him teach to those in a high station.

And Israel came into Egypt, and sojourned now in the
land.

He increased and strengthened His people, till hearts against
them were frozen

And He turned the people of Egypt to deal towards them
with guile.

He sent Moses His servant, and Aaron whom He had chosen ;
They showed His signs among them, and wonders along
the Nile.

Darkness He sent on them, and to blood He turned their
waters,

He slew their fish, He sent frogs even to Pharaoh's hall,
He spake and there came forth flies, and lice in all their
quarters,

He gave them hail for rain, and flaming fire over all.

He smote their vines and their fig-trees, their strong trees
overthrowing ;

He spake and the locusts came, and a million insects
crept

And did eat up all the herbs, and all fruit that was growing ;

One night he smote their first-born through all the land
while they slept.

He brought them forth with gold, none lamely marching
beside them;

Egypt was glad when they went, for on all had fallen
a dread.

He spread a cloud to protect them, a light at midnight to
guide them;

The people asked, He sent quails, and fed them on heav-
enly bread.

He opened the rock and the water gushed out and ran like
a river,

And He brought His people forth, for He remembered His
word.

And He gave them the land of the heathen, that they might
hold it forever

To keep the statutes and laws that He taught them. Praise
ye the Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 106

OFTEN HE SAVED THEM

LORD DUNSANY

Praise ye the Lord; give thanks; for His mercy endureth
forever.

Who can utter His acts, who can show forth His praise?
Blessed are they that keep faith, and blessed the righteous
liver.

Remember me, Lord, with the favor Thy people knew in
old days.

That I may see Israel's good, and rejoice with the joy of
Thy nation.

We sinned with our fathers of old, and committed in-
iquity,

For they understood not His wonders, but gave him provo-
cation;

Nevertheless He saved them, rebuking the Red Sea,

And He led them through the depths as though through
the dry places

Safely from Egypt's hatred, out of the reach of the
sword,

And the water tumbled in and covered their enemies' faces:
Then they believed His works and sang praise to the
Lord.

Soon they forgot His works, no more of His counsel think-
ing,

Lusting exceedingly in the desert and tempting God,
And He gave them their request, but there came on their
souls a shrinking,

And they envied Moses and Aaron. And the earth opened
the sod

And swallowed Abiram up, and all that took him for
prophet

And a fire that was kindled too burned them and Dathan
away.

They made a calf in Horeb, and worshiped the image of it:

Thus they changed their glory to an ox that eateth hay,

Slighting the Lord Who saved them by Nile with many a wonder,

So that He swore to destroy them, even upon that spot.
But Moses stood before Him, between them and His thunder,

To turn it away from the people, and He destroyed them not.

Again He lifted His hand to o'erthrow them in lonely places,

For they murmured among their tents despising the pleasant land;

To overthrow their seed and scatter it among races

Seeing they had not believed Him nor hearkened to His command.

They joined them with Baal-Peor, and ate of the sacrifices,

Dead things offered to idols, provoking the Lord to wrath,

And the plague broke in on them because of their ill devices

And Phinehas stood and judged, and so the plague went forth.

And they angered Him once again, by the side of Strife Water

And Moses spake for their sakes, but spake in a hasty way:

They had not given the nations, as bidden, over to slaughter,
But mingled among the heathen, working even as they.

And they sacrificed their sons and daughters unto their
devils

Till the land was polluted with blood of the innocent children slain.

Thus they defiled themselves and worshiped their own evils
And the wrath of the Lord was kindled against His people again.

And He gave them into the hands of the heathen, into subjection ;

Often He saved them, and oft they returned to iniquity,
And yet He heard them at last when they cried to Him in affliction,
Remembering all His mercies, repenting accordingly.

And He caused them, too, to be pitied beside Babylon's river.

Save us O Lord our God ; save us from heathen men
That we may thank Israel's God and bless Him for ever and ever ;

With triumph and praise for His Name. Let all say Amen.

* * * *

BOOK FIVE

Psalm 107

GATHERED IN FROM OUT THE LANDS

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

“Give thanks unto our God, for He is good;
His kindness is forever and forever.”
So let them say who found His fatherhood
In journeyings and battles failing never—
Those whom He gathered in from out the lands,
From east and west and north and southward sea.
They wandered in the wilderness, the waste,
No cup unto their lips, no bread in hands;
They saw no hilltop where a town might be;
Their pint of courage had a bitter taste.
*But when they called to God in old distress,
Our God delivered them from bitterness.*
He guided them the right way, up and down,
Until they came unto a peopled town.
*(Oh, let them thank the Lord for good, again,
And all His wonders toward the sons of men!)*
He satisfied the thirsty spirit there,
And filled the hungry heart with goodly fare.
And such as lived in prison with no sky,
Having sorrow and iron between them and the light
(Because they thought God’s orders to defy,
And spurned the counsel of the Lord on high)—
They toiled all day, and slept not all the night,
They stumbled, and was none to help thereby.
*But when they called to God in old distress,
Our God delivered them from bitterness.*
He brought them back to sunlight and the sky,
He burst their bonds asunder evermore.

*(Oh, let them thank the Lord for good, again,
And all His wonders toward the sons of men!)*
For He it was Who shattered the bronze door,
And He Who broke the iron bars in twain.

And fools, because of riotous life and lewd,
Because of guilt, were sick in blood and breath;
And they were loathing every kind of food,
And they drew near unto the gates of death.
*But when they called to God in old distress,
Our God delivered them from bitterness.*

He sent to them His word that heals and saves,
He freed them from their graves.

*(Oh, let them thank the Lord for good, again,
And all His wonders toward the sons of men!)*

Oh, let them tell of this His works and sing,
Oh let them sacrifice with thanksgiving!

And those that in their ships go down the sea,
And on great waters their appointments keep,
They saw what wonders of the Lord can be,
They saw His workings in the deep:
For He spoke out and raised the stormwind there,
Which lifted all the waves thereof.

The mariners swept on and up in air,
They sank below to the engulfing trough.
Their joints were loosed in terror and dismay,
They reeled and staggered, just as drunken men,
And at their wit's end verily were they.

*But when they cried to God in old distress,
Our God delivered them from bitterness.*

He stilled the storm to whispers once again,
He hushed the billows, called away the flame.

The mariners were glad the quiet came. . . .
He led them to their port in all fair weather.
*(Oh, let them thank the Lord for good, again,
And all His wonders toward the sons of men!)*
Let them exalt Him where the people gather,
And in the band of elders praise His name.

He dried up rivers to a bed of sand,
And watersprings into a thirsty ground,
Into a salt-marsh turned a fruitful land,
Because of wicked folk who dwelt around.
He flooded deserts, when He spoke,
And made dry land beneath his springs sink down,
And settled there a hungry folk,
For them to build thereby a peopled town,
They planted fields and vineyards by the waters,
Which sprang with fruits of harvest, grape and rye,
He blessed them with increase of sons and daughters,
He suffered not their sheep and goats to die.
And when they were brought low upon the morrow
By slavery, adversity, and sorrow,
He poured contempt on princes and on kings,
And drove these forth to wander trackless rocks,
And raised the needy from the sweat and clod,
And made their families like the flocks.

Whoso is wise, oh, let him heed such things,
And meditate the gracious acts of God;
And let the righteous laugh from north to south,
And let iniquity now shut its mouth.
*(Oh let them thank the Lord for good, again,
And all His wonders toward the sons of men!)*

Psalm 108

(A Composite of Psalms 57 and 60)

A PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Unto Thee I make thanksgiving, Lord;
I sing and give praise to Thee.
Awake up, my glory! and awake,
Harp and psaltery!
I myself will awake the dawn
With thankful psalmody.

Be praised, O God, among the peoples,
Among the nations adored;
For Thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens,
Unto the clouds Thy word.
Over the heavens exalt Thyself,
Over earth Thy glory, Lord.

God spake in His holiness: Lo, Sicheu
Will I divide for a sign,
And mete out the valley of Succoth. Mine
Is Manasseh. Gilead mine;
Also my helmet Ephraim,
My scepter Judah's line.

My washpot Moab is; on Edom
I will cast out my shoe.
Over Philistia will I shout,
And utterly undo.
Who will lead me into the fenced city?
And into Edom who?

Hast not Thou cast us off, O God?
And Thou goest not forth in our van.
Give us help against the adversary,
For vain is the help of man.
Through God shall we do valiantly:
He will lay on the foe His ban.

* * * *

Psalm 109

RETRIBUTION

EMMA JOHNSTON

Be Thou not silent, God of my praise,
While men accuse me noisily,
Rewarding love and kindly ways
With hatred and with cruelty.
His judge a tyrant, let my foe
Be faced by witnesses that win
Belief. Let the judge sentence; show
No grace, but count his prayer a sin.

Few be his days! Ere he is dead,
Another seize his office! Drive
His widow forth to beg for bread
To keep his little ones alive.
In but one generation blot
His name out, Lord; uproot like weeds
His family, and do Thou not
Forget his parents' evil deeds!

He never did a kindly act,
He loved to curse with every breath;
The weak and wretched were attacked
By him, and hounded to their death.
His every malediction turn
And sink into his very bone!
Thus he who loves to curse shall learn
That he must reap as he has sown.

Lord, the Eternal, take my part—
I am so poor and impotent!
Brief are my darkened days, my heart
Is anguished, and my strength is spent.
Wasted by fasting, I am gaunt
And shrivelled, so that at the sight
Of me they toss their heads and taunt—
Eternal, show them now Thy might!

By this reveal what Thou canst do:
Though they may curse, show Thou Thy face
Unto Thy servant, and renew
My joy, but robe them with disgrace.
Among Thy people I will raise
My voice, and tell what Thou hast done
To save a helpless man, will praise
And thank Thee, O Eternal One.

* * * *

Psalm 110

AN ORACLE OF GOD

HELEN MAGARET

Far away the holy King
Hath spoken to my lord,
His words like music wandered where
The doves of heaven soared,
And David caught them as they fell
Sky-washed to earth, and then
He turned his singing harp to tell
The words of God again:

“The Lord said to my lord,
‘Sit thou
At My right hand until
Thy foes shall bow
Before thee, and thy God
Call forth the rod
Of thy strength from Zion.

“Thine enemies shall be
A footstool
Under thee,
And thou shalt rule
Thy people, who turn willingly
To thee
In the predestined hour
Of thy power.

“The womb of morning giveth birth
To loveliness, and all the earth

Is radiant—so shalt thou
Behold thy radiant youth
Embattled pass
In one accord,
Myriad as dew-drenched grass
To serve my lord.

“The Lord hath made an oath
He never will gainsay.
Thou art a priest as was
Melchizedek in his day.
The Lord at thy right hand
Shall shatter thrones in ire;
A thousand kings expire,
And every valley, field and hill
At dawn be blanketed
Beneath the woven hair and still
White faces of the dead.

“My lord shall pause to drink
Of the brook along the way,
And therefore lift his head
Shining unto the day.’”
Far away the holy King
Hath spoken to my lord.
His words like music wandered where
The doves of heaven soared.

* * * *

Psalm 111

(This Psalm Is an Acrostic in the Hebrew)

THE SOURCE THE SECRET AND THE CENTER
OF WISDOM

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Hallelujah!

At my mouth my thanking heart
Before assemblies hails the Lord,
Calls on all from gauds to turn,
Deep with His wonders to be stored.

Endless glories light His works,
Forever built on righteousness;
Great as towers, they assure
His will to save us, and to bless.

Into starved mouths His manna drops.
Joyous He to keep his pacts.
Kings to His people downcast kneel
Learned in His mighty acts.

Missioned from His hands go forth
Noble Faith and Justice sure,
Over earth eternally,
Paths His trust has made secure.

Quittance of all fear to them,
Rapt in holy fear—His law—

So ordains His covenant;
To be wise, hold Him in awe.

Up our reverent voices raise
Vowed forever to His praise.

* * * *

Psalm 112

(This Psalm Is an Acrostic in the Hebrew)

MEETING EVERY HOUR'S EVENT

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Hallelujah!

Account him blest who loves the Lord,
Bowed in joyous reverence;
Courtèd through the land his sons
Draw power from his innocence.

Enriched will be his house, and high,
Flourishing virtue like a light.
Greeting to its gates the good,
Hope renewing the upright.

Inquire of debtors, they will say,
"Just and merciful is he."
Kindness builds his soul a house
Lasting, loving memory.

Meeting every hour's event,
Nothing fearing, fire nor sword,
Omens cannot storm his heart.
Peace is his, who trusts the Lord.

Questing through the land his alms
Reaches all the sore distressed.
See how honor follows him
Though the wicked beat their breast.

Under virtue their desire
Vanishes like quenched fire.

* * * *

Psalm 113

HIS SEAT SO FAR ON HIGH

WILBERT SNOW

Sing hallelujah! All ye saints
That serve Him, praise Jehovah's name,
From this time forth for evermore,
From daybreak round to sunset-flame.

Jehovah's name is worthy praise,
Jehovah's might is high above
All nations, and His glory moves
About the circling heaven of love.

Who with Jehovah can compare,
That hath His seat so far on high
He must abase Himself to see
The heaven and earth spin darkly by?

The poor He lifts from out the dust,
The needy from the dung's disgrace;
He sets them up in princes' seats—
The princes of His chosen race.

The barren woman feels His power
And blooms to sacred motherhood,
Adorns with grace the home of man.
Sing hallelujah! God is good.

* * * *

Psalm 114

THE MOUNTAINS LEAPT LIKE RAMS

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Proudly out of Egypt the sons of Jacob went,
Grandly like a river whose icy bonds are rent;
And for them, forgetting a dark and alien race,
Canaan spread her arms and Judah lit her face.

Ocean saw, and dropped his billowy crown and fled,
Jordan backward climbed in fear his stony bed;
Interlocking horns, the mountains leapt like rams,
All the little hills went flashing by like lambs.

What swift terror, Ocean, quickened thy rhythmic beat,
What thy terror, Jordan, in dizzy high retreat?
Wherefore, ram-like mountains, your interlocking leap?
Why, ye little hills, your gambols like young sheep?

What they feared, O Earth, is ever thine to fear:
Bow before the Lord, the God of Jacob hear—
Him who wrung from desert granite's heart of night
Springs of living water, diamond wells of light.

* * * *

Psalm 114

(A Meditation on the Theme)

THE EXULTATION OF MAN IN HIS MIGRATIONS

H. PHELPS PUTNAM

We have cut ourselves from our home as with an axe;
We have made the world our pasture and come home.
The sea could not stop us, being our simple road,
We removed the mountains easily from our path—
There is no place where our brains have not explored.
What were the hills we crossed and the rivers we have
dammed?
Where are the barriers that we did not skim?
The earth will remember us a certain time,
We have left our scars and gardens on her flanks,
We have melted her conditions to our will.

* * * *

Psalm 115

NOT UNTO US LORD BUT UNTO THY NAME

SHANE LESLIE

Not unto us, O Lord, let raise
But unto Name of Thine the praise:
And for Thy mercy let us make
Laudation, and Thy trueness' sake.

For wherefore shall the heathen say
"Where goeth now their God away?"
Our God's above the Heaven's sun:
Whatever pleased Him He hath done.

Their gods are silver and of gold,
The work a mortal hand can mould,
Dumb mouths have they that speak no right
And eyes that cannot see the light.

And hands they have but handle not;
And feet unmoving they have got;
Their makers shall be like as dust
To them and all that make such trust.

But trust in God forever hence
O Israel, thy strong defence.
O House of Aaron, trust the Lord:
He is their Helper and their Sword.

Who fear the Lord forever hence
Put trust in Him for strong defence:
The Lord hath kept us in His mind
And He shall bless us ever-kind.

The house of Aaron shall He bless
The house of Israel no less:
And all who fear Him small and great
He'll bless whatever their estate.

The Lord shall make you increase more,
You and the children at your door.
Ye are the blest of Him Who made
The sky and earth's foundations laid.

The whole of Heaven belongs to Him:
Earth giveth He to mortal whim.
No praise of Yah peals from the dead,
Into the silence they have sped.

But we will ever praises pour
From this time forth for evermore.

* * * *

Psalm 116

THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE
FROM GREAT PERIL

HAROLD T. PULSIFER

I love the Lord: He has heard my cry!
He has bent His ear to catch my prayer—
I will call upon Him till I die—
He has heard my voice in death's dark lair.

The pains of Sheol had hold on me,
Trouble and sorrow my meat and drink;
I called on the Lord my soul to free;
He drew me up from the pit's black brink.

Righteous is the Lord. The Lord is kind.
He saves the simple as He saved me whole.
Trust His bounty and mercy and find
The rest that you longed for, O my soul!

My soul He took from the clutch of death,
My eyes no longer are salt with tears;
My feet fail not and I draw sweet breath
As I walk with the Lord these living years.

That I had faith I would testify;
Even in the days of deep despair,
When I said in my haste all men are a lie,
I knew that the Lord would hear my prayer.

How shall I render the Lord His due,
(The Lord from the grave lifted me up)
Where the people throng I will speak Him true,
I will praise Him in salvation's cup.

The saints of the Lord die not in vain,
I served the Lord and He set me free.
I will raise my voice in praise again,
Cakes and oil shall my token be.

I will pay my due before the throng
In the court of the house of the Lord.
Yes, Jerusalem shall hear my song,
My thanks shall be a trumpet and sword!

* * * *

Psalm 117

(Interpreted Freely)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL

RALPH S. CUSHMAN

I do not know whether to be
The more ashamed at man's persisting crass stupidity,
His failure through the years to see
God's brotherhood of all
And heed the ancient call;

Or whether yet to be
The more made meek by God's vast love shared equally!
Across men's bitter hates I see
Him pointing to fraternal truth,
With ceaseless pleas to age and youth.
Unfathomed mercy! Hear His kindly call,
His pleading for the brotherhood of all.

Transcendent love! Ye people, drop the sword,
Unstop deaf ears and hear His word:

Praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
Praise Him, men of every birth,
Jew and Gentile, altogether,
You of every clime and color,
Kneel before the Lord of Earth;
Listen to His ancient call
To the brotherhood of all!

* * * *

Psalm 118

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING:
A PROCESSIONAL CHORUS

EARL DANIELS

Chorus of Attendant People
Give thanks to God, for He is good,
His mercy never fails;

Let Israel repeat the song,
"His mercy never fails";

Let Aaron's house repeat the song,
Let all that unto God belong
Repeat, repeat, repeat the song,
"His mercy never fails!"

The Worshipper

I called to God in deep distress,
He answered, set me free;

I have no fear what men may do,
Since He abides with me,
My certain help, my sure defence,
When foes press heavily.

Chorus of Attendant People
Surer, surer than trust in man
Is confidence in God.
Surer than trust in the name of a king
Is trust reposed on God.

The Worshipper
Though all the world in arms should come
Like a sheet of living flame,
As numberless as swarming bees,
I shall rout them in God's Name.

For I have been at the point of death
And He has delivered me.
My strength and my salvation's song
He shall be eternally.

Chorus of Attendant People
In the tents of the just, hear the triumphant shout,
"Our God has revealed His Way;
His strong right arm has won the fight,
His Name has carried the day!"

The Worshipper
Not death for me, not death, but life!
I shall live to praise His Name.

Though He chastened me sore,
I have lived to tell
Of His mercy, ever the same.

(The procession pauses outside the closed gates of the temple)
O temple gates, fling wide, fling wide,
I am come to honor His Name.

Chorus of Priests Within the Temple
The gates of God are barred to sin!

(The gates open)
The pure-of-heart may enter in!

The Worshipper
(Standing on the threshold of the temple)
Thanks to God, for He has heard;
Thanks to Him alone,
Who uses for His corner's strength
This once-rejected stone.

Chorus of Attendant People
The mighty works of the Lord, our God,
Are wondrous in our eyes;
Our hearts rejoice, remembering He
Made this day's sun to rise.
Send now Thy help. O God of Peace,
Grant us pardon and release.

The Priests

Blessed be the man who cometh,
Who cometh in the Lord's great Name:
The temple gates are wide for him
Who cometh in the Lord's great Name.
We bless you from the house of God,
Our God, Who gives the light.

Chorus of Attendant People
(*Within the temple*)

Waving fresh-cut leafy boughs
Round the altar go;
Raise the joyful paeon song,
Dancing to and fro.

The Worshipper
(*Before the Altar*)

Thou art my God. Thou hast heard
The petitioning voice of my word.
I will offer thanks to Thee
And praise continually.

Chorus of Attendant People
Give thanks to God, for He is good,
His mercy never fails.

* * * *

Psalm 119

*(This Psalm is an Acrostic in the Hebrew Arranged as in
This Free Translation)*

THE GREAT ACROSTIC

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

Aleph

As these are the blessèd of the Lord,
 These whose steps move in the way of the Lord;
As these be the blessèd ones of God,
 Holding high within their hearts His Word,
And with their hearts seeking after Him,
 Walking with swift steps in His given way;
As you, O God, commanded us to keep
 Your thoughtful precepts, may I too obey
As do these blessèd, binding my lagging feet
 Unto the holy truths which You have named,
Always may I lift praise unto Your will,
 Forsaken not, may I stand, unashamed
Asking no favor of Your might, no gift
 But that I learn, and learning follow You
As do the blessèd ones who know Your way,
 Discovering its joy each day anew.

Beth

Blessèd are these who hold Your Word, O Lord,
 Seeking You, this I have learned, this I know
By your commands the way of the young is cleansed
 And so shall mine be cleansed as thus I go;
Blessèd are You and blessèd Your sacred Law,
 I live in this as once I knew delight

Before the gauds of earth, marble in sun,
Silver at dawn, gold in candlelight,
Before the tinkling jewels I once held dear,
Grassy emeralds, pearls' white mockery,
Blooded rubies, sapphires blue as night,
These are now less than naught to me
But on Your statutes I pour eagerly
The joy that once was mine for little things;
Blessèd are You, good Lord, blessèd Your Word,
Uplifted now to You my full heart sings.

Gimel

Give of your bounty to this servant here
That I may live, and living keep Your Word;
Give to my eyes the gift of sight that I
Behold the wonders of your workings, Lord.
Great is Your Law, greater than princes who
Would sit and speak against Your sacred truths,
Greater than are the proud who hold them high
And mock the knowledge of the blessèd youths.
Girt by Your commandments I go forth
Fearing not reproaches nor disdain,
Goblined by foolish men who do not know
The glory of God's gifts, who scorn in vain.
Give me knowledge of Your Law, I am
A stranger wandering where all is strange.
Gracious Lord, unfold to me Your Word
That from the holy ways I may not change.

Daleth

Dust is the darkness of this earth, O Lord,
And in this dust my wighted soul is bound;

Deep in the dust of earth my soul is laid,
How may again the way of light be found?
Drive out the darkness, Lord, be to me strength,
The strength of shaft of early sun at morn,
Drive out the lies of those who do not know
Your splendid words, who come with doubt and scorn;
Deep in the heart of man there is the truth
Of Your eternal wisdom burning still,
Defy it as he may in swaggering boast,
In lying whisper or denial shrill;
Dust of the earth cannot snuff out the laws
Which You have limned upon each mortal heart;
Do but speak to us and we will move
Upon Your paths, nor ever stray apart.

He

Here on earth to us come vanities,
Colored in glamor, speeched with laughing tongue;
Haunting, the will-o-wispings songs they sing,
"Follow, oh follow, you who are gay and young!"
Haunting, they come again and we who turn
No ear, must kneel, O God, to You and pray,
Hear us, for we cry out to You, O Lord,
Quicken us now within Your holy way;
Hear us, we pray, give us understanding
Of Your precepts that our feet may go
Hereafter in Your paths; teach us the truths
Which Your hand has written. We shall grow
Humbly as the simple things You love
With full heart turned unto Your sacred Word.
Hereafter vanities will not prevail,
Quickened in Your righteousness, O Lord.

Vau

Versed in Your judgments let me be, O Lord,
That I may answer those whose tongues would speak
Venom-tipped against Your Law. My trust
Is in Your sacred Word; let me not seek
Vainly after knowledge of Your way,
Hither and there, in near place and in far,
Vaguely asking answering of earth,
Of humble violet and whirling star.
Valleys where dwell the humble ones will hear
My voice upraised; mountains pointing high,
Veiled in grandeur, where the kings abide,
Will hear Your praise uplifted to the sky;
Verse me in Your wisdom, give my mouth
The word of truth blessed for infinity,
Verily my pilgrimage on earth
Will lead my steps into eternity.

Zain

Zealously have I bent before Your Law
Remembering Your judgments from of old,
Zealously have I bowed before Your Word
Comforted in its hope against the cold;
Zeal of Your commands has strengthened me
And I have risen up in dark of night,
Zestfully remembering Your name,
Making this house of exile bloom with light;
Zephyrs of the night blow softly, Lord,
And I have made a song for them to sing:
Zephyrs, sing the majesty of God,
Into the dawning of eternity,
Zenith of the pilgrims here below—
There in Your dwelling, Lord, we will be free.

Cheth

Chanting Your name, O God, I rose in night,
At mid of the night I raised aloud my song,
Challenging the wicked ones to learn
The peace of right, the emptiness of wrong;
Chafed by the spell of folly, long ago
I thought upon the wasting of my days,
Chafing within the spell, I turned my feet
To You, O Lord, to follow in Your ways.
Chance leads a man upon the path of guilt;
Dazzled, he cannot see the path of gold,
Charmed by the tinkling of a pleasant dream
He fritters time until he is grown old.
Children of earth, turn from Your foolish toys
Unto the righteous judgments of the Lord,
Chasten yourselves, bow down to His commands,
Humbly ask the mercy of His Word!

Teth

Through far places I searched I knew not what,
And there I found the beauty of silver and gold;
This was dust in my hands, dust in my mouth—
And I learned this alone: Beauty is cold.
Thereafter I went beyond the farthest sea
And I found the wise were fools; they did not know
This: Is wisdom wise or no? Thus
To You I came and learned that I might grow
Through wisdom, Lord. Give me knowledge, clear judgment,
And I may face the world unafraid;
Through Your laws let me grow strong; You are good,
You are the doer of good. I have strayed

Through far places and there I learned this truth:
Finer than gold and silver is to me
The Word You have spoken. My entire heart
Will hold Your precepts for eternity.

Jod

Your hands have fashioned me, O Lord, I am
As You have made; thus when I come to You
You must know the reason for my coming,
The wherefore that I pray the prayers I do.
You have created me; I move and speak,
Sleep and dream my dreams as You have said;
You are my maker, You the God on high;
And yet I dare to come, uplift my head,
Yes, I dare to pray Your mercy, Lord,
To ask Your kindness that I may live.
You, the Giver of life, grant life to me,
And give, O Lord, the wisdom that You give.
Your Law has been my study, my delight,
Oh give me understanding that I may
Year upon year be stronger in my faith,
Fearlessly follow in Your holy way.

Caph

Come to me, Lord, my hope is in Your Word,
And for this hope my soul is hungering;
Come to me, Lord, my eyes are growing blind,
And I must cry out for Your comforting.
Come, I am like a bottle in the smoke
Yet I do not turn away from You;
Cursed by the proud who have digged pits for me,
Unto Your testimonies I am true.

Clinging to these I do not fear the scorn
Of those who do not know; their mockery,
Cold as a blade, cannot undo my will,
Nor do I bend before their cruelty.
Counselled by Your commands I am made strong
To face unflinchingly the trials of earth,
Come to me, Lord, be with me through these days
Until I taste the glory of rebirth.

Lamed

Lord God, Your voice spoke in the high of Heaven,
And it was as You spoke, and it will be;
Lord, Your command to earth and sky was given,
It shall endure throughout eternity;
“Let there be light,” You whispered, and the day
Is light; “let there be star and moon and sun,
Let there be earth with lovely green things growing”;
As You have spoken, so are these things done.
Lord God, our fathers bowed in faith to You,
Secure within Your glory and Your power,
Let us not falter nor let our children lose
This fine belief in You for one brief hour.
Lost in these earthen ways we are made strong
By Your commands; we walk where stars have trod,
Let us abide by You as does the earth
And Heaven, glorying in Your Law, our God.

Mem

More than the wise ones, more than the ancient ones,
I follow in Your ways, believing Your ways,
My meditation is what You have spoken,
This is my delight and this my praise.

More than the ancient ones who knelt before
Your feet, do I kneel listening to Your words;
More than the teachers, those whom You have taught,
Do I make study of Your Law. The birds
Making a madrigal unto Your name
Are sweet, and sweet the grass which runs before
My feet; sweeter than these, yes, sweeter than honey
To my mouth, is Your holy lore.
Make me to turn my feet forever thus
Away from false paths where the foolish run,
My Lord, unto the ways which You have given;
These will endure until all time is done.

Nun

Now is there a light upon my path,
Your Word, Lord, is a lamp unto my feet;
Now may I walk in glowing dawn forever,
Guided by Your Law the way is sweet;
Never will I forsake Your judgments, Lord,
For my heart rejoices in their sound,
Nor will I turn into the darkened way,
Within Your splendid precepts I am bound.
No snare that evil ones have set for me
Has turned me from the laws which You have given,
Never the beckon of a tinsel sin
Shall tempt me; I am shriven
Now for weakness; for this my heritage,
Your Word, O Lord, accept my offering;
Never will I forsake my sacred vow,
Unto the end, to You my heart will cling.

Samech

Sweet is the word that comes from out the mouth
Of the Lord, this shall I obey,
Straying not ever from this given Law,
This, the hope uplifting me each day.
Strange there are some who do not know the gift
Which God has given us that we may be
Strong upon this earth; strange there are men
Bound in evil chains while we are free.
Stay with me, Lord, my God, You are my shield
Against the fearful tremors of despair,
Stay near, uphold me in Your holy way
That I may live; this is my hope, my prayer.
Splendor and glory rings within Your laws,
Grant that from them I never may depart,
Serving You I shall abide in joy
Nor ever stray into the dark apart.

Ain

Gnash your teeth, men of evil, tear
Your hair from roots. The Lord is yet the Lord!
Gnash your teeth, wreak your vengeance,
Yet you cannot touch the holy Word.
Gnostics have put their wisdom high to naught,
The Law of God remains the highest Law;
Gnostics have scorned His truths, made void His Word,
Untouched it glows in majesty and awe.
Gnats of doubt may fly to sting me, Lord,
I shall not lose my faith in Your commands;
Gnats of wickedness may taunt my hope,
Be merciful, put wisdom in my hands.

Gnostics, can you deny eternal truth,
Dare you doubt when God's Law you behold?
Gnarled in time with years, I still shall praise
His Laws above rich gems, above fine gold.

Pe

Pass not by, O Lord, make Your face
To shine on us and we shall know no fear;
Place our faltering steps upon the way
Which You have ordered for Your children here;
Pray, Lord, be merciful to us below,
Look on us, guide us in the way of right,
Put us not away, come to us,
Open our eyes to look on wisdom's light;
Pale rivers of water come from out my eyes
For foolish ones who will not see the Lord,
Praying enlightenment for their despair,
That they may know the beauty of the Word;
Praised be the testimonies of the Lord,
Their wonders are a light upon the earth;
Praised be the words which God, our Lord, has given,
Within their ways our souls shall know rebirth.

Koph

Kneeling to You I cried with my whole heart,
Hear me, O Lord, I will keep Your Word;
Kneeling I cried unto You, save me, Lord,
I bow before Your Law. Let me be heard;
Know that I have bid the dawn be dark
That I might cry to You my frantic prayer;
Know, I have bid the watches of the night
Begone; within the silence You were there.

Keep me near, O Lord, and quicken me,
According to Your judgment; hear my voice,
King of wisdom, hold me to Your truths;
Within their crystal clearness, I rejoice,
Knowing their valor is of marching men,
Their beauty is a quiet vesper chime;
Knowing this of old, remembering:
The Laws of God were founded not for time.

Resh

Remember this, O man of earth: the Word
Is true from the beginning; Foolish one,
Recall: the righteous judgments of the Lord
Endure until eternity is done.
Reach up your hearts to God, the Lord,
Giver of Law, that He may fill them up
Richly with His Word; lift up your souls
That they may slake their thirst in wisdom's cup.
Remember what the Lord has said; pray now
To Him that you may know deliverance;
Ring out your praise of His divine commands,
In them is strength. Let not the diffidence
Reeking from the transgressors' lips turn you
Upon their paths; pass you quickly by
Remembering the Word is ever true,
The judgments of the Lord endure for aye.

Shin

Sheathed within Your mighty Law, O Lord,
From troublous worldly ways I find surcease;
Sheltered in the promise of Your Word,
I am content; I know the holy peace.

Shall I not sing in praise of Your commands,
Raising my voice, shout of their majesty;
Shall I not seven times over during day
Chant of the gift which Your Word gives to me?
Shepherded by Your commandments, Lord,
I shall not dread the persecutions here.
Should I grow tremulous because weak men
Are ignorant of You? I do not fear;
Shining before me as a holy shield,
There is Your Word. I bow my heart in awe,
Sheltered by the wisdom of my Lord,
I touch the peace that is within His Law.

Tau

To You, O Lord, I come in supplication,
Give me understanding of Your Word,
Teach me that my tongue may speak Your will,
Gracious Lord, oh let my cry be heard;
Turn not away; I need Your outstretched hand
That I may live to know eternal life;
To You I cry, for I am a lost sheep
Straying in wilderness. I know the strife
Too well that tangles us below and turns
Our hearts away from all divinity;
Truth is denied and good becomes a jest;
We are too small to touch infinity.
To You I cry then, Lord, hearken to me
That I may walk with goodness in Your ways;
Touch me with Your hand that I may live,
Turning my tongue forever to Your praise.

* * * *

Psalm 120

(In Irish Interlinear Rhyme Metric)

BY THE TENTS OF KEDAR

DOUGLAS HYDE

Sore shent, in my grief
I cried on Jehovah with cries,
Who sent me relief
To hide me from liars and lies.

O false tongues of the fierce,
O false souls, what shall be your return?
Arrows shall pierce you
And coals of juniper burn.

I sigh that in Mesech
I spent and must spend my days,
And that by the tents of Kedar
My tent I must raise.

Lies never cease
From foes hot and heady with spite;
My heart cries for peace
While those make ready to smite.

* * * *

Psalm 121

(Translated Freely)

HE WATCHES HIS OWN

RICHARD BURTON

I will lift up mine eyes to the mountains,
My help is from thence, from the God
Who fashioned the fields and the fountains,
Who rules from the stars to the sod.

He watches his own—and their number
Is countless—by night and by day;
Nor pauses for sleep nor for slumber,
Eternally guarding the way.

He shelters you, now and forever,
From harm, all the paths that you pace;
Your life in his keeping can never
Be lost from His guerdon of grace.

* * * *

Psalm 121

(A Variation on the Theme)

I WILL LOOK UNTO THE HILLS

WILSON MACDONALD

I will look unto the hills,
To the tree-singing hills,
To the rock-silent hills
Where the slim pines croon.
There are stars in the hair
Of my Lord walking there.
He shall burn up my care
In the fire of His moon.

I will look unto the hills,
To the torrent-thundering hills,
To the cavern-quiet hills
Where the wild goats play.
Sun or moon shall not smite,
For my Lord's on the height:
He slumbers not by night
And He sleeps not by day.

I will look unto the hills,
To the echo-haunted hills,
To the abbey-hushed hills
Where the clean winds roar.
Who looks on high shall know
Refuge from every woe
Whether he come or go
Even now and evermore.

* * * *

Psalm 121

(A Variation on the Theme)

MOUNTAINS WHERE THE HEART REJOICES

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

In the mountains, in the lifted places,
Where the feet of God walk ever with my feet
And the breath of the eternal truth erases
Iniquities of workers of deceit—
Keep me, whatever storms beat.

In the mountains, from the rock of ages,
Let my songs rise and let my trust be given
To the established purposes whose pages
Read in the turning alphabet of heaven—
Truth, wherefor I have striven.

From low valleys, where the earthly borrow
The canker of the clod and are storm-taken,
I climb as one emancipate from sorrow
(I stand on mountains lifted and unshaken:
Truth, unto which I awaken)

Unto mountains where the heart rejoices,
And my singing is the eternal pulses' own.
God is my strength, and His the only voice is.
(This is the soul's inheritance, the throne:
To know as we are known.)

* * * *

Psalm 122

PEACE TO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

AGNES LEE

When they said unto me, when they said unto me:
Let us enter into the Lord's own portal,
I was glad, I was glad of the joys to be.

Within thy portal now, ah! surely
Our feet, Jerusalem, shall enter—
Jerusalem built high, securely,

Where praises ascend to the Lord of all,
From myriad hosts of Israel,
From David's mighty house and hall.

Pray for the city the chosen rely on.
In palace and hut may they prosper that love her.
Pray for the peace of the stronghold of Zion.

For the sake of my brethren, my comrades that warred,
I will say "Peace within thee, and great be thy welfare."
Evermore peace to the house of the Lord!

* * * *

Psalm 122

(Expounded By an Old Negro Preacher)

“I WUZ GLAD,’ HE SAY”

MARY SINTON LEITCH

David, de king ob Is-ry-el,
Lub his city, de Bible tell.
Dis lub it bu’n his heaht lake fiah—
De go’ge ob Kiddern, de hill M’riah,
An’ de purty walleys whar de brooks run thoo,
Whar de cows stan’s deep in de mornin’ dew.

So he sing to his hahp: “I wuz glad,” he say,
“To go to de house ob de Lawd today.”
He twang dat hahp wid his might an’ main:
“In Sion my feets shall stan’ again.”
Oh he twong dat hahp wid his main an’ might;
“Dat city am strong; it wuz builded right;

“De tribes goes up to de holy place:
Dey goes wid prayer an’ dey goes wid praise.
In Sion sets de thrones ob kings.”
Oh how dat David smite dem strings!
He make dem laugh an’ he make dem weep
Lak he use’ to do when he watch de sheep.

“De Lawd he promise to prosper dem
Dat prays fer de peace ob *Jee-roo-slem*.
Fer de sake ob de Lawd’s house, peace on de walls,
Peace in de palace, peace in de halls!
Fer de sake ob my brudder, de sake ob my fr’en’,
De Lawd bless Sion, I cries. Amen.”

King David's wo'ds, wid dey sof' cool soun',
Lak de watahs ob Jerdan laps yo' roun';
Den dey blar's so strong an' dey booms so loud,
Lak cherrypheids' trumpets f'om a cloud,
Dat yo' wants to leap wid de lub o' de Lawd
Lak David lep' fo' de ahk ob Gawd.

* * * *

Psalm 123

A SONG OF SIGHS

HAROLD VINAL

I will lift up mine eyes, I will lift up
Mine eyes, for in the Heavens dwellest Thou.
Behold, as servants watch with wine and cup
To serve their masters, so I serve Thee now.
And as the eyes of the handmaidens turn
Unto their mistress, so I turn to Thee,
Thou Dweller in the Heavens, and so yearn
Till Thou bestow'st Thy mercy upon me.

We have been more than sated with contempt,
Our soul is scorned of those who, at their ease,
Sit with the proud of earth, who never dreamt
Of Thy great mercy and Thy charities.
Unto Thee, Lord, I lift mine eyes, and thus
Entreat Thy mercy; grant it unto us.

* * * *

Psalm 124

LIKE A BIRD ESCAPED FROM THE FOWLER'S
SNARE

KENNETH MUIR

If the Lord Himself had not been on our side
 (Now may Israel say)
When men rose up against us in their pride,
They had devoured us, as a beast of prey,
 Or as the hungry tide.

Our souls had drowned in seas of tyranny. . . .
 But praised be the Lord,
The Fowler's snare is snapt and we are free!
Our trust is in the Everlasting Lord,
 Who made Sky, Earth and Sea.

* * * *

Psalm 124

(A Modern's Marginalia to This Psalm)

THE WAY TO WISDOM AND REDEMPTION

RICHARD EBERHART

If it had been the Lord, could he make dissension?
If it had been the Lord, had men risen up against man?
Was the Lord on one side or the other, in the old times or
 in the new times?
The big battalions have obliterated fresh generations.
Where was the Lord, when the guns burst in iron foliage?
Where was the Lord, in the days of carnage?

Wars in all generations, the death of the innocent; death
indifferent, death, the friendly fellow of the armies.

Is God on one side or the other?
Is it God-like for God to take sides?
It is man-like for man to demand an answer,
Men will ask questions all day and all night;
Answers inhere in the questions; answers, no answers.

But what is man, to vaunt himself up?
The Lord was with us, when the war went to the other
side.
The Lord was with me, when the bullet kissed my heart.
The Lord was with me, ten thousand years ago,
The Lord take my soul, beyond my will to know.
Thus speak many men, in divers conditions.
Thus do not speak, many men.

But each believes
His soul is an escaped cock that sings in the morning.
Each receives
His soul's song from Him Who made Heaven and Earth.
The ways of the Lord are inscrutable forever.

* * * *

Psalm 125

SECURE IN THE LORD

LOUIS GOLDING

They that have taken
Their trust to the Lord
Shall be as Mount Zion
That cannot be shaken,
But standeth up high on
The earth for ever.
'As the mountains are round about
The Holy City
His love is wound about
His people in pity
From henceforth for ever.

Nor shall the rod
Of the wicked bewray
The lot of the righteous
Apportioned by God,
Lest their feet stray
On the evil way.

Be kind, O Lord,
To them that have kindness,
That are upright
And of good heart;
But those who in blindness
Turn unto wickedness,
The Lord set them apart
With the evil-doers.

May the peace of the Lord
And gladness dwell
While Time endures,
In the courts, in the Holy City
Of Israel.

* * * *

Psalm 126

AS ANY WIND THAT GRIEVES

WILSON MACDONALD

Zion's captivity is no more:
Sweet freedom follows after.
Our tongues like founts of music pour;
Our mouth is filled with laughter.

The Lord has done for us great things;
Our hearts are warm with gladness;
Our lips are like a bird that sings
After the winter's sadness.

Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As waters in the south.
Our ancient freedom is restored
And praise is in our mouth.

They reap in joy who sow in tears;
Yea, they who sow with weeping
Shall crown the travail of their years
With an abundant reaping.

Who bear the precious seed in woe,
As any wind that grieves,
Shall days of great rejoicing know
When bringing in the sheaves.

* * * *

Psalm 127

THE SUSTAINING POWER OF GOD'S FAVOR

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Except the Lord build the house, vain pains the builder
taketh.

Except the Lord keep the city, in vain the watchman wak-
eth.

It is in vain ye rise up early, in vain late vigils keep,
Eating the bread of care; for He giveth His beloved sleep.

Lo, sons are an heritage of the Lord, the fruit of the womb
His wage.

As arrows in the warrior's hand are the sons of youth in
age.

Who hath his quiver filled with them, how is he fortunate!
He shall not be ashamed to meet the foemen in the gate.

* * * *

Psalm 127
(Paraphrased and Expanded)

ARROWS OF GOD

RALPH CHEYNEY

Unless the Lord shall build the house,
The builders toil in vain.
For the Lord, our God, is a working God
Who works with man and plane
And joys when fragrant shavings curl
And show the inner grain.
They worship best who work the best,
Not those who would refrain,
And a home of sod is upheld by God
When it is love's domain.

Unless the Lord shall guard the town,
Let the sentry drowse or leave.
For the Lord, our God, is a faithful God
Whom pomp cannot deceive,
And the proudest force will some day fail
If it makes the humble grieve.
They worship best who serve the best,
Not the strong who boast or thief,
And the smallest town can live empires down
If peace and justice cleave.

It is vain to rise at dawn for work
And keep at work till late,
To gain your bread with anxious toil,
If you nourish greed or hate.
For the Lord, our God, is a generous God
Who is mindful of our fate.

So He gives to His loved ones while they sleep,
And their wage is exceeding great.
They worship best who rejoice in the test
While they toil and share and wait.

Our daughters and sons are a gift from the Lord,
A gift that our hearts demand.
For strong sons born when one is young
Are like arrows within your hand.
Oh, happy the man with a quiver full;
He can face a hostile band.
Yea, the Lord, our God, is a loving God
Whom lovers understand.
They worship best who love the rest,
And theirs is the Promised Land.

* * * *

Psalm 127

(Expounded By an Old Negro Preacher)

"CEPPEN DE LAWD DONE BUIL' DE HOUSE"

MARY SINTON LEITCH

I's gwine ter 'spoun' ter you-all, fr'en's
'Bout Sol'mon dat wuz king
Ob Isr'el an' a song he make
Dat folkses use' ter sing
When dey done went up ter Zion,
Went marchin' up ter Zion,
Ter praise de Lawd in Zion,
When Sol'mon wuz de king.

Mah fr'en's, I'se gwine ter explicate
De wo'ds ob Sol'mon's lips.
His spices an' his camels,
His thousan' wives an' ships,
Ain' nuffin 'tall; dey's all fergot,
Dey all done was'e away,
But everlas'in is de wo'ds
Dat ole King Sol'mon say.

Ceppen de Lawd done buil' de house—
King Sol'mon lucitate—
Mah fr'en's, thoo all de roof de rain
It sure gwine perculate.
Ceppen de Lawd's han' hammer strong,
De rats gwine gnaw de wall;
De win' gwine shake de chimley down
Twell dey ain' no house a tall.

Ceppen de Lawd done keep de city,
De watchmens kin enj'y
Dere sleep: dey ain' no use ter watch,
King Sol'mon zemplify.
In wain yo' eats de bread ob sorrer;—
Dis yere's what Sol'mon splain;—
Yo' gits up early, sets up late,
An' yo' does it all in wain.

De Lawd love chillens; dey's His pride;
Dey's arrers in de han'.
An' him dat's quiverin' full o' dem—
He am de mighty man.

Dere pa he lif' his haid an' look
De en'my in de eye,
An' say, "I's plenty chillens, sahs,
So I'se not 'fraid ter die."

Dese am de everlas'in wo'ds
Ob Sol'mon dat wuz king
Ob Isr'el; dis de song he make
Dat de folkses use' ter sing
When dey done went up ter Zion,
Went marchin' up ter Zion,
Ter praise de Lawd in Zion,
When Sol'mon wuz de king.

* * * *

Psalm 128

*(In Irish Interlinear Rhyme Metric; based on the Vulgate
Version)*

THE HAPPY LIFE

DOUGLAS HYDE

The man who fears the Lord
And in accord with right
Who walketh, blessèd he
Shall be in God's own sight.
Who doeth God's commands
His hands shall find him food;
Blessèd with all his clan
The man whose heart is good.

His wife a fruitful vine
Shall shine upon his home,
His children olive-crowned
Shall round his table come.
Blessèd and happy, both,
Who doth Jehovah fear,
From Sion's walls the Lord
Shall guard him and shall hear.
His gladdened eyes shall see
With glee, his city give
To all a refuge strong
So long as he shall live.
His children's children's voice
Shall still rejoice him well,
And peace for evermore
Shall pour on Israel.

* * * *

Psalm 129

HEAVY UPON ME

LOUIS GOLDING

Yea, from my youth
Their scourge has lain
Heavy upon me,
They have shown no ruth.
Then Israel strike
Thy lute and say:
"From my youth, yea,
Their scourge has lain
Heavy upon me,
They have shown no ruth."

Yet my foes might not prevail
Against the Lord's son, Israel,
Though they ploughed upon my back,
Ploughing a deep and a long track;
For the just Lord came and broke
The cords of their evil yoke.

They that hate Zion shall be turned
Back from their ways and put to shame,
Even as the morning grass is burned
On the house-top by the noon flame—
There shall not be one single ear
For the reaper when he reapeth here,
Nor the lap of the sheaf-binder.

Nor will the passer-by proclaim:
"The Lord's blessing be with you!
We bless you in the Lord, His Name!"

* * * *

Psalm 130

DE PROFUNDIS

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Out of the deep, O Lord, I cry to Thee,
Out of the deep. Regard mine agony,
And let Thine ear give heed
To this my prayer in my most bitter need.

If Thou shouldst strictly mark each mortal sin,
What man, O God, were guiltless found therein?
But Thou dost pardon, Lord,
That Thou by all mankind shouldst be adored.

Therefore I wait in hope for God my strength
As watchmen scan the east when half the length
Of night's slow course is run:
Yea, Lord, I wait, as watchman for the sun.

O wandering Israel, lift thine eyes above
And set thy hope in God, for God is Love.
His life-redeeming breath
Shall save thy sinful soul from wage of death.

* * * *

Psalm 131

AS A WEANED CHILD

HELENE MAGARET

Lord, I do not come to Thee
In vanity,
Nor do I covet things
Too wonderful for me.

Surely I am mild,
As unbeguiled
By pomp and evilness
As a weaned child.

Lord, I come not to Thy side
In selfish pride,
But praying Israel's hope
In Thee abide

Forever, Lord. Amen.

* * * *

Psalm 132

FROM THIS STEM SO LOWLY

ANNE MACDONALD

Lord, remember David in all his sore afflictions
And keep in mind the vow to Thee he sware:—
“O mighty God of Jacob, I shall not sleep nor slumber,
Until for Thee I build Thy house of prayer.”

In Ephratah we heard it; in fields of the wood we found it,
A tabernacle where Thou mightest be.
We worshipped at Thy footstool, with adoration crowned it,
A fitting habitation, Lord for Thee.

Thine Ark of Strength here resteth—priests clad in gar-
ments holy—
With songs of joy Thy saints lift up their voice.
The Lord hath sworn to David that from this stem so lowly,
Will spring the royal lineage of His choice.

God the Lord hath sworn it unto His servant David,
“Thy sons,” He said, “Will sit upon thy throne!
But one thing I require: that thy children keep My cove-
nant,
Make the testimony I have taught, their own!

“Thou art my rest for ever, Zion of My desiring;
Thee have I chosen for a habitation
To bless with prosperity, bread for the poor providing;
Thy priests shall I clothe with My salvation!

“There shall I make to bud the horn of My servant David;
His enemies will all be put to shame:
I also have ordained a lamp for Mine anointed,
The king whom My saints shall all acclaim.”

* * * *

Psalm 133

DWELLING TOGETHER AS BRETHREN

HARRY H. MAYER

Behold how a good thing it is
and pleasant to behold
for all to dwell as brethren should,
one brotherhood, one fold.

As goodly this as was the oil
poured out on Aaron's head
when even to his beard and gown
the fragrant unction spread.

Nor lovelier is the early dew
on proud Mount Hermon's height,
nor dew tiptoeing in the grass
on Zion through the night.

For there the Lord's command ordained
the blessing from of yore
until the sun and moon and stars
and Earth shall be no more.

* * * *

Psalm 134

(A Paraphrase and Expansion)

THOUGH YE DWELL IN DARKNESS OF NIGHT

HERBERT E. PALMER

(A voice speaks or sings)

Bless ye the name of the Lord,
All ye servants and friends of the Lord,
Bless, praise, and exult in the Lord!

Though ye dwell in the darkness of night,
Though your eyes drank never joy's light
Gaze ye now on His starry-roof'd night.

For in cloud ye have followed His will;
Spite of all, hated falsehood and ill.
Praise, praise, and exult in the Lord!

He calls to you over Death's wave,
He cries to you out of the grave;
He is bright to direct you and save.

Now nought to your souls is denied.
See! the gates of His castle fling wide.
O ye groping and worn, come inside!

(*Chorus*)

We bless the name of the Lord,
We praise the works of the Lord,
The Lord That made the stars roll.
Bless the Voice that consoleth the soul.

* * * *

Psalm 134

(*Paraphrased and Expanded*)

INTO THE DIMNESS SEND A WORD

LAURA BENÉT

In this mysterious synagogue,
Guarded by the inscrutable stars,
And memoried by mighty wars,
Writing a nation's epilogue,
Thine awed, expectant servants stand
Where altar lamps are flickering, Lord:
Into the dimness send a word,
A dove of hope from out Thy hand!

Man, lift desire's subtle heat,
To One Whose gaze can quell the sun,
Yet Whose translucent couriers run
To mortal suffering's heartbeat;

Bless God—who spring from windblown dust,
So impotent save in His strength—
To triumph over time at length
Only by an unfaltering trust.

So, should He stranger days unfurl
Upon this whirling troubled globe,
Mercy shall fold you in His robe
As a close-hidden, lambent pearl.

* * * *

Psalm 135

ALL YOUR HEARTS AND SOULS UPGIRD

* RICHARD CHURCH

Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye His name!
Praise Him, ye servants of the Lord!
All ye who to His temple come,
Now let His goodness be adored.
Praise ye the Lord!

Jacob He chose, and Israel
For His own hath He preferred.
Therefore His greatness will I tell,
And other gods shall be abhorred.
Praise ye the Lord!

Whatsoever He doth please,
That in Heaven doth the Lord;
Also in the earth and seas,
And the deeps where darkness stirred.
Praise ye the Lord!

He doth bid the vapors rise
From earth's ends where they are laired:
He maketh lightning in the skies,
And the winds by Him are stored.
Praise ye the Lord!

Firstborn of Egypt once He smote,
Humankind, and beast, and bird.
Tokens and wonders there He wrote
And Pharaoh trembled at the Word,
Praise ye the Lord!

He smote great nations, and o'er-ran
Kings whose names no more are heard,
And their land of Canaan
On the Israelites conferred.
Praise ye the Lord!

Thy name for ever shall endure.
Thy memorial, O Lord,
Is through generations sure,
Mightier than fire and sword.
Praise we the Lord!

He shall judge His people now,
And forgive them that they erred,
And to heathen gods did bow,
Gods of silver and of gold.
Praise ye the Lord!

Such gods have mouths, but they are dumb,
Eyes that no sight to them afford;
Mouths whence breath has never come,
Ears that never sound have heard.
Praise ye the Lord!

They who made them are the same;
Whoso trusts them is absurd.
Therefore turn from them with shame
And through Israel raise this word,
"Praise ye the Lord!"

Bless the Lord, O Israel's house!
O House of Aaron, bless the Lord!
Bless the Lord, O Levi's House.
Ye that fear His holy word,
Praise ye the Lord!

Blessèd now be Zion's Lord,
Who at Jerusalem doth dwell,
All your hearts and souls upgird
And praise Him; let the chorus swell,
Praise ye the Lord!

* * * *

Psalm 136

NEVER SHALL HIS MERCIES FAIL

HARRY H. MAYER

Let mankind in brotherhood
Praise the Lord for He is good.
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

With most heartfelt songs of laud
Glorify our glorious God.
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Tune your thanks with sounding chords
To extol the Lord of lords.
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

By the wonders of His hand
He maintains His just command.
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

He ordained the arching sky,
Spoke the word that holds it high;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Made the waters of the deep,
Fixed the bounds which they must keep;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Filled the world with radiance bright,
Fashioned heaven's orbs of light;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Made the sun whose golden rays
Regulate the passing days;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Made the moon and stars to gleam
Through the night, with silvery beam;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Struck down Egypt's eldest born,
Smiting them twixt eve and morn;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

His right hand and outstretched arm
Led the slaves past reach of harm;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Cleft the Red Sea flood in two,
Guided Israel safely through;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Overwhelmed therein the foe,
Drowned therein proud Pharaoh;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Through the trackless waste He led
Israel's folk and gave them bread;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Smote the kings who barred the way,
Great and mighty kings were they;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Sihon, Lord of Emor's coast,
Og, whose might was Bashan's boast;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

And the land that bore their yoke,
Gave He to His chosen folk.
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

He remembered all our woes,
Snatched us from the clutch of foes;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

He sustains and saves from dearth
All who dwell upon the Earth;
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

Let high thanks be ever given
To the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
(*Never shall His mercies fail.*)

* * * *

Psalm 137

IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Out of our eyes remembered Jordan weeps
into the Babylon rivers; and none sleeps.

Our harps are silent, on the willows hung;
our captors know what music they have sung.

Our mirthful captors call to us, "come stand
up from your sorrows and sing airs of your land."

Our songs are of our Lord; until we rear
Him altars on this land, you may not hear;

unless laments will please you. Hear then.

O!

Jerusalem, if I forget thee, let there go

from my right hand all its craft and let my tongue
be ever, soundless, from my mouth's roof swung.

Remember how the sons of Edom rolled
in burial dust still clutching Jewish gold.

Daughter of Babylon, in our woes read
clear omens of the doom that waits thy seed.

Then shall avenging song tear out thy groans
when also thy little ones are dashed on stones.

* * * *

Psalm 137

(Translated Freely)

HOW COULD WE SING THERE THE SONG OF
THE LORD

THEDA KENYON

The waters of Babylon gushed with our weeping,
The ashes of sorrow crowned Israel's head;
In the forests of Babylon, wind in our harpstrings
Wailed with the echoing wail of our dead.

When out of our mouths flowed the sound of our mourning,
They who had led us forth under the sword
Commanded we sing them a high song of Sion:
How could we sing there the song of the Lord?

Jerusalem, if, in the purple and silver
Of Babylon's nights, I remember thee not,
Let my right hand lose the craft of my fathers,
To blazon the shame of their son who forgot.

Jerusalem, if, in the gold and the scarlet
Of Babylon's noons, I forget thee—the Bride—
May I go dumb, and my words break in silence,
Struck from the tongue that no more sings thy pride.

O daughter of Babylon, destined for misery,
Thy pale flesh consumes with a plague from within:
Happy the man who arises to smite thee—
Happy the man who remembers thy sin.

Blessed shall he be who takes thy young children—
Flesh soft as thine, and slim bones like thy bones—
And, remembering only the anguish of Sion,
Dashes them down, a red cloak for thy stones.

* * * *

Psalm 138

(A Variation on the Theme)

BRAID ME CLOSER IN THY NET OF GOOD

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

The hallowed shapes of hill and tree
And sun and star and humankind
Shall not deflect my mind,
Nor stand between my worship, Lord, and Thee;

And though Thy temple-veil should hang
As gauze of flesh, as steel of air,
Yet I attain Thee, there,
In Thy ark's inmost covenanted quick, whence spr

The electric answer to my need;
And negative to Thy positive
In plighted contact live
By Thee and with Thee and am strong in deed.

For all the might and main of earth
In natural kingship and estate
To man reverberate
The word they caught from Thy creative mouth.

Thy least is not less Thine, and though
Thy cloud encompass me, no cloud,
Save folly of the proud,
Can insulate Thy mercy's to-and-fro.

Confirm Thy loving-kindness, braid
Me closer in Thy net of good,
And with a Maker's mood
Sustain and joy in all that Thou hast made.

* * * *

Psalm 139

THE SOUL'S AWARENESS OF GOD

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

Self-ignorant, I know
nor what I am, nor whither go:
Thou knowest me with perfect Knowing,
both what I am and whither going:
I could not take one step of thought
did I guess not,

beyond my walls of mental night,
Thy Universe of Light.

If I am blind to Thee,
Thou art not blind in me:

My deeds see not their end;
I but half comprehend
the words I speak;
Thou knowest what my lips intend,
Thou seest what I seek.

Fears and desires to which no thought gives voice,
my silent hopes—Thou knowest what they are;
the untrodden paths that wait upon my choice
Thou seest from afar;
for my self-ignorance is made
In Thee Thy knowledge, and the goal
Thy secret Purpose sets is laid
a hand upon my soul.

As light in flame,
as salt in the wide sea,
as life within the living frame,
Thou knowest me.

Too high for me, O Lord,
and terrible Thy Seeing!
Thy Knowing, like a sword,
cuts to my core of being:
naked my spirit lies
and helpless to the blaze
of Thy fierce Purities;

where, now, shall my shame hide?
now, whither flee my pride?
not to the desert tracts of space—
all Heaven burns with Thy bright evidence;
nor shall the bitter heart's last reticence,
the dungeons of impenitence,
conceal me from Thy Face.

Self-flight is not escape from Thee:
there is no refuge in the dawn,
beyond the utmost of the sea
I find Thee still—beyond the sun;
Surely the dark shall cover me! I say—
but the night shineth as the day,
and light and darkness are to Thee as one.

When I am far from Thee,
Thou art not far from me:

For am I not Thy Thought made flesh?
one Moment of Thy World-Intent?
I am no flight caught in the mesh
of sightless accident:
Ere I was fashioned in my mother's womb
I was in Thee Thy Purpose; in the gloom
and æoned lapse of time, or ever the stilled sea
felt the first atom-thrill
of individual will,
Thy brooding Dream prefigured me.

And when Thou buildedst me this cell,
this hermitage of nerve and bone,
Thou didst not leave me here to dwell
utterly alone:

I touch Thee in my breath, my brain, my blood,
and far within my prayer's profoundest solitude.
O wonderfully made! my spirit
the living lore of ages doth inherit,
millions of years in me have come to flower;
and every change the years have wrought
bears the close impress of Thy Thought,
Thy Signature of Power.

All that I am is Thine:
the little I call mine
is but a floating island on Thy Tides of Might;
Thy moving Destiny
ordains my liberty,
my very wrong is made the measure of Thy Right;
the faint Shechinah-Spark
borne in this body's ark
was kindled at the Founts of Uncreated Light.

How precious, then, shall be
Thy Thought of me:
For in Thy Thought I am eternally
that Filial Splendor that I am not now—
one singing Star in Thine Epiphany,
of Thy True Vine one golden-fruited Bough;
and now, an exile in a famined place,
but in Thy Thought, even now, Thou featest
with Thy Son;
and here, a blinded runner in Time's race,
but in Thy Thought, the Crown for which that
race is run.
How precious, then, shall be
Thy Thought of me:

no longer shrinks my darkness from Thy Day;
Love wields the Sword of Sight—
O Love, my night
cries out to Thee aloud: Unsheathe Thy Sword
and slay!

Slay Thou the thought that burns
its incense on the hill
of evil old idolatries;
slay Thou the thought that turns
its back upon Thy Will
to follow after vanities;
slay Thou the traitors at my gate
whose mouths are full of blasphemies:
behold, I hate them with a perfect hate,
that are in me Thine enemies!

Self-ignorant, I know
nor what I am, nor whither go:
Thou knowest me with perfect Knowing,
both what I am and whither going:
and now I pray,
Search Thou my heart, my thought, and see
if any way of grief be left in me,
and lead me in the Everlasting Way.

* * * *

Psalm 139

(A Variation on the Theme)

THIS KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT PROCESS

LOUIS MACNEICE

1933

Thronging the air like motes in the sun, siftable through
the hand

Are the thoughts in the mind of God more numerous than
sand—

Imaginary causations, ladders standing on end,
The world a picture in a fourth dimension, Time's
trend

Merely a rhythm imposed by the playful eye,
A tradition of careful choreography.

In which traditions I glory, treading a half-inch floor
Over the abyss, with God waiting at the stage-door,
The Actual being a mere caprice of His mind
The only sketch inked-in out of so many designed
Whose possibilities, like Uccello's perspectives, fill
All the back of the canvas, interchangeable.

These I cannot know and I can only hardly know
How my own syntax runs that I am put together so,
Battles in the womb fought, the salmon-leap of cells
From life to higher life; this and everything else
God, having known, knows—almost like ignorance
This knowledge without process that needs no verifying
glance

How different from mine, Eternity from Time,
But on God's knowledge stands my knowledge and this
rhyme.

In Time as in a cocoon restless though comfortable
I wonder hitched to what this world swings so well

Thinking how this convex must fit to God's concave
And how this grub when winged, like a drop tossed off a
 wave,
As the poised drop glitters and falls back instantly
To a home in the vast nothing, the moving marble of the
 sea,
So should our Time, its wings unfolded, shining soar
Out of its dark cradle and be Time no more.
These symbols, like big words, my thought at random spells
But You, God, know the truth; the truth and everything
 else.

* * * *

Psalm 140

THOU HAST COVERED MY HEAD IN THE DAY
OF BATTLE

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Save me, O Lord; O save my soul alive
From all the ills mine enemies contrive,
Whose hearts all day in wickedness delight
And dream of strife and envy all the night.
Their tongues are tongues of snakes with double tips,
Poison of asps lies hid beneath their lips.
Save me, O Lord, from godless men, O save
From them that seek to lure me to the grave.
Lo, for my feet a cruel gin they set
And like a bird would snare me in their net.
O Lord, Thou art my God: receive my prayer,
O hear my voice across the empty air.
Strength of my health, Thou in the day of dread
Didst strongly shield mine undefended head:

O let not the ungodly have his will,
Confuse his dreams lest he wax prouder still.
Let the keen shafts of that envenomed tongue
Their speaker wound, let burning coals be flung
In scaring rain upon him, let him fall
Into the pit and rise no more at all.

The man of lawless speech shall waste his breath
And evil goad the evil to their death.
O Lord That ever dost protect the poor,
Help of the helpless knocking at Thy door,
Thy saints shall sing the praises of Thy grace
And walk the happy earth before Thy face.

* * * *

Psalm 141

ACCEPTABLE REBUKES

RICHARD CHURCH

I cry to Thee, Lord, make haste unto me,
Give ear to my voice when I cry.
Let my prayer as incense be set before Thee,
An eve-offering that mounts to the sky.

At the door of my lips set a guard, mighty Lord,
In my heart let me shelter no sin;
And the profits of men whose vile deeds are abhorred,
Oh preserve me from sharing therein.

Let me welcome chastisement from righteous men;
Their reproach shall anoint me like oil.
In the days of their grief will I pray for them then.
From my prayer shall their tyrants recoil.

In that day shall they hear me, and find my words
sweet,
That day at the grave's sullen mouth,
When our bones are far scattered and cast at death's
feet,
As clods that lie crushed on the earth.
Now mine eyes, O Lord God, are uplifted to Thee;
I pray Thee, forsake not my soul,
And save me from snares that my foes set for me,
While they are caught therein, and fall.

* * * *

Psalm 142

(An Interpretation)

BRING ME OUT OF THE CAVE

LOUIS MACNEICE

1933

I, David, in this cave of darkness
Dark as the breath caged in a man's ribs
Ponder a twofold problem, a greater and a less distress;;
Out there, as we word it, in the light of day
My physical enemies patrol the land
But, more to be feared than that, out there there lurks
Whether further without or within or above or beyond

The devouring enigma of Reality
Which is too strong for me:
No one would take me in from that dark storm.
O God, my God, allot an ultimate term
Bring me out of the cave, the darker cave,
Make tangible that skein which leads from me to You
That I, hand over hand and step by tortuous step,
May reach to You Who alone have the power to save
And alone have the infinite thought which makes our
finite true.

* * * *

Psalm 143

(Interpreted)

PURE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD IS NO MAN LIVING

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

In hot, bitter and sick
Humiliation,
Failure and barrenness,
Deep desolation,

This psalmist his spirit still
Recalls to wonder
About the goodness of God
Beyond and under.

And soon his spirit is freed
From fever and prison,
And toward the fields of light
For an instant risen,

He cries in a great voice
As of thanksgiving,
“Pure in the sight of God
Is no man living.”

And again he falls to earth,
And his sight darkens;
But he calls his spirit still,
And his spirit hearkens;

And again he rises and sees
For an instant flying—
And falls into darkness again,
And his old crying.

But thrice, in the golden moment
He won from strife,
He gave to the Life Immortal
His mortal life;—

“Show me Thy way;” “Teach me the thing,
O Lord,
That pleaseth Thee;”
“Lead me into the land of righteousness;
Lord, quicken me!”

* * * *

Psalm 144

(Based on a Slightly Revised Massoretic Reading)

MAN IS BUT VAPOR

HARRY H. MAYER

Thrice blest now be Yahweh,
The Rock of my might;
He girds me for battle
And nerves me to fight;
My Mercy and Stronghold,
My Shield and my Tower,
He humbled my foemen
And stablished my power.

O Lord, what are mortals
That Thou shouldst bestow
Attention upon them
Wherever they go?
Man is but a vapor,
His brief earthly stay
Is but as a shadow
That fleeteth away.

Bend low Thine arched heavens,
Come, Lord, from on high,
And touch the great mountains
Till smoke shall thence fly;
Flash forth Thy fierce lightnings
And scatter the foe,
Send out Thy sharp arrows
And overwhelm him in woe.

Reach down out of heaven
My Helper to be,
From floods and barbarians
Lord rescue Thou me;
Their tongues speak me falsely,
And truth they despise
Their right hand they hold forth
To swear to their lies.

A song never rendered
Before will I sing,
And laud Thee with music
On many a string;
Thou biddest kings triumph,
Thy hand hath, O Lord,
Kept David, Thy servant,
From hurt by the sword.

Reach down out of heaven
And rescue Thou me,
From the threat of barbarians
O Lord, set me free,
Whose tongues speak me falsely,
And truth they despise,
Whose right hand is held forth
To swear to their lies.

Our sons be like saplings
In youth grown apace,
Our daughters, carved pillars
Excelling in grace;

Our garner be brimming,
Our flocks in the field,
Increasing by thousands,
Then thousandfold yield.

Our rulers established,
No raids, no retreats;
No outcry of panic
Be heard in our streets.
How happy the people
On whom is outpoured
Such blessing; how happy
Whose God is the Lord.

* * * *

Psalm 145

(This Psalm Is an Acrostic in the Hebrew)

AN ALPHABETICAL DOXOLOGY

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Almighty, with forever blessing breath
Thy name will I exalt until my death.

Beginning and end of day shall hear the same
hum of my busy voice, praising Thy Name.

Conceive, who can, the greatness of the Lord;
vain mind, as well an ocean seek to ford.

Deposits of Thy praise do grow as each
succeeding age of men Thy greatness teach.

Each age the same theme has; the glory, Thine.
Among the chanting voices, Lord, hear mine.

Fear wrings no voices as they speak Thy might;
I, too, Thy greatness telling, know no fright.

Glad are men's voices who proclaim, "No less
than His vast power is His faithfulness."

How quick His mercy springs; how slow His wrath.
His grace refreshes man like fountains on a path.

Is there can say, one being or one place,
"I know His mercy not; nor I His grace?"

Judgment of praise Thy works pronounce on Thee;
Thee blessing, Thy blessed know felicity.

Kings push their borders; but the amplest rage
seeing Thy empire, like lions in a cage.

"Light kindles from His acts," Thy saints declare,
"With awe-bright majesty His realm is fair."

Mortality no measures there can make;
on it our dead eyes shut, our sons' eyes wake.

Neighbor to all, the Lord sees those that fall
and those who are bowed down, and upholds all.

On Thee, men trusting, look for wine and meats;
and in his season each man drinks and eats.

Praise Thee shall all; for Thy hand opening
contents desire of every living thing.

Quest ye God's courses; follow righteous ways
and fill with gracious acts your store of days.

Raise not your voice to call Him; He is near,
near as their souls to them who hold Him dear.

Seek Him with trusting fear as seeks a child
and you shall have your will, and find Him mild.

Those who love Goodness and so love Him, He spares
but them who loving Sin hate Him, he tears.

Upon my mouth words wreathe His praise, forever.
His holy name let all flesh bless forever.

* * * *

Psalm 146

(Translated Freely)

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN HUMAN STRENGTH

CHARLES WILLIAMS

Hallelujah, praise the Lord:
in the heart and in the city
be that single Name adored,
which is terrible with pity.

Little can I; this I can—
this sole thing is worth my doing;
in the swiftness of my span
this sole word shall have no ruing.

Power of princes who will trust?
beams of beauty who will cherish?
panic smites them; they are dust;
all their thoughts and science perish.

Blessèd through his moment's life
is the wise soul's contemplation
who can make that moment rife
with the working of salvation.

God alone Salvation; He,
in the act no times dis sever,
shaping Heaven and Earth and sea
and redeeming them for ever.

Into truth His judgment leads,
when, His own divine Confessor,
He on bread the hungry feeds
and on venom the oppressor.

He shall fling the prisons wide,
He the blinded millions waken,
marching terribly beside
all the orphaned and forsaken.

Firmly soul and city stand
patterned after His inditing;
evil heart and evil hand
mocks He with His chaos smiting.

Power is empty, beauty vain,
in all souls and through all nations,
God the Lord, thy God, shall reign,
Zion, through all generations.

Hallelujah.

* * * *

Psalm 147

(Based on the Vulgate Version)

HE HATH FASTENED EVERY GATE

SHANE LESLIE

Unto the Lord laudation raise
For good it is our God to praise:
Yea pleasure 'tis and grateful joy
To show our thanks without alloy.

The Lord doth build up Zion fast
And gather Israel outercast:
He healeth every broken heart,
With medicine sootheth every smart.

He tells by number every star
And calleth each by name afar:
Great is our Lord and great the might
He wieldeth with wisdom infinite.

He setteth up the meek for worth,
The ungodly bringeth down to Earth:
Oh sing unto the Lord with thanks,
Praise God in all the harpers' ranks.

He setteth out the clouds amain
And for the earth prepareth rain:
He groweth grass on mountain span
And herbage for the use of man.

He maketh all the cattle feed,
He feedeth ravens in their need:
Nor in the strongest horse that ran
Delights, nor in the legs of man.

With them, who fear Him in His might
And mercy, lies the Lord's delight.
And O Jerusalem give praise,
And thankfulness O Sion raise!

For He hath fastened every gate
And blessed the children in thy State:
Of peace He maketh thee the seat
And poureth thee the flower of wheat.

Of His commandment maketh gift
To Earth: Whose Word shall run most swift:
Like wool He giveth forth the snow,
Like ashes makes the hoarfrost flow.

He casteth ice like morsels out
And who His frostiness may flout?
He sends His word and waters melt
Which once His blowing wind have felt.

To Jacob showeth He His Word,
His ordinance hath Israel heard:
With other dealt He none before,
The heathen knoweth not His lore.

* * * *

Psalm 148

UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAHS

LORD DUNSANY

Praise ye the Lord, praise Him from the Heavens, praise
from the height,

Praise ye Him all His angels, praise ye Him all His hosts,
Praise ye Him sun and moon and all ye stars of light,

Praise Him ye highest Heavens, and all of Heaven's
coasts,

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for He spake and
they came to be;

He hath stablished them by a decree that shall be for
ever the same;

Praise the Lord from the Earth, ye monsters and deeps of
the sea,

Fulfilling His word snow, vapors, storm, hail and flame,

Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars,

Beasts and all cattle, things creeping, and birds of the
night and the day,

Kings of the Earth and all peoples, their judges and all
their leaders,

Both young men and maidens, old men and children at
play.

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone
is excelling,
His glory is high over all, He exalteth his people's horn,
Even the children of Israel's, a people near to His dwelling.
Their praise is He for ever. Praise Him all that are born.

* * * *

Psalm 149

THE VICTORY OF THE FAITHFUL

GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

Sing hallelujah! Raise,
Ye saints, with one accord,
A glad new song to tell the praise
Of Heaven's all-glorious Lord.

Let Israel's tongue rejoice
Our Maker's deeds to sing;
Let Zion's children lift their voice,
Exalting God their King.

Extol Him with the dance,
And when His praise is sung
Let tambourine and harp enhance
The music of the tongue.

The Lord of earth and skies
Hath made His pleasure known,
With victory He beautifies
The meek before His throne.

At evening tune your song,
Exulting in the Lord,
And, singing, let your arm be strong
To wield a two-edged sword.

For vengeance shall not wait,
Nor justice turn her path;
The proud who meet His love with hate
Shall feel the Lord's dread wrath.

His righteous will maintained,
Sing we our joyful lays,
The Powers of evil checked and chained,
His faithful share the praise.
Hallelujah.

* * * *

Psalm 150

UNIVERSAL PRAISE

HENRY VAN DYKE

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord on high;
Praise Him in His earthly temple,
Praise Him in the sky.

Praise Him for His works of wonder,
For His mighty deeds;
Praise the greatness of His glory;
Tune the fife and reeds.

Praise Him with the silver trumpet;
Harp and timbrel sound;
Let the high-resounding cymbals
Mark the rhythmic round.

Hallelujah! Join the music
Every breathing thing!
Souls of men who know His mercy
Praise your heavenly King.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

(*Psalms 8, 104, 139*)

John Redwood Anderson, born March 1, 1883, in Manchester, England, is that rare voice in modern poetry, a Christian mystic. Of English, Dutch, American, French, and Spanish ancestry, he is a descendant of the William Ellery who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Emile Verhaeren encouraged him to write verse, mostly French. Inclined more to music, he had been a pupil at the Conservatoire of Brussels. The early years preceding were spent in Switzerland.

Shortly after his contact with Verhaeren, Anderson went to England to prepare for the University and soon entered Trinity College, Oxford, but financial difficulties prevented him from completing his course. After 1917 he lived in Hull, where he held a mastership at Hymers College, his subjects being English and Philosophy. For five years he conducted an extramural tutorial class in English Literature for the University of Hull.

Sure of his message and his art, he fits into none of the usual categories. His outlook, influenced by the American philosopher, Josiah Royce, and, more recently, by the writings of Professor Whitehead, has not a little of the toughness of Stoicism.

Anderson is particularly interested in everything that pertains to the technique of verse. His own peculiar brand of "free verse" is derived in part from the *vers libre* of Emile Verhaeren with such considerable modification as the transposition of a metrical form from one language to another demands. Rejecting stanzaic arrangement, he has a

melody altogether his own, the lines flexibly integrated, vital, climactic, the unhurried rhythms an instrument of many modulations.

The volumes of his poetry are **FLEMISH TALES** (1913); **WALLS AND HEDGES** (1919); **HAUNTED ISLAND**, two parts (1923 and 1924); **BABEL: A DRAMATIC POEM** (1927); **THE VORTEX** (1928); **TRANSVALUATIONS** (1932); **THE HUMAN DAWN** (1934), and **ENGLISH FANTASIES** (1935).

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

(Psalms 14, 19, 26, 42, 43, 55, 92, 101, 130, 140)

Martin Donisthorpe Armstrong, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in October, 1882, educated at Charterhouse School and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, served on the Western Front for five years in the Great War, first as a private, then as lieutenant, finally as captain of infantry. From 1922 to 1924 he was associate literary editor of **THE SPECTATOR**. His maternal grandmother was a first cousin of William Wordsworth.

Well to the fore among British novelists who are also poets, he steadily kept his pen at work and year after year brought out at least one complete long novel, an anthology or a book of short stories or essays. His fictional writings, modeled on French rather than English patterns, are always polished pieces and usually carry with them an air of reality.

The first volume of his verse, **EXODUS AND OTHER POEMS**, appeared in 1912. **THIRTY NEW POEMS** followed in 1918. Another book of his verse, **THE BUZZARDS**, came out in 1921. **THE BIRD CATCHER AND OTHER POEMS** was published in a limited edition in 1929. His **COLLECTED POEMS** appeared in 1931.

His verse, often a song heard from afar in the winter gloaming, follows no unusual expedients in the matter of form but makes conservative technique respond to art, the imagery seeming to shape itself without conscious effort.

Not only poetry and fiction but also philosophy, history, mechanical engineering and many of the fine arts are in the periphery of his critical understanding.

He lives at Sutton, Pulborough, Sussex, England.

W. H. AUDEN

(*Psalm 27*)

Wystan Hugh Auden, son of a Birmingham, England, retired medical officer and grandson of clergymen, was born in York, England, February 21, 1907. His wife is Erica Mann, daughter of the novelist, Thomas Mann. Auden has an astonishing technical virtuosity as a writer of verse, and is generally bracketed with Stephen Spender, Day Lewis and Louis MacNeice as representing a new movement in English literature. With his initial book *POEMS*, which was brought out in 1930, a new poetic situation in English was clearly evidenced. *THE ORATORS* (1932) and the play *THE DANCE OF DEATH* (1933) increased his reputation for possessing an amazing ability to do new things with words. *THE DANCE OF DEATH* was staged in New York in 1935 by the Federal Theatre.

With Christopher Isherwood he wrote *THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN* (1935); with John Garrett, *THE POET'S TONGUE* (1935); with Christopher Isherwood, *THE ASCENT OF F 6* (1936); with Louis MacNeice, *LETTERS FROM ICELAND* (1937); with Christopher Isherwood, *ON THE FRONTIER* (1939). In America,

LOOK, STRANGER (1936) was entitled ON THIS ISLAND.

In 1938 he published JOURNEY TO A WAR; in 1940, after he had come the year before to live in the United States, he published ANOTHER TIME.

The King's Gold Medal for poetry was awarded to him in 1937. Soon afterwards he became a volunteer ambulance driver for the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. Later he visited China as an observer of the Undeclared War, fought by the Japanese against that country.

Auden's approach to life in his poetry is Freudian. He sometimes uses symbols intelligible only to his own group of intimate friends. A singer of psychiatry, a probing minstrel of psychoses, he is convinced that there is a relation, however obscure and misunderstood, between art and goodness, and that the most necessary quality for creating and appreciating art is an unlimited capacity for reverence and repentance.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

(*Psalm 57*)

Josephine Daskam Bacon was born in Stamford, Connecticut. Shortly after her graduation from Smith College, she began the publication of poems and short stories. Many of her poems have been set to music. Her "Hymn for the Nations" won the prize offered by the League of Nations Association in 1934 for the best poem on the subject of international friendship, fitted to the "Hymn to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

THE MADNESS OF PHILIP, the title story of a collection of satirical studies of child life, and THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY, in the same vein, were widely read, and became the fore-runners of a whole school of child

literature written from the adult point of view. MARGARITA'S SOUL, a romantic novel, published under the pseudonym *Ingraham Lovell*, and OPEN MARKET are her best known novels.

For ten years a member of the National Executive Board of Girl Scouts, she edited and in part wrote the NATIONAL HANDBOOK for that organization, and was Consulting Editor of its magazine, "The American Girl."

She has published two volumes of poetry, COLLECTED POEMS and TRUTH O' WOMEN, the latter a series of imaginary epitaphs in the SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY manner, dealing entirely with various types of women; besides many poems scattered through the magazines and included in her other books.

Though her poems show a wide range of verse form, the short lyric and the sonnet are her favorite types. Her widest reputation rests undoubtedly upon her dramatic short stories and her humorous interpretations of child life.

LAURA BENÉT (*Psalms 41, 73, 134*)

Laura Benét was born in the little army post of Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, New York, of parents who possessed lively minds and literary tastes. The family was moved from post to post but never suffered from the inconvenience of frontier stations, as the father was transferred to the Ordnance, a staff corps. Their sojourns at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Watervliet Arsenal, New York, during her school years, enabled her to be educated at the Moravian Schools and the Emma Willard School at Troy where she was graduated, going from there direct to Vassar College.

Having decided to take up social work as a profession, Miss Benét was connected with the Spring Street Settlement in New York more or less for four years. When the War came, she worked for the government in Augusta, Georgia, under the Red Cross. She had written verse sporadically, but she had never taken it seriously. In 1920, after her elder brother had joined the Literary Review of the "Post," she began to write book reviews regularly. In 1921 she brought out her first volume of verse, **FAIRY BREAD**. Positions with the book departments of three newspapers, the "New York Evening Post," the "Evening Sun," and the "Times" (temporarily) left her little time for writing; but in 1925 she set to work in earnest. **NOAH'S DOVE** appeared in 1929, **GOODS AND CHATTELS** in 1930, and a third book of her poems, **BASKET FOR A FAIR**, in 1934. With the publication of the last volume, her poetry began to interest a larger clientele.

When relating to Elfland, to animal life, to solitary childhood, her verse, using a specifically individual imagination, has a deeper quality than mere charm, and impresses by its moral fervor.

Her own conception of her work as a poet is to interpret life and beauty as they appear to her in two worlds, the world of reality and a remote unseen world that is quite as real to her as the other.

RICHARD BURTON

(Psalm 121)

Richard Burton was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on March 14, 1861. After teaching at Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago, he joined the faculty of the University of Minnesota, and in 1921 he became a lecture:

on English literature at Columbia University. As a newspaper executive, as chairman of the Pulitzer Committee on Fiction (1924-29), as a member of the Pulitzer Committee on Biography (1929-31), and as an editorial adviser to the Book League of America, he has been much in the public eye.

The amount of poetry he has written bulks large. His collected poems were published in 1931.

WITTER BYNNER

(*Psalm 98*)

Witter Bynner, born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881, was graduated from Harvard in 1902, and became assistant editor of "McClure's Magazine" and literary advisor for McClure Phillips & Co. He wrote his introductory book, *YOUNG HARVARD*, which he originally called *AN ODE TO HARVARD AND OTHER POEMS*, in rhymed free verse, a form which he has often been erroneously credited with having invented.

Encouraged to follow the ways of a poet rather than those of an editor, he lived for about ten years at Cornish, New Hampshire.

He wrote and published the following: two one-act verse-plays, "Tiger" (1913), "The Little King" (1914), and a translation of "Iphigenia in Tauris" (1914), the three collected with two new pieces, "A Night Wind" and "Cycle," in his *BOOK OF PLAYS* (1922); a long poem dealing with democracy and immortality, *THE NEW WORLD* (1915), on which he worked for seven years and which has gone through many editions; *GRENSTONE POEMS* (1917); and the hoax, *SPECTRA* (1916), the mock-serious symbolism of which deceived many able critics and drew acclaim for

him as "Emanuel Morgan" and for the co-author "Anne Knish" who were hailed as the pioneers of a new literary movement.

A first trip to the Orient, in 1916, found expression in **THE BELOVED STRANGER** (1919). A year at the University of California, during which he conducted a class in verse-writing and produced his "Canticles" in the Greek Theatre and elsewhere, was succeeded by a new volume of poems, **A CANTICLE OF PAN** (1920), and "Emanuel Morgan's" minute reviews of the poets, "**PINS FOR WINGS**" (1921). He has translated from the French Charles Vildrac's **A BOOK OF LOVE** (1923) and published a book of lyrics, **CARAVAN** (1925), and a play, **CAKE** (1926).

During the interim from 1918 to 1929, with two years meanwhile in China, Bynner was at work preparing, with the help of a scholarly Chinese, the English version of **THREE HUNDRED POEMS OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY** under the title of **THE JADE MOUNTAIN** (1929), the first volume of Chinese verse to be translated intact by an American poet.

He established his home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, but spent two years in Old Mexico, the literary result being a book of poems concerning both Old and New Mexico, **INDIAN EARTH** (1929). In 1931, he edited **THE SONNETS OF FREDERICK GODDARD TUCKERMAN**. In 1931 also appeared **EDEN TREE**, which he had long been planning as a sequel to **THE NEW WORLD**. He has been president of the Poetry Society of America. His latest works are **GUEST BOOK** (1935), a gallery of portraits in verse, and **SELECTED POEMS** (1936), the harvest of thirty years of his writing.

RALPH CHEYNEY

(*Psalms 127*)

(Edward) Ralph Cheyney, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was educated in preparatory schools in the United States and in Europe and at the University of Pennsylvania and New York University.

Anthologist, poet, literary critic and magazine editor he has worked for liberal programs. His wife, Lucia Trent, a poet in her own right, has shared with him the editorship of "Contemporary Vision." A volume of his, combined with his wife's, verse is **THANK YOU AMERICA** (1937).

RICHARD CHURCH

(*Psalms 7, 12, 38, 52, 64, 74, 77, 135, 141*)

Richard Church lives in London, where he was born March 20, 1893. He published his first volume of poetry **FLOOD OF LIFE** in 1917 and followed this in 1919 with **HURRICANE**. Other volumes of verse from his pen are **PHILLIP** (1923); **PORTRAIT OF THE ABBOT** (1926); **THE DREAM** (1927); **THEME AND VARIATIONS** (1928); **MOOD WITHOUT MEASURE** (1928); **THE GLANCE BACKWARD** (1930); **NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN** (1932).

An independent thinker and fearless individualist whose poems are the utterance of a coherent and broad intellectual, moral and spiritual vision, Church, with quiet expertness of thought and technique, achieves vague effects of gloom, foreboding, terror. His rhymed free verse, in great part introspective, makes no bid for the popularity accorded such art as never disturbs imagination deeply and never calls for an effort of understanding.

The sterling quality of his equipment is conspicuous in his prose also, which comprises book reviews, criticisms, biographies, novels, and includes the volumes **MARY SHELLEY** (1928), **OLIVER'S DAUGHTER** (1930), **HIGH SUMMER** (1931), **THE PRODIGAL FATHER** (1933), and **APPLE OF CONCORD** (1935). His acute sense of form, his knowledge of literary values, his probing imagination are evidenced particularly in descriptive passages as distinguished from dialogue.

SARAH NORCLIFFE CLEGHORN

(Psalms 28, 71, 81, 143)

Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn, born in Norfolk, Virginia, educated at Burr and Burton Seminary of Manchester, Vermont, and at Radcliffe College, is a pacifist, a pioneer crusader for prison reform, an opponent of vivisection, a humanist who tilts vigorously, but without rancor, against conventional taboos, against hardness of heart, against vanity and affectation, against prejudice and pretense.

Her "Comrade Jesus," a reverent poem written with compassionate irony and from an unusual standpoint, has established her in the upper bracket of social-minded American poets. Her volume of verse, **PORTRAITS AND PROTEST**, was published in 1919. **THREESCORE**, published in 1936, is her autobiography.

ROBERT PETER TRISTRAM COFFIN

(Psalm 100)

Robert Peter Tristram Coffin, born in Brunswick, Maine, March 18, 1892, was educated at Bowdoin College, Princeton University, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he was

a Rhodes scholar. From 1926 to 1933 Anna Adams Piutti Professor of English at Wells College, Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York, he became in 1933 Pierce Professor of English at Bowdoin. In 1918-19 he was with the Seventy-Second Artillery Regiment of the American Expeditionary Force.

Winner of the 1936 Pulitzer Prize for poetry, Coffin had long been widely and favorably known for his books of verse, **CHRISTCHURCH** (1924), **DEW AND BRONZE** (1927), **GOLDEN FALCON** (1929), **THE YOKE OF THUNDER** (1932), **BALLADS OF SQUARE-TOED AMERICANS** (1933) and **STRANGE HOLINESS** (1935). His later books of verse, **SALTWATER FARM** (1937) and **MAINE BALLADS** (1938) are likewise rich in wholesome descriptive qualities taken fresh from life, and have a strong sense of racial and spiritual kinship with homespun people and their environments in rural and seafaring settings.

A collective edition of his poems was produced in 1939.

His **PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN**, based on the life of his father, is a fictional handling of the State of Maine locale. The story of his own boyhood on a Maine farm, **LOST PARADISE**, is a chronicle of an adolescent's homesickness. A third novel, **RED SKY IN THE MORNING**, tells of the inner disintegration and vulgarization of the individual's life, and the commercial decay of the Maine Coast. The novel, **JOHN DAWN**, appeared in 1936; **KENNEBEC: CRADLE OF AMERICANS**, a full and glowing history of that fascinating waterway, in 1937, in the *Rivers of America* series; **THE POETRY OF NEW ENGLAND: FROST AND ROBINSON**, in 1938, in the *Percy Trumbull memorial series*.

PADRAIC COLUM

(*Psalm 90*)

Poet, folklorist, dramatist, lecturer, newspaper feature writer, world traveler, member of the Irish Academy of Letters and critic, Padraic Colum was born at Longford, Ireland, December 8, 1881. The play **BROKEN SOIL**, produced when he was twenty, and his next play **THE LAND**, which scored the first success of the Irish National Theatre known later as the Abbey Theatre, continue in high repute. He was one of the founders of the *Dublin Review*, and for a year its sole editor. Since 1915 he has lived in the United States.

WILD EARTH AND OTHER POEMS, published in America in 1916, is an enlarged edition of **WILD EARTH** published in Ireland in 1909. Other published works are **DRAMATIC LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS** (1922), **CREATURES** (1927), **OLD PASTURES** (1930) and **THE STORY OF LOWRY MAEN** (1937). The Irish folk ways and the Irish folk heart are his special field.

In 1932 he brought out his **ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE**, with an introduction summarizing the literary background of his collection. His **POEMS**, which appeared in the same year, has both popular and critical approval.

A compilation of Celtic tales, which he wrote in well-rounded prose for children, was adapted by him from the Gaelic. For children he also wrote his stories from Homer. He published his **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (1912), **TALES AND LEGENDS OF HAWAII** (1924), **BRIGHT ISLANDS** (1925), **ROAD ROUND IRELAND** (1926), **CROSS ROADS IN IRELAND** (1930), **LEGEND OF SAINT COLUMBA** (1935).

HAROLD LEWIS COOK

(*Psalm 97*)

Harold Lewis Cook, born in 1898, has lived in Albany, New York; in France, where he was an instructor in a school for Americans; and in Avon, Connecticut, where he continued in educational work.

His poems in magazines promised an unusual talent, and were widely heralded. In 1933 he published a collection of his verse, *SPELL AGAINST DEATH*. In 1937 he received a Guggenheim fellowship for creative writing.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

(*Psalm 121*)

Howard McKinley Corning, born on a farm near Lincoln, Nebraska, October 23, 1896, was educated in the elementary branches in the public schools of Ohio, where, in his early childhood his family had moved. In 1919 the family moved again, this time to Portland, Oregon, in which city Corning studied for the degree of Engineer. On Mount Tabor, on the edge of Portland, he later set himself up in business as a florist and indulged his hobbies of writing verse and raising prize poultry. A first volume, *THESE PEOPLE*, published in 1926, drew attention to him as the leader and most gifted of the young Oregon poets.

Inveterate lover of Oregon's great forests and mountains, he depicts the country of the Sierras and Cascades, in finely wrought lines and with moments of passionate exaltation.

JOHN CURNOS

(*Psalm 53*)

John Curnos, born in 1881 in Russia, was reared in and near Philadelphia, in the environment of the typical underprivileged immigrant child. From newsboy and child factory hand, confronted with the prospect of a lifetime of relentless poverty, he advanced to an editorial position with a Philadelphia newspaper, the old "Record." Out of an abundance of cosmopolitan experience and an almost morbid ambition to become a great writer in order to justify his existence to himself, he has written novels, poems, biography, plays, translations, and contributed reviews and articles to English, American and Russian periodicals. With Edward J. O'Brien he edited **BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES** (1922-26).

At the age of thirty-one he settled in England. He was a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission in Petrograd in 1917-1918, and later on the staff of the British Minister of Information. In 1931 he returned to America.

IN EXILE published in 1928, in free verse and in the descriptive and symbolical manner of the Imagists, is aglow with color and personality. Finding that Imagism is too facile, that it is too intent upon externalities, he veered gradually towards traditionalism.

His autobiography (1935) rejects capitalism, socialism and communism equally, and proclaims him a "secular Christian."

RALPH SPAULDING CUSHMAN

(*Psalms 94, 117*)

Ralph Spaulding Cushman, born at Poultney, Vermont, November 12, 1879, appointed in 1932 Bishop of the

Denver, and in 1939 of the Minneapolis Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes verse on religious subjects for the denominational periodicals and has published several volumes of sermons and lectures and a book of poems, **HILL TOP VERSES**, which appeared in 1927. **I HAVE A STEWARDSHIP** (1939), containing both poetry and prose was written by him as a book of daily devotion.

His lyrics are vivacious, simple in thought and structure, have a broad popular appeal and show the skillful preacher's gift for the right epithet.

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON

(*Psalms 59, 72, 76*)

Annie Charlotte Dalton, generally rated the leading woman poet of Canada, was born in England in 1866. She was married to William Dalton in 1896. From 1904 until her death in 1938 she lived in Vancouver, British Columbia, where her husband was in business. In recognition of her work as a poet, she was decorated in 1935 on the King's Silver Jubilee and made a member of the Order of the British Empire.

SOUVENIR OF VANCOUVER (1906), **MARRIAGE OF MUSIC** (1910, second edition 1915), **FLAME AND ADVENTURE** (1924), **THE SILENT ZONE** (1927), **THE AMBER RIDERS** (1929), and **THE NEIGHING NORTH** (1931) have all had a success of esteem.

Remarkable for the variety of her verse-patterns and the skill with which she employs them all, she has the gift of being able to go down deep into the crypt of a living soul and report faithfully and nobly what she finds there. The poetic treatment of the hitherto unsung saga of the White Kingdom of the Canadian Arctic is her major claim to literary distinction.

EARL DANIELS

(*Psalms* 75, 118)

Earl Daniels, born at Millis, Massachusetts, educated at Clark University, the University of Chicago and Harvard, has taught English in the Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College, in the State College for Teachers at Buffalo, New York, and as Associate Professor of English Literature at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York. He has been a contributor of verse to numerous periodicals.

GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

(*Psalms* 61, 84, 149)

Grace Strickler Dawson, born in Keokuk, Iowa, November 30, 1891, attended Northwestern University, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1913, married in 1915 to Robert Dawson, a college classmate, and moved to Kansas City, Missouri, where they lived for twelve years. In 1928 she and her family became residents of California. She has written a short history of California for children and two juvenile novels with a California historical setting.

Although she started writing and publishing poetry in 1921 and has appeared in many magazines, her career as a poet has been episodic.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

(*Psalms* 49, 69)

Miriam Allen deFord, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on August 21, 1888, studied at Wellesley College, Temple University and the University of Pennsylvania, has been a

journalist and has contributed short stories, articles and verse to many of the leading magazines. She is the author in THIRTEEN LITTLE BLUE BOOKS (1924-28) of Latin translations, biographies and criticisms. ANGEL'S FLIGHT, a play, was published in 1924; LOVE CHILDREN, a biography, in 1931.

She is represented by stories in the O. Henry Memorial Prize Volumes of 1930 and 1934. Religiously, she is on the extreme left but warmly admires the Psalms. Many of her poems have appeared again and again in anthologies. Besides Philadelphia, she has lived in Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, and California.

LORD DUNSANY

(*Psalms 9, 10, 102, 105, 106, 148*)

Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, born July 24, 1878, received his education at Eton and Sandhurst. In the Boer War he soldiered at the front. During the World War he was wounded while serving as captain in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. On a visit to America, soon after the World War, he was welcomed with ovations by hosts of admirers.

As an author he occupies a niche by himself. His never dull books and plays offer more than mere entertainment; a generous fund of enlightenment and edification as well is contained in them. His short stories and one act plays, some of them written with a goose quill in a few hours of an afternoon, are particularly effective.

In 1930 he published FIFTY POEMS; in 1938 his autobiography, PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT. For the novel, THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN, he was given the Harmsworth Literary Award by the Irish Academy of

Letters for the best work of creative prose by an Irish author during 1933.

He has a keen instinct for plastic presentation of character in ceric scenes and situations against a starkly primitive background. The economy of means by which his extravagant and weird effects are brought about, and the plausible blending of realism with fantasy, are among the distinctive features of his work. A dweller in a sheltered social circle and urbanely class-conscious, a tolerant conservative religious and political partisan, his mode of life smoothly adjusted to the writing of books and the hunting of deer and small game, he envisages a world saved by good will, a world not decadent, but rising to a higher plane of conduct and morals.

Dunsany's poems are gracefully executed; even when they become casual, as they not infrequently do, they remain graceful; musically cadenced and with many a sparkling phrase, they cannot be mistaken for other than a faithful transcript of a mind that is whimsical, agile, self-contained, almost incredibly facile and in all circumstances warmly well-intentioned.

RICHARD EBERHART

(Psalms 103, 124)

Richard Eberhart was born in Austin, Minnesota, on April 5, 1904. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1926. After working his way around the world on tramp freighters, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, England. He took his degree there in 1929, meanwhile traveling widely in Europe.

Returning to America he studied at Harvard and later taught at St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts.

He has published two books of poetry, **A BRAVERY OF EARTH** (1930); and **READING THE SPIRIT** (1937).

DUDLEY FITTS

(*Psalm 82*)

Dudley Fitts was born in Boston in 1903 and educated in the Massachusetts public schools and at Harvard. On taking his degree, in 1925, he became a member of the English faculty of the Choate School at Wallingford, Connecticut. He has contributed verse and critical articles to American and European reviews, and has been particularly active in the experimental field. He sees poetry and science and religion as creative energies that can and should work together, each having an essential function in bringing out the organic laws of truth and beauty.

He is the author of the following books: **POEMS 1929-1936**; **ONE HUNDRED POEMS FROM THE PALATINE ANTHOLOGY**, with Richard Fitzgerald; **THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES**; also with Richard Fitzgerald, **THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES**; with Genevieve Taggard, **TEN INTRODUCTIONS**.

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

(*Psalm 119*)

A native of Missouri, born in 1908, and graduated from Saint Teresa Academy of Kansas City, Missouri, and from the University of Missouri, Dorothy Belle Flanagan became after her marriage to L. A. Hughes, Jr., in 1931, a resident of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Several of her poems have received national prize-awards. A book of her verse was published in 1930 in the "Yale Series of Younger Poets." The pageant

for the New Mexico fiesta of 1933 was written and directed by her.

Her lyrics are apt in imagery, simple in structure, fluent, and can sound a clear and penetrating religious note.

JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER

(*Psalms 57, 99, 108, 127*)

Jefferson Butler Fletcher, born in Chicago, on November 13, 1865, has been Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University, New York, since 1904. Esteemed for his learning, he deserves more credit than he has received for his poetry.

A volume of his verse, **THE OVERTURE AND OTHER POEMS** appeared in 1911. His translation of Dante's **DIVINE COMEDY** (1931) is in *terza rima* except that the rhymes linking the stanzas are left out, this pattern having been invented by him because he felt that no English translation of **THE DIVINE COMEDY** can be acceptable unless in rhyme, but that there are not enough rhymes in English for *terza rima* to be effective in a long poem.

SYMBOLISM OF THE DIVINE COMEDY followed in 1921. In 1934 he published his **LITERATURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE**, a digest of his lectures before graduate students at Harvard and Columbia. In 1935 he was a member of the Pulitzer Prize Committee for Fiction.

LOUIS GOLDING

(*Psalms 44, 45, 48, 87, 125, 129*)

Louis Golding, born in Manchester, in November, 1895, was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at Queen's College, Oxford. During his undergraduate years

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he wrote his first novel FORWARD FROM BABYLON, and some verse. At the outbreak of the World War he left Oxford to go to Macedonia with the English troops. His home is in London, but he has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

Among his earliest novels, besides FORWARD FROM BABYLON (1920, American reprint 1933) were: DAY OF ATONEMENT (1925); STORE OF LADIES (1926); THE MIRACLE BOY (1927); and GIVE UP YOUR LOVERS (1930). MAGNOLIA STREET was an international best seller of the year 1932. FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS (1934) was likewise a best seller. A collection of his short stories, THIS WANDERER, was brought out in 1935; in the same year appeared his novel, THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY; in 1937 his novel, THE PURSUER; in 1937 his novel, THE DANCE GOES ON; another novel, MR. EMMANUEL in 1939.

Travel impressions make up the theme of SUNWARD, BEING ADVENTURES IN ITALY (1924), SICILIAN NOON (1925), and THOSE ANCIENT LANDS, A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE (1928). He has written a volume of essays, ADVENTURES IN LIVING DANGEROUSLY (1930); a biographical and literary study, JAMES JOYCE (1931); TERRACE IN CAPRI, an imaginary conversation with Norman Douglas (1934); IN THE STEPS OF MOSES, THE LAWGIVER (1938); and IN THE STEPS OF MOSES, THE CONQUEROR (1939).

The volumes of his poetry are SORROW OF WAR (1919); SHEPHERD SINGING RAGTIME AND OTHER POEMS (1921); PROPHET AND FOOL, COLLECTED POEMS (1922). More recent verse is scattered through his prose works.

The technical and emotional understanding he has of the Bible has grown out of his childhood training in this subject under the tutorship of his father, supplementing his secular education.

LORD GORELL

(*Psalms 15, 63*)

Lord Gorell, the second son of the first baron of his family, was born April 18, 1884. He was educated at Winchester, at Harrow, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He is the principal owner of John Murray, Publishers. He became a barrister in 1909, editor of the Times in 1910, and the editor-in-chief of the Cornhill Magazine in 1933. He was a Major with the General Staff of the British Army in 1918. A member and officer of national and local organizations in many fields, he has been chairman of the Society of Authors; chairman of the Royal Aviation Society; and chairman of at least a half dozen cultural and humanitarian groups.

Urbanely and unashamedly old-fashioned, his poetry celebrates in idyllic strains the home, the countryside, the seasons of the year, the festivals of the church, patriotism, religion and the orderly life.

Some of the publications of which he is the author are **BABES IN THE AFRICAN WOOD** (1911); **LOVE TRIUMPHANT AND OTHER POEMS** (1913); **OUT OF THE BLUE**, a novel, (1913); **IN THE NIGHT**, a novel, (1917); **DAYS OF DESTINY**, a book of poems, (1920); **EDUCATION AND THE ARMY** (1921); **PILGRIMAGE**, a book of poems, (1920); **D.E.Q.**, a mystery novel, (1922); **ROSAMUND**, a romance, (1923); **PLUSH**, a novel (1924); **THE SPIRIT OF HAPPINESS**, a poem, (1925); **MANY MANSIONS**, a volume of poems, (1926);

VENTURERS ALL, a novel, (1927); THE DEVOURING FIRE, a novel, (1928); and UNHEARD MELODIES, a book of his poems published in England and the United States in 1924. IN THE POTTER'S FIELD (poems) appeared in 1936.

DOUGLAS HYDE

(*Psalms 13, 120, 128*)

Douglas Hyde, born in Roscommon County, Ireland, is affectionately known in his native land as "An Craoibhin Aoibhinn," (The Little Branch) from a folk saying that as a forest feels the vibration of one branch so a nation may be roused from apathy by the example of one man. Steeped in the traditions of his people, a writer of verse in the Gaelic tongue as well as in English, Dr. Hyde is eminent as scholar, playwright, and folklorist as well as statesman and poet. In 1909 he became Professor of Modern Irish in University College, Dublin, was the first to be the President of the Gaelic League and was a member of the Irish Senate. Among his publications are BOOKS OF GAELIC STORIES, RAFTERY'S POEMS (1904), LOVE SONGS OF CONNAUGHT, RELIGIOUS SONGS OF CONNACHT (1906), and LEGENDS OF SAINTS AND SINNERS FROM THE IRISH (1915).

In 1938 the seventy-eight year old poet, who had never taken part in the revolutionary movement and who was reputed never to have made a political remark, was agreed upon by the largest two Irish political parties, with a view to avoiding an election contest, to succeed Eamon De Valera as head of the Irish State and become the First President of Eire with De Valera as Prime Minister. Shortly thereafter he published his autobiography in the Irish tongue.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

(*Psalms 69, 85, 114*)

Born in the "Black Country" region of England, a First Class Honours Degrees B. A. (London) scholar, winner of distinction in The Theory, Practice and History of Education (Oxford), Geoffrey Johnson entered professional life, in the city of Ely, with schoolmastering.

He has written for the leading English and American periodicals. His short stories have appeared in "English Review," "Queen," "John O'London" (uncollected); his Literary Criticism in "Voices," "Westminster Magazine" and elsewhere. He believes in experiment, but that all Art is Form and Discipline. His poetry is remarkable for pictorial elaboration. The books of his verse are **THE QUEST UNENDING** and **CHANGING HORIZONS**.

EMMA L. JOHNSTON

(*Psalms 66, 80, 109*)

Emma L. Johnston, born in Paterson, New Jersey, and a graduate of the Paterson Normal School, received the B. A. and M. A. degrees from Adelphia College, Garden City, New York. Much of her childhood was spent in Morocco, North Africa, where her father was stationed as United States consul.

She has lived also in England and in Sicily. For twenty years she was the Principal of the Maxwell Training School for Teachers in Brooklyn, New York. She has written textbooks on the teaching of English and has contributed poems and articles to leading magazines. **QUESTING SPIRIT**, published 1937, is a collection of her "inspirational" poems.

THEDA KENYON

(*Psalms 22, 137*)

Theda Kenyon, who lives in Brooklyn, New York, where she was born, writes about times and places notable for their color, leisure, and romance.

She has been on the Executive Board of the Poetry Society of America, Secretary of the same society, has judged many poetry contests of note, and was the winner of the professional poets contest of the Pen and Brush Club in 1933.

The writer's first book, JEANNE, a novel about Jeanne D'Arc, was published in 1928 both in America and England, as was also her second book WITCHES STILL LIVE (1929), a non-fiction history of witch-craft. Her third book CERTAIN LADIES (1930), a group of poems about women, was soon followed by her appointment as instructor of Poetry Appreciation at Hunter College, New York. Her magnum opus SCARLET ANNE (1939) is a book-length narrative poem of the New England pioneer, Anne Hutchinson.

AGNES LEE

(*Psalm 122*)

Agnes Lee is the pen-name of Martha Agnes Freer, wife of a Chicago surgeon and daughter of the Chicago publisher, William H. Rand of Rand-McNally and Company. In 1926 she received the guarantors' prize from Poetry Magazine. A native of Chicago, educated chiefly in Switzerland, a resident of Boston, Massachusetts, during her first marriage, and the author of THE BORDER OF THE LAKE (1910), THE SHARING (1914), FACES AND OPEN DOORS (1922), NEW LYRICS AND A FEW OLD

ONES (1930), she has written verse translations of Theophile Gautier's *EMMAUX ET CAMEES* and Fernand Gregh's *LA MAISON DE L'ENFANCE* besides two books of verse for children. Her poetry has a quiet, pastel-like quality. She died in Chicago, July 23, 1939.

MARY SINTON LEITCH

(*Psalms 23, 122, 127*)

Mary Sinton Leitch, born in New York, September 8, 1876, studied at Smith College and at Columbia University, and has written *THE WAGON AND THE STAR*, a book of verse (1922); *THE UNRISEN TOMORROW*, a book of verse (1926); *SPIDER ARCHITECT*, lyrics and sonnets (1937); also historical dramas and translations.

She is apt in description of landscape. The poems she has composed in negro dialect portray in a simplified notation of her own the quaintness of the Virginia negro philosophy and manner of speech, and her sympathetic understanding of the illiterate Afro-American gives her command over a subtle, unforced humor as well as an honest, natural pathos in her realistic poetic presentation of this aspect of composite racial America.

She has been Inspector of Women's Prisons of New York, and has traveled extensively on sailing vessels and tramp steamers.

In 1932 she compiled and edited *LYRIC VIRGINIA TODAY*, an anthology of the living poets of her adopted homeland.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

(*Psalms 36, 107*)

Born in Plainfield, New Jersey, January 25, 1876, educated in America and abroad, William Ellery Leonard, after teaching for a few years in various schools, became in 1906 a teacher in the English department of the University of Wisconsin. The decorticating impromptu sallies with which he spiced his class-room lectures have become a byword among his students.

A specialist in Anglo-Saxon, he is an outstanding American representative of the professional research scholar as poet.

The son of a Unitarian minister, he perceives one great intellectual and righteous Power manifesting itself in Nature and back of Nature's phenomena as well as in Man and back of all human phenomena.

Professor Leonard's collected poems, published in 1930 under the title *A SON OF EARTH*, are his major literary achievement and reveal reality and vision fused in his imagination. *TWO LIVES*, published in 1925, in the form of sonnets, is founded upon a sensationally tragic incident of his first marriage. *GILGAMISH*, a free poetic translation of the world's oldest epic, appeared in 1934 and fortified his reputation as one of the leading American translators into verse, a reputation long and firmly established by virtue of his blank verse translation of Lucretius' "*De Rerum Natura*," which has become standard, and by his rhymed Modern English "*Beowulf*."

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD, his most widely known work, is an autobiography and traces the effects upon his life of the agoraphobia which he attributes to the shock of having been frightened by an onrushing locomotive when he was about three years old.

SHANE LESLIE

(*Psalms 25, 56, 70, 79, 88, 115, 147*)

John Randolph Shane Leslie was born September 29, 1895, in London on the site later occupied by Selfridge's Stores. His formal schooling was at Eton, the University of Paris, and King's College, Cambridge, where he took his M. A. Novelist, historian, biographer, essayist, critic and bibliographer, as well as poet, he is a writer whose love and knowledge of his subjects are well served by his skill in presentation, by his crackling wit, his moral fervor and his endless vitality.

His mother a New Yorker by birth, his wife the daughter of a United States Governor of the Philippines, he knows America well.

He has been the editor of the Dublin Review and has twice been a candidate for Parliament as an Irish Nationalist. Shortly after taking his degree at Cambridge he visited Russia where he became a friend of Tolstoy, whose social opinions he adopted. The following year he became a Roman Catholic. He held the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography at the University of Pennsylvania in 1934, his lectures there appearing a year later in book form. He has taught as guest professor at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana.

THE END OF THE CHAPTER (1916), an evaluation of current historical events, was withdrawn by him as a result of Sir Thomas Lipton's lawsuit against the author on account of it. THE CANTAB, 1926, was likewise withdrawn when its representation of life at Cambridge was objected to by dignitaries of the Church and State.

HIS POEMS AND BALLADS was brought out in 1933; EPIC OF JUTLAND, 1930; POEMS, 1928; VERSES IN PEACE AND WAR, 1916; SONGS OF ORIEL, 1910.

FILM OF MEMORY (1938) is his autobiography.

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

(*Psalms 53*)

Elias Lieberman, born at Leningrad, on October 30, 1883, was brought to the United States in 1891, educated at the College of the City of New York University, and in 1924 became the principal of the Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn, New York. He is the author of **THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY** (1912), **PAVED STREETS** (verse, 1918), **THE HAND ORGAN MAN**, (verse, 1930), **MAN IN THE SHADOWS** (verse, 1939), and text-books on poetry.

His lyrics have an engaging simplicity and their understanding of urban scenes is more than superficial.

ANNE MACDONALD

(*Psalms 35, 132*)

Anne MacDonald was born in Aberdeen, where her father was a minister of the Presbyterian Church. Her grandfather and her great grandfather were Gaelic ministers. She was educated in Scotland and on the Continent. In 1898 she founded St. Helen's School, Bridge of Alan. She has been the Principal of St. Helen's continuously since its establishment.

She is the author of **DORMER WINDOWS** (1926), **SUNG BY THE SEA** (1929), **THROUGH THE GREEN DOOR** (1924), **A POCKETFUL OF SILVER** (1927), **SPINDRIFT** (1933), and other books of verse. Her prose publications include several novels of school life for children.

WILSON MACDONALD

(*Psalms 31, 78, 121, 126*)

Wilson MacDonald, generally regarded as the outstanding poet of Canada, was born in 1880 and educated at Cheapside and Port Dover Public Schools, Woodstock College, and McMaster University.

Among the books of poetry of which he is the author are **SONG OF THE PRAIRIE LAND** (1918, second edition 1932); **THE MIRACLE SONGS OF JESUS** (1921, second edition 1923); **OUT OF THE WILDERNESS**; **CONFEDERATION ODE**; and **A FLAGON OF BEAUTY**. He writes frequently for American, Canadian and English periodicals. He has lectured on poetry at universities in Canada and the United States.

The leading honors among contemporary Canadian poets are secured for him by versatility in theme and technique, by the reach of his intuitions, and by his sincere, virile and open-minded Canadianism. His art, modern but not modernistic, reveals the old forms and accents manipulated with such effect that they become charged anew with vitality. His residence is Toronto, where he has lived since 1918.

JOSEPH GORDON MACLEOD

(*Psalms 60*)

Joseph Gordon MacLeod, born in 1903 of Scottish parents at Ealing, London, England, was educated at Rugby School and Balliol College, Oxford. After studying the Law for five years, being called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1928, and writing **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**, a study of the formal values of literature, he married and went to live in a Sussex cottage. He became convinced of the

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inadequacy of formal art, and wrote **THE ECLIPTIC**. In 1931 he went to the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, to study the requirements of the stage. He was there discovered as an actor, rose through various positions and was appointed Director. He finds in the Psalms the mighty voices of a class conflict like that of today. In his attitude towards sociological questions he takes his stand on the predication that man is a social animal and a human problem in equal measure and there is no point in raising the question as to which of these has precedence. In 1940 MacLeod was a senior announcer at the British Broadcasting Corporation.

LOUIS MACNEICE

(Psalms 35, 139, 142)

(Frederick) Louis MacNeice, born at Belfast, Ireland, September 12, 1907, read "Litterae Humaniores" at Oxford (Merton College), 1926-30; married in 1930; and in the same year was appointed a lecturer in Classics at Birmingham University. With Stephen Spender he edited **OXFORD POETRY 1929**.

Although of the group to which W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis and Stephen Spender belong, and receptive to their social-mindedness as well as to their experiments in poetic technique, he does not hold with their political program. Striving for the integration of the social, religious and personal points of view, he expresses awareness of being a sharer and shaper as well as watcher and chronicler of the implications of a human race involved in some other destiny than to be cogs in a machine.

THE AGMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS (1937), reveals him as a skillful translator into English verse. An American edition of his **POEMS** appeared also in 1937. **LETTERS**

FROM ICELAND, with MacNeice and Auden as the co-authors, is another 1937 publication. MODERN POETRY (1939), subtitled a Personal Essay, analyses along broad normative lines certain details and trends of the new poetry. AUTUMN JOURNAL (1940) is a book of verse which its author describes as a panorama and a confession of faith.

HELENE MAGARET

(*Psalms 2, 18, 103, 110, 131*)

Helene Magaret, born in Omaha, Nebraska, in May, 1906, was educated at Grinnell College, Iowa; the University of Omaha; and Barnard College, Columbia University, New York.

Observation and imagination are evenly balanced in her verse, which is mobile and spirited, and marked by womanly sentiment as opposed to sentimentality. She is able to communicate not only an intense feeling for beauty but also a sharp awareness of the evanescence of things of beauty. In her shorter lyrics there is a heart-lifting simplicity, which often seems as unconscious of itself as in a child or a flower.

In 1934 she published her first book, a narrative poem of the West, with the title THE TRUMPETING CRANE. A second book-length poem, THE GREAT HORSE (1937), is a romance of the Mormon trek westward after the killing of Joseph Smith.

HARRY H. MAYER

(*Psalms 1, 8, 23, 29, 47, 68, 86, 133, 136, 144*)

Harry H. Mayer, born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, received his collegiate education in Cincinnati and then traveled in Europe, where he took postgraduate courses in

philosophy at the Universities of Berlin and Strasbourg. He has taught school; preached; compiled and revised liturgical music; founded and managed a Pure Milk Clinic; arbitrated strikes; written newspaper editorials and historical, linguistic and biographical essays for learned publications; and has written some verse, all of it "by request," nearly a score of which pieces of verse have been reprinted, with or without acknowledgment, in various English and American collections. **THE TRUE JESUS OF HISTORY**, pamphlets containing a series of his lectures and privately published, have been reprinted in abridged form and used as a college textbook. Ordained by the Hebrew Union College, he studied also at the "Hochschule fuer die Wissenschaft des Judentums."

THEODORE MAYNARD

(*Psalms 54, 95*)

Theodore Maynard was born November 3, 1890, at Madras, India. He was educated both in England and in the United States, and obtained degrees at Fordham University, Georgetown University and the Catholic University of America. He came to the United States for the second time in 1920 to lecture, but remained there to teach in California. From 1928 to 1934 he was head of the English Department of Georgetown University, and since then has held a similar post at Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Maryland. His parents were English missionaries. He originally intended his life work to be in the Congregational ministry, and for some years was a preacher in that denomination. In 1913 he converted to Catholicism, spending seven months' novitiate with the Dominicans before laying aside his monastic habit to engage in literary work. In 1926 he brought forth an anthology, **THE BOOK OF MODERN**

CATHOLIC VERSE, and, in 1927, another anthology, THE BOOK OF MODERN CATHOLIC PROSE. His most representative book of verse, EXILE, published in 1928, shows a studiously developed talent. The volume of essays, OUR BEST POETS (1922), is sharply polemical. MAN AND BEAST, a series of poems dealing with fantastic earthly creatures and the soul, was published in 1936. THE WORLD I SAW, a prose work which is autobiographical in content, was published in 1938.

He is a frequent contributor, of both prose and poetry, to many of the literary magazines, and a well known lecturer on literature and other topics.

THOMAS MOULT

(*Psalms 21, 95*)

Thomas Moul, poet, critic, editor, novelist, anthologist, lecturer, was born at Mellor Hall, Derbyshire. Immediately after the Armistice he founded "Voices," a magazine of the creative arts. He edited THE BEST POEMS OF 1922, an anthology; since then, a similar compilation of his has been brought out for every year up to the present. The best known of his novels are THE MERMAID'S POOL and WINTER GARDEN.

DOWN HERE THE HAWTHORN (1921), and BROWN EARTH (1922), his chief credentials to be among the poets, certify that, although obviously too conscious of the form in which he is working, he can write pastorals, which for all their affectation of simplicity, show a real appreciation of the moods of nature.

KENNETH MUIR

(*Psalm 124*)

Kenneth Muir, of English birth and ancestry, and a graduate of Oxford, published the first book of his poetry, **NETTLES AND FLOWERS**, under the imprint of a London publishing concern. One of his earliest poems created some stir and was chosen for a reading over the radio by the British national broadcasting service. His verse follows elusive trains of spiritual intuition. **ENGLISH POETRY**, a student's anthology, was brought out by him in 1938. He teaches at St. John's College, York, England.

OLGA ERBSLOH MULLER

(*Psalm 17*)

Olga Erbsloh Muller, of German descent and education, writes with equal ease in English and in the language of her racial origin. Her introductory book was a volume of love lyrics, in German and published in Germany. A more pretentious volume of her verse, in English, was published in New York in 1931. She lives on a farm near New York but spends much time in European travel. Her interests, in addition to her family and poetry, are cultivating in herself the capacity for a rich, full life and the wisdom for sharing it with others.

JOHN OXENHAM

(*Psalm 19*)

John Oxenham, educated at Old Trafford School and at Victoria University, Manchester, England, has lived in France and the United States and has traveled extensively

in Europe and Canada, finally giving up business and devoting himself entirely to literature.

Prolific both in prose and verse, and decried for careless superficiality, he has struck a popular chord, and the market for his poetry has exceeded that of any contemporary English author, not even the phenomenal sales of Rudyard Kipling's books of verse having reached so great a figure. As many as eight million of the **HYMN FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT** have been circulated, and as many as a quarter of a million of **BEES IN AMBER**.

His published works include **BROKEN SHACKLES**, **MAID OF THE MIST** (1914); **THE KING'S HIGH WAY** (1914); **THE VISION SPLENDID** (1917); **THE FIERY CROSS** (1917); **HEARTS COURAGEOUS** (1918); **ALL CLEAR** (1919); **GENTLEMEN—THE KING** (1920); and **SELECTED POEMS**, a one volume gleaned from his poems, published in 1925.

HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

(Psalm 134)

Herbert Edward Palmer, born February 10, 1880, the son of a Wesleyan Methodist Minister, was educated at Woodhouse Grove School; Birmingham University; and the University of Bonn. He has been a schoolmaster, private tutor, journalist, and public lecturer. For over eight years previous to the War he lived on the Continent.

A collection of his verse was published in 1931 in the series of Augustan Books of Poetry. His longest book of verse apart from his **COLLECTED POEMS** is **SUMMIT AND CHASM**, published in 1934. He feels his spiritual position in poetry to be somewhere between Blake and Villon, or between Blake and William Dunbar, though he has also

been much influenced by the lilting technique and expansive simplicities of the old anonymous Border ballads.

An important figure in British poetry, he has described himself as being a connecting link with the ancient Celtic bard, the Scandinavian skald and the rustic early English balladists.

He received a government Civil List pension "for distinction in Poetry."

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

(Psalms 30, 116)

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, born at Manchester, Connecticut, on November 8, 1886, and educated at Harvard University, is a poet who practices journalism. The volumes of his poems are *MOTHERS AND MEN*, published in 1916; *GLORY O' THE DAWN*, published in 1923; *HARVEST OF TIME*, published in 1932; *FIRST SYMPHONY*, a sonnet sequence, published in 1935; and *ROWEN*, published in 1937. He has been connected in various capacities with *The Outlook Magazine*, of which he was the managing editor during 1928-29. His poems deal with matters of general human or national interest, and their meditative quality has captured the favor of a large circle of poetry lovers.

PHELPS PUTNAM

(Psalms 67, 114)

Howard Phelps Putnam, New England born and a graduate of Yale University, has lived in many parts of the United States and Europe. Though he has written much free verse, a large portion of his lyrics is in rhymed form, and

they are often like the fine work incised on a gem. Employing with startling effectiveness the device of shifting abruptly from exalted diction into rugged colloquialisms, he uses time and again the unexpurgated language of the barracks. His most representative book of poems is *TRINC*.

JESSIE BELLE RITTENHOUSE

(*Psalm* 5, 24)

Jessie Belle Rittenhouse, born at Mount Morris, New York, has been a teacher of English and Latin, a journalist and a lecturer on poetry. She is the author of *THE YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS*, a volume of criticism (1904); *THE DOOR OF DREAMS* (verse, 1918); *THE LIFTED CUP* (verse, 1921); *THE SECRET BIRD* (verse, 1930). She assisted in the founding of the Poetry Society of America, becoming its first secretary.

She has established herself as one of the most popular and prescient of American anthologists. Included in her compilations are *THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE* (1913); *THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS* (1915); *SECOND BOOK OF MODERN VERSE* (1919); *THIRD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE* (1927).

With her husband, the poet Clinton Scollard, she edited *THE BIRD LOVERS' ANTHOLOGY* (1930). With the same collaborator she edited in 1932 the anthology *PATRICIAN RHYMES*.

Her autobiography, *MY HOUSE OF LIFE*, appeared in 1934. Many new writers of real talent first received recognition at her hands, and she became to many poets a tried and trusted counselor.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

(*Psalms 46, 96*)

Robert Haven Schauffler, born of American parents at Brunn, Austria, on April 8, 1879, educated at Northwestern University, at Princeton University and abroad, severely wounded in the World War, has achieved distinction in music and athletics as well as in literature. His lyric on Washington is regarded as a noteworthy contribution to American letters, and his poem "Scum o' the Earth," treating of the lowly and despised immigrant, and glorifying America as the melting-pot in which all the racial elements of Europe are fused together, is reproduced in many anthologies. Author of *THE WHITE COMRADE AND OTHER POEMS* (1920), *SELECTED POEMS* (1922), *MAGIC FLAME AND OTHER POEMS* (1923), *HOB-NAILS IN EDEN*, *POEMS OF A MAINE VAGABOND* (1927), he has compiled, edited and published several anthologies of verse and has written biographies of Beethoven and of Brahms.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

(*Psalms, 111, 112, 137, 145*)

Isidor Schneider was born in Horodenko, Poland (then Austria Hungary), on August 25, 1896. He has resided in New York or near-by since 1902. He was a student at the College of the City of New York from 1915 to 1918. Mr. Schneider is the author of *DOCTOR TRANSIT*, a novel which was published in 1925 with only the author's initials on the title-page. A second novel *FROM THE KINGDOM OF NECESSITY* was published in 1935. His *TEMPTATION OF ANTHONY AND OTHER POEMS* appeared

in 1928. He has achieved recognition also for short stories and literary criticism contributed to periodicals. In 1934 he received a Guggenheim Award for creative writing. In the same year he published his **MISTER COMRADE**, consisting mostly of poems of sociological trend.

He inveighs against the morbid eroticism of modern verse, and feels that he can fulfill himself as a writer only by expressing the needs and aspirations of the working class.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

(Psalms 20, 39, 91)

Clinton Scollard was born at Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860. For over twenty years he taught English literature at Hamilton College, his alma mater. His selected poems which appeared in 1914 were well-received, and it is chiefly on these rhymes of optimism and courage that his reputation as a poet rests. He writes easily, sometimes carelessly, and with a sprightly air of finding life interesting and full. He is above all things a lyrist, even his less resilient poems having the quality of song.

Since the publication of his selected poems, he has written **THE VALE OF SHADOWS AND OTHER VOICES OF THE GREAT WAR** (1915), **ITALY IN ARMS AND OTHER VERSES** (1915), **BALLADS, PATRIOTIC AND ROMANTIC** (1916), **LYRICS OF LIFE** (1928), **LYRICS OF FLORIDA** (1929), **THE CROWNING YEARS** (1929), **SONGS OUT OF EGYPT** (1930), **SONGS FROM A SOUTHERN SHORE** (1932).

His biography of Frank Dempster Sherman is a warmly generous tribute of friendship in memory of a brother poet.

In 1932 he collaborated with Jessie B. Rittenhouse, his wife, in editing an **ANTHOLOGY OF PATRICIAN**

VERSE. A selection of his lyrics, *THE SINGING HEART*, was published by her in 1934. His death occurred November 19, 1932. His papers and manuscripts are in the Hamilton College Library.

WILBERT SNOW

(Psalm 113)

Wilbert Snow, born in White Head Island, Penobscot Bay, Maine, went to school until he was fourteen, then engaged in deep sea fishing, herring seining and lobstering until he was seventeen, making one trip to sea. After two years at the Thomaston, Maine, High School, he went to Bowdoin College and was graduated in the class of 1907. He was appointed Instructor in English at New York University and followed this with graduate work at Columbia University where he held the Longfellow Fellowship. He has taught in the department of English at Bowdoin, at Williams College, at the University of Utah, at the University of Indiana, at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and at Wesleyan University, where he became an assistant professor in 1921, an associate in 1925 and a full professor in 1929. During his stay at Indiana he entered the Officers' Training Camp and became a lieutenant in the field artillery. Early in his career he held the United States government post of Reindeer Inspector and Alaska Agent.

His volumes of verse are *MAINE COAST*, published in 1923; *THE INNER HARBOR*, in 1926; *DOWN EAST*, in 1932; *BEFORE THE WIND*, in 1938; and in 1936, selections from his poems. In many of his poems there is a calculated informality. The scenic setting for most of his verse is the State of Maine, whose rock-bound shores fascinate him.

L. A. G. STRONG

(*Psalms 3, 65, 92*)

Leonard Alfred George Strong, of Irish and English descent, was born on March 8, 1896, in the parish of Plympton, in Devon. He was educated at Brighton College and at Wadham College, Oxford. He has been a teacher at Summer Fields, a preparatory school near Oxford. He has written essays, novels, short stories, and poems. His books of verse include DUBLIN DAYS, THE LOWERY ROAD, DIFFICULT LOVE, NORTHERN LIGHT, and a series of anthologies of magazine verse.

His SELECTED POEMS appeared in 1931; at about the same time, his handbook COMMON SENSE ABOUT POETRY; and in 1932, his MARCH EVENING AND OTHER VERSES. THE MINSTREL BOY (1937) is Strong's biography of Thomas Moore.

In the handling of verse-forms Strong shows technical adroitness and combines lyrical rhythms with the cadences of natural speech. He is critical of the tendency of modern English verse to over-rate verbal neatness and mechanical slickness of phrasing. In his own lines the easy flow of the rhythm is paired with warmth and richness of emotional experience.

EUNICE TIETJENS

(*Psalms 4, 16, 27*)

Eunice Tietjens, née Hammond, born in Chicago, July 29, 1894, living in Switzerland during her teens, received her schooling in Europe. A year in the interior of China, with relatives who were missionaries, made her a warm admirer of the Chinese people. In 1917 she went to France as a war

correspondent for the Chicago Daily News. With her second husband, Cloyd Head, she resided in Tunis, Tahiti, Italy, New York and Chicago; she collaborated with him in writing a play. For close on twenty-five years associate editor of "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse," she makes her share in its councils the theme of page after page of her autobiography **THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER** (1937).

The published volumes of her poetry are **PROFILES FROM CHINA** (1917); **BODY AND RAIMENT** (1919); **PROFILES FROM HOME** (1925); **LEAVES IN WINDY WEATHER** (1929). She has also written fiction, juveniles, textbooks on China and Japan, and compiled an anthology of Oriental poetry which has translations from China, Japan, India, Arabia and Persia by various hands.

It is her belief that Western civilization by contrast with that of China is so sanitary as to seem sterile and so material as to be shallow and superficial.

In versecraft neither an imitator nor an innovator, she uses in fresh combinations the old forms and those of recent mintage. There is something sharply individual in her vision.

RIDGELY TORRENCE

(Psalms 6, 51, 90, 104)

Ridgely Torrence, born in Ohio and educated at Princeton, was poetry editor of the New Republic from 1929 to 1933. His first book, **THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED LIGHTS**, was followed by two plays written in verse, **ELDORADO** and **ABELARD AND HELOISE**. In 1914 the publication of **GRANNY MAUMEE AND OTHER PLAYS**, led to their production in New York—the first serious contribution of negro plays to the American Theater. In 1925 appeared the collection of his later poems

called **HESPERIDES**, immediately re-establishing Tor-
rence among the foremost American poets of his time.

LUCIA TRENT

(Psalm 93)

Lucia Trent, educated at Smith College and Columbia University, was born in Richmond, Virginia, in December, 1897. She is the author of **DAWN STARS**, published in 1926, and **CHILDREN OF FIRE AND SHADOW**, published in 1929. In collaboration with her husband, Ralph Cheyney, she has edited the magazine, "Contemporary Vision"; a collection of their lyrics was published by them in 1937 with the title **THANK YOU, AMERICA**.

HENRY VAN DYKE

(Psalms 42, 150)

Henry van Dyke, clergyman, poet, historian, educator, critic and statesman, was born November 10, 1852, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877 and ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1879. From 1883 to 1900 he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City; from 1900 to 1923 Professor of English literature at Princeton University; moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, 1902-3; United States Minister, under Woodrow Wilson, to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, 1913-17. His death occurred April 10, 1933, in his home at Avon, at Princeton, New Jersey.

Dr. Van Dyke felt the mystery and pathos of the Psalms. His essay "The Poetry of the Psalms" (1900) attempts an explanation of their lyric essence; based on the King James

Version and written from the literary point of view, it is a useful cursory sketch touching this subject which was one of his life-long preoccupations.

A series of his lectures, still valuable homiletically, published in 1887 as a book, **THE STORY OF THE PSALMS**, is mainly an expository presentation of a number of them against the historical background they were conjectured to have according to the critical commentaries then esteemed in liberal circles.

EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM, an imaginative development of the Christmas story, published in 1928 in a slender prose volume, has had popular approval. **STUDIES IN TENNYSON** (10th edition, 1907), published in 1889 as **THE POETRY OF TENNYSON**, is his major work of literary criticism.

His religious play **THE HOUSE OF RIMMON** was published in 1908; his more warmly religious play **THE OTHER WISE MAN**, published in 1896, has gone through many editions and is the modern classic of its genre. **LITTLE RIVERS, A BOOK OF ESSAYS IN PROFITABLE IDLENESS**, dated 1896, reveals him as the ardent angler and sportsman.

A collection of his selected poems appeared in 1911; another in 1927.

Open-minded and conciliatory in his theology, Van Dyke was dogmatically conservative in his nineteenth century American upper-class standards of genteel good taste in literature; his poetry, perhaps somewhat too remote from the concerns of everyday life, caters to this guarded conservative taste.

HAROLD VINAL

(*Psalms 67, 123*)

Harold Vinal was born in Maine, October 17, 1891. After a brief period as a piano-teacher in Boston, he devoted himself entirely to writing and lecturing. His books of poetry are **WHITE APRIL**, published in 1933; **VOYAGE**, published in 1923; **NOR YOUTH NOR AGE**, published in 1925; **A STRANGER IN HEAVEN**, published in 1927; **HYMN TO CHAOS**, published in 1931 in a de luxe edition of five hundred copies; and **HURRICANE**, a blank verse chronicle of the Maine coast, published in 1936. The Poetry Society of America gave him one of its annual prizes for 1935.

He is the founder and editor of "Voices," a Journal of Verse.

He resides in New York City.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

(*Psalms 11, 32, 34, 37, 40, 50, 61, 62, 138*)

Sylvia Townsend Warner's first book to be published was a volume of her poetry, **THE ESPALIER**, which appeared in 1925. **TIME IMPORTUNED**, **OPUS 7**, **WHETHER A DOVER OR A SEAGULL** (with Valentine Ackland) are other books of her verse. She was one of the four members of the Editorial Committee which produced the monumental, definitive publication, **TUDOR CHURCH MUSIC**.

No one of her time, with the exception of David Garnett, has written fantasies as witty and ingratiating. **LOLLY WILLOWS**, **MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT**, and **THE TRUE HEART** are in this category. **THE SALUTATION**, published in 1932, a collection of fifteen of her short

stories, was followed in 1936 by her novel of proletarian import, **SUMMER WILL SHOW**. She witnessed the Civil War in Spain in 1936-37 where she was a Red Cross nurse at Barcelona. The sequel to her experience in Spain is **AFTER THE DEATH OF DON JUAN**, a fantasy on a large scale, giving a modern twist to the eerie legend of the fabled lover's final exit. For distinguished work as a novelist, she won the Book of the Month first place award in 1926 and the Literary Guild of America award in 1927. Nevertheless she wishes to stand before the public primarily as a poet.

Her poetry pictures with transparent realism the coils of individual being. Action and warm human sympathies as well as passion are in her song. She considers the poet to have two duties: first, to be sure of what he thinks and feels and to be scrupulously critical of the validity of these thoughts and feelings; second, to take every care that, in expressing his determined mind, he should not allow the pleasure of writing poetry to seduce him into writing more or less than he meant to say, "unless" she explains, "paraphrasing other poets, such as David."

Into her thinking have been woven religious insights and many strands from the social sciences.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

(*Psalm 146*)

Poet of definite distinction, sound literary critic, historian, and biographer with true feeling for human motivations, wielding a prolific pen and long associated with a leading British publishing house in an editorial capacity, Charles (Walter Stansby) Williams, born September 20, 1887, educated at St. Albans School and at University College, London, has *inter alia* written, in varied moods: **THE SILVER**

STAIR (1912), POEMS OF CONFORMITY (1917), DIVORCE (1920), WINDOWS OF NIGHT (1925), A MYTH OF SHAKESPEARE (1929), HEROES AND KINGS (1930), THREE PLAYS (1931). The search for beauty, truth and goodness is to his way of thinking an adventure, with God for its goal.

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